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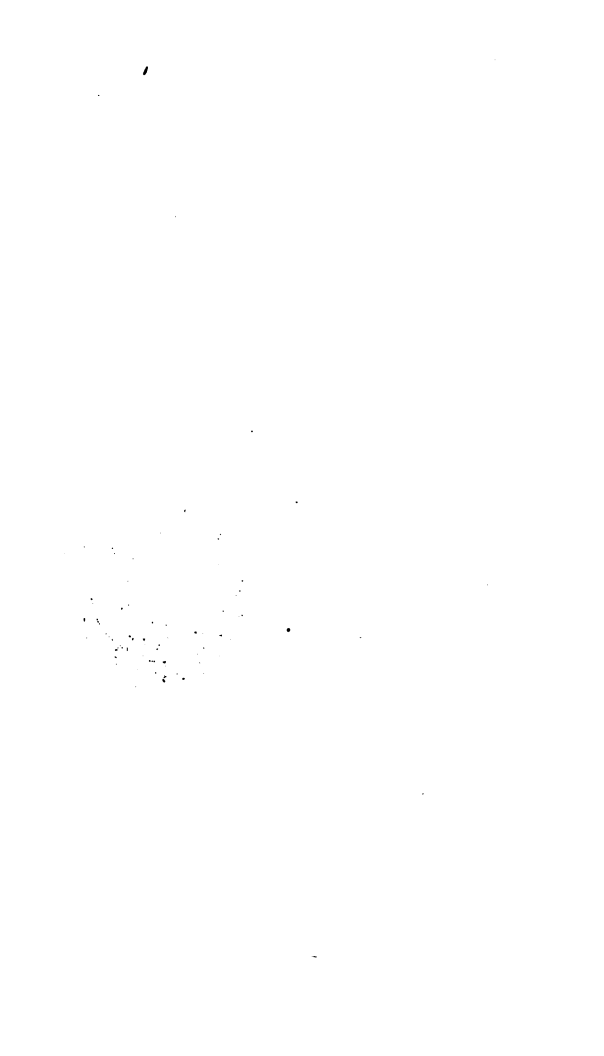
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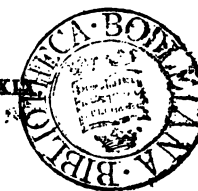




THE
Children's Friend.

BY THE
REV. C. CARUS WILSON.

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year to all my young readers! and a merry one too, I am willing to add; for you must not suppose, because I give you a great deal of serious advice, and wish you to be religious and good, I am a grave and austere sort of body, who would check your laugh, and forbid you to be innocently merry. I am sure I should ill understand my heavenly Master's wishes if I did so, and be very ignorant of the real spirit of the Bible; for there I learn that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And sure I am, that none have so much reason to be merry and cheerful, be they young or old, as true, honest Christians.

But "merry and wise" is the proper rule. There is a time for every thing, "a time to laugh and a time to weep." It will not do to be merry and laugh when you are in the house of God, or at family prayer, or your own private devotions; neither when engaged with your books and the regular duties of the day. But all these *properly over*, be as merry

as you please, only within the proper bounds of caution and sobriety.

But a happy new year! How shall it be? Do you think it will be happy just so far as you can have plenty of fun and sport? I don't think this will do, for I have seen many young folks who have no lack of these, yet still clearly show that they are not happy. No, to be truly happy, you must make true religion the first and grand object; what I mean is this, you must seek to be brought under the influence of true religion in all you desire, and do, and say. You must seek really each day to do your duty to God and man, loving your Saviour, aiming to be like Him, and doing all from love to Him and with a view to His glory; and then I am bold to foretell a happy new year. Put duty first, and pleasure second, and then your happiness will come from a far higher source than the storms and changes of life can reach. In God's favour only is life, with all its blessings and happiness. Then own Him as your only source of happiness; seek all in and from Him: "He never said to any of the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." Then, if you are at peace with God, and that peace dwells in your heart, it will keep out all the enemies that would hurt you; it will keep out fear, and care, and trouble, and thus make and keep you happy.

Oh, there is no other way to a happy new year for any, whether young or old, but this. It is not that you may not have your trials,

and it is quite a mistake to suppose that the young are free from trials. I feel sure that some amongst my many young readers will be thrown on a sick bed during this year; others may lose a dear parent, or brother, or sister; some may fall into great poverty, and may almost be without needful food. It is an awful thought, too, that most likely there will be some who read these lines who will be dead before the end of the year. Oh, what a thought!—the very thought that you, who are now reading this, may soon be in your grave, should make you very solemn, and rouse you to pray that you may be ready.

Still, whatever of these trials may come upon you, the true religion of Christ, if deeply seated in your heart, can make you happy and peaceful under all. I have seen a dear child more really happy on a suffering and dying bed than I ever saw one in health and amidst his very play. I have seen others in want and hunger, so happy and content with having a Saviour's love, and a hope of heaven, that they have cared not to be taken up with their own sorrows, in their efforts to bring others to know and love their Saviour.

Then look not on religion as an enemy to your cheerful happiness, but as its only source. Begin the year with earnest prayer that you may indeed be Christ's, and Christ be yours. Seek to be made really new creatures in Christ Jesus. Make yourselves well acquainted from childhood with the Holy Scriptures, which are *able to make us wise*

unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Set before you the example of Christ, and aim at being like Him. Then sure I am that your happiest year yet lies before you; and let it bring what it will, all will be yours, because "ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

But should there be one child who is disposed to measure his expected happiness by the number of his romps, and pleasures, and cakes, &c., &c., I must tell him plainly that he is laying in store for anything but a happy year.

And then think, if everything and anything is put in the place of God, and is made to go before you in your future course as your guide and friend, what will you do when trouble comes? *Can* these things that you have chosen for your gods help you? *Will* they help you? When you are tossing on a sick bed, what can they do for you? When parents or friends die, can they make up for the loss? When you come to want, can they assist you?

Oh! be wise betimes! Make Jesus Christ your friend. Honour Him by expecting all from Him. Make Him your whole trust for the dark and needy future; and then trip along, merry and cheerful, and show to all around you that it is not *too much* religion, but *too little*, that forms dark and gloomy years, and that life is brightest to those whose light, and life, and all is Christ.



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

want a Christmas story? Ah! who could get through Christmas without a ? Well you shall have one, both wonderful and true.

One hundred and fifty years ago, there was in Switzerland a little village called . . . It nestled at the bottom of a deep valley. Up above, on one side of it, was a towering mountain. Up it rose, higher and higher, each peak of it striving to be the first; and they never stopped till they reached the clouds, and were covered with old white snow. About halfway up, in the bosom of this great mountain, were beautiful pastures, clothed with rich green grass and rare flowers of all colours, which were to live near the snow.

It was a lovely autumn day in September. The sun shone bright. The gentle cool breeze went sighing through the leaves of the trees, as if whispering to each,—“The summer is gone; it is time to fall.” There was a long cavalcade moving slowly down the mountain-side. They came from the rich green pastures. All the long summer had they been living up there, enjoying the fertile grass, and the beautiful flowers, which live near the snow. And now it was time to come down to the valley; for winter, cold winter with its ice and frost was fast setting in.

And what was this cavalcade? First came the impudent goats, frisking and jumping about. Then came the demure inquisitive cows, wondering what they were going to see next. Then came the meek quiet sheep, snatching a mouthful of grass by the way, as they trotted along. Last of all, came the herdsmen and their dogs. The path was narrow, and very steep; how slowly and carefully they came!

But, what was that loud noise up above? All stop. All eyes turn round. Again! what was that loud rumbling? Is it thunder? No, there are no black clouds; the sky is clear and blue. But there! see the towering mountain behind! A huge mass of it is trembling! Now it quivers! now it *poises*! Now it falls! Oh, what a thunder-

ing *crash* ! It has covered all the rich green pastures ! The hills all around far and near, re-echo the roar. The goats, and the cows, and the sheep, and the dogs,—all take to their heels ; scamper they gallop down the mountain side ; what a rush ! and never stop till they are safe at the bottom. And the rich green pastures are covered with rocks, and stones, and rubbish ! No more flowers will grow there now. What will the goats, and the cows, and the sheep do next summer ?

And what else had the *avalanche* done ? Ah ! had you been in the village that evening, you would have seen a new-widowed mother weeping over her lonely fire ; and five or six fatherless children, crying,—“ Mother, where is father ? The night is coming on ; why does he not come home ? ” Alas ! poor little things ; their father lay buried deep under the *avalanche*. He was not in that cavalcade. He had been left behind in the rich green pastures, to close up the huts for the winter. The mountain had fallen upon him ! He was buried in its ruins ! They searched for him ; but he could not be found. Months passed on ; cold months ! the poor widow still mourned ; and the poor children still looked sad.

It was Christmas-eve of that same winter. The wind blew sharper now ; it had dispersed *all* the leaves from off the trees. The snow

lay thick on the ground. The villagers of Avers were spending their Christmas pleasantly. Fires burned up brightly; cheerful faces surrounded them. What they were talking of, I do not know. But when it was quite dark, and whilst all were enjoying themselves, a slight tap was heard at the door of one of the houses. The people of Avers believed in ghosts. They started when they heard the knock; I do not know why; but they thought it was a ghost. Talking ceased; faces became pale; some thought that the fire burned blue. Presently the knock sounded again, and a weak voice begged to be admitted. But no one dared to move. However, the door was not bolted; the latch slowly rose, the door gradually opened, and there stood before them an apparition of a figure, haggard and pale. His rags scarcely covered him; his hair hung dishevelled down his shoulders; he looked like a being just risen out of the tomb. What was he? They did not know. They thought he was a ghost. So they all rushed out at the back-door, to hide themselves where they could!

One hour afterwards you might have seen the same room full of people,—all the village was in; and the fire was burning brightly: and the figure they thought the ghost was lying beside it. And his widow was weeping with joy, and his children were laughing with delight;—it was the man who

was buried under the mountain! But how had he come to life again?—He was never dead! Where had he been then, those long three months?—Buried in the ground; and had never died? Yes! How was it, then? This is his story:—When he was in the hut, and the mountain fell, he was suddenly enveloped in darkness; he heard the roar above his head, and was almost stunned, but knew not what had taken place. After all was quiet, he groped about in the dark, and could find no outlet. The thought flashed across his mind, that he was buried alive! However, he prayed to God that he might even yet be preserved, and he set to work to examine his position. The hut was full of cheeses! which were the result of the summer's work. These he ate, and lived upon. The wet trickled down through the soil above, and this he drank. Every day, he worked away with a piece of wood, to make his way out; and at last he caught a gleam of open day! Oh! how rejoiced he was! And on he worked, harder and harder, till on Christmas-eve, after three months' imprisonment, he found himself above-ground, and away he ran down the mountain to his friends, who thought he was a ghost! As if there were ever such a thing as a ghost!—And how was it that his hut had not been destroyed? Most providentially, two great rocks in their fall had formed an arch over it! and thus nothing could hurt him. So ends my *Christmas story*.

It is *wonderful*, is it not? And I can assure you it is also *true*. But what an idea it gives us of God's providence, and God's great power! which can arrest and adjust the falling masses of a precipice, in order to save a man's life! C.

CHINESE WATCHES.

ONE fine morning in September last, I went very early with a large party to see some beautiful valley scenery. We had to ascend the Jura Mountains, which divide Switzerland from France. They are very fine, but the side is so steep, that you would wonder how a carriage-road could be got up. But the Swiss are very clever in these matters, and construct a road in such a place, in a zigzag form like a corkscrew; so that you come down and go up scarcely with any hill. It makes the way longer, but then all is easy and safe, and you do not care for the length. There are wolves and bears in the woods and rocks of the Jura, but I did not see any. They only come out in long winters, and hard frost, when hunger makes them. And then they are very savage, and will attack men as well as cattle. When we got to the top of the Jura, which is about 4,000, feet high, we came to the little town of St. Croix, where they are nearly all watch-makers. They send large quantities of watches, and musical-boxes, to every part of the world. Just above this town, a

Roman station was found this spring. They got a large quantity of Roman coins, and other antiquities. I bought some of the coins, with heads and inscriptions of the Roman Emperors, Tiberius and Augustus, as clear as possible. How this seems to take one back to ancient times! and when I see coins with their heads and names, how it seems to confirm my faith in our Scriptures, which speak of these Roman emperors. I dare say you could tell me where.

Not far from this town of St. Croix, there was a very large religious meeting last spring. Thousands of persons met together, for the purposes of devotion. Good ministers and others came from Geneva, and Lausanne, and Yverdun, and all round, and addressed the people, and they sang hymns and prayed. I am told by those who were there, that it was indeed a very blessed time. One is glad to think there were so many who can enjoy such a thing. There was one pious Englishman, who spoke in French for an hour, and greatly pleased the immense congregation.

After we left St. Croix, we got down into Valley of Traviere,—and very beautiful indeed; a narrow valley, with fine rocks, wood, and streams of water. Here the villages are all full of watchmakers. I could have bought a very good watch for twenty- or thirty shillings. They carry on a trade with the *Chinese*. And do you think the Chinese buy two watches together

When one goes ill, they say it is "gone dead," and they give it to somebody to "make alive," and they take the live one in its place! When the workman returns the dead watch mended, they are all surprised, and wonder that a man should have such power to give life to a watch. You may be sure the watchmenders make a good trade of it, since a little oil is often quite enough to bring the dead watch to life again. You may well say, "What silly ignorant creatures the Chinese are." And so *you* might have been now, but for God's mercy to Britain. And if we know better, how glad we should be, and do all we can to teach and instruct the poor Chinese in better ways; especially when we remember that they send us all our tea. W.

A TRAVELLER'S TALES.

NO. VII.

VESUVIUS.

HERE I am again, ready to make my journey with you. But I am going to make a great leap,—the whole length of Italy, from Pisa (where I last left you) to Naples, because I want to hurry on with you to *the East*, to Egypt and Syria. But I could not leap over *Vesuvius*, it was so high, and so smoking and flaming, I was obliged to stop and tell you something about it. *Vesuvius* is near Naples; it is a *volcano*,—a great, burning

mountain. You see it in the picture. I went up to see it one day; it was not smoking and flaming then; it was quite quiet, so I climbed up to the top. It was very steep. My legs ached and ached again; and for every step I took upwards, I slipped nearly half a step downwards; for the stuff I walked upon up the mountain side, was so loose. It had once all come out of Vesuvius. It is called *lava*.

And when I got up nearly to the top, it was covered with the same *lava*, only the pieces of it were much larger, and they were quite hot. Yes, *quite hot!* My feet felt the heat through the soles of my shoes. When I put some eggs upon them, in a few minutes they were *roasted!* But I was not quite on the top yet. A little more steep climbing till. And now I could hardly breathe. I had to put my handkerchief up to my mouth, for the fumes of sulphur were so strong. You have seen sulphur burning blue on a match? The lava under my feet was all covered with sulphur, and it was burning blue. A few paces further, and I was on the top. And when I looked before me, and there was a wide, deep chasm, nearly circular. I am afraid of saying how broad it was, and I cannot say *how* deep it was. But I know that it goes down, and down, into the middle of the earth, till it reaches the great fires that are always burning there. Oh, what an awful thing it was! Need I tell you what it reminded me of? There was a little smoke

issuing from this great *crater*, and a great deal of sulphurous gas and fumes. I could only just look down, without breathing, for a moment, then had to turn my head away to get a little fresh air.



Sometimes the great fires in the middle of the earth force their way through this chasm or *crater*; and then flames burst out as you see in the picture, and huge stones are shot out thousands of feet high, and streams of red-hot, molten lava roll over the mountain side. Those villages you see at the bottom have been overwhelmed with lava several times. One is called *Herculaneum*, the other *Pompeii*. They have dug out Pompeii, and there I walked through the streets of an old Roman town, and in and out of

the houses, almost as if nothing had ever happened to it ! Though it had been buried near two thousand years ago, people were found there, in their parlours and in their kitchens, and in their baths, just as they had died, covered with lava and ashes !

This volcano made me think much of the great fires inside the earth, and of the day when all the world will be burnt up by them. Oh, how easily might the world be burnt ! It is only God who keeps us safe.

“IT IS WELL !”

LITTLE B— B—, who lived at Portsea died when she was only nine years old. She used to live with her aunt. One day, when she was very ill, she said to her aunt, “Aunty, when I am dead, I should like Mr. G. to preach a sermon to children, to persuade them to love Jesus Christ ; to obey their parents ; not to tell lies, but to think of dying and going to heaven. And I have been thinking, aunty, what text I should like him to preach from. I think it should be 2 Kings iv. 26. Now you are the Shunnamite, Mr. G. is the prophet, and I am the Shunnamite’s child. When I am dead, I dare say you will be sorry and grieved, but you need not. The prophet will come to see you ; and when he says to you, ‘How is it with the child?’ you may say, ‘It is WELL.’ For I am sure it will then be well

with me; for I shall be in heaven, singing with angels the praises of God. You ought to think it well too." Little B— B— died, and the sermon was preached from this text.

THE MARTYR BOY.

IN the year 1544, soon after the accession of Mary "the Bloody" to the throne of England, there lived in London a lad about nineteen years of age, an apprentice to a silk-weaver. His soul had been illumined by Divine grace during the controversies of the preceding reign, and he had learned to abhor the falsities of the Papal Church.

When the edict requiring the people to attend mass was published in the name of the bigoted queen, William's master ordered him to comply, and to go with him to the church. But the boy replied that he dared not, for he believed that it would be a sin against God for him to countenance such idolatries. And the master drove him from his house.

William walked to the home of his father at Bruntwood, and was kindly received, for his parents loved the boy, feared God, and abhorred Popery.

He sat one day at the door of his father's cottage, poring over a well-worn copy of Tyn-dale's Bible, which his father had laboured long to purchase, and his soul was feeding with joyous relish upon its precious truths, when a priest passed by the door. William, absorbed, did not observe him until he softly approached, looked over his shoulder, and saw the hated volume. The boy started and closed the book; but it was too

late. The priest uttered never a word, but scowled portentously, and walked on.

That night William Hunter was thrust into a dungeon. The next day he was taken before Justice Brown, who questioned him closely concerning his faith. William would not lie, nor would he conceal what he believed. He confessed that he was in heart and soul a Protestant, and that he dared not in conscience attend the mass. He was sent back to his dungeon. His pious father and mother visited him, and encouraged him to persevere in his good confession, even to death. "I am glad, my son," said his mother, "that God has given me such a child, who can find it in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake."

"Mother," he replied, "for the little pain I shall suffer, which is but a short space, Christ hath promised me a crown of joy. May you not be glad of that, mother?"

Then they all kneeled together upon the hard floor of the cell, and prayed that his strength might not fail; that his faith might be victorious.

His parents, as far as they were permitted, supplied his wants and ministered to his comfort. A few of the faithful came to see him, encouraged him to hold out faithful to the end, and prayed to God with and for him. Friends of his acquaintance came and urged him to recant his opinions, to profess, or pre-submission to the priests, and not to provoke them to deal more harshly with him. William in his turn exhorted them to stand out from the abomination of Popish superstition and idolatry. The priests, too, conversed with him, and promised and

threatened, but all to no purpose; he would not abandon his faith in Jesus as a sufficient and only Saviour.

In a few days he was tried, and condemned to be burned to death as a heretic. They took him back to his dungeon; and after long communion with God in prayer, he lay down and slept. He dreamed that the stake was set and the fagots piled around it, at a place that had been familiar to his boyhood, at the Archery Butts, in the suburbs of the town, and that he stood beside it prepared to die. And there came to him, in his dream, a robed priest, and offered him life if he would recant and become a faithful son of the Papal Church. But he thought that he was impelled to bid him away as a false prophet, and to exhort the people to beware of being seduced by such false doctrines.

He awoke from his dream encouraged and strengthened, believing that grace would aid him to do in reality as he had done in vision.

With the morning dawn, the sheriff came and bade him prepare for the burning. And when his father had gone, the sheriff's son approached him, and threw his arms round his neck, and wept. "William," said he, "do not be afraid of these men with their bows and bills, who have come to take you to the stake."

"I thank God," said William, "I am not afraid, for I have cast my count what it will cost me already."

As he passed cheerfully out of the prison, he met his father. The tears were streaming down his face, and all the old man could utter, amid his choking sobs, was, "God be with thee, William, my son; God be with thee, my son."

And William answered, "God be with thee, dear father! be of good comfort, for I hope we shall soon meet again where we shall be happy."

So they led him to the place where the stake was prepared, and he kneeled upon a fagot and read aloud from the Bible the 51st Psalm. As he read the words, "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit, a contrite and broken heart thou wilt not despise,"—William Tyrell, of the Bratches, interrupted him and said, "Thou liest, thou readest false; the words are a humble spirit." "Nay, but the translation saith, a contrite spirit." "The translation is false," saith Mr. Tyrell; "ye translate books as ye list yourselves, ye heretics." "Well, there is no great difference in the words," said William, and continued his reading.

Then came the sheriff and said to him, "Here is a letter from the Queen, offering thee life if thou wilt yet recant." "No!" said William. "God help me, I cannot recant."

The executioner passed a chain round his body, and fastened him to the stake. "Good people, pray for me," said William. "Pray for thee!" said a priest, "I had as soon pray for a dog." "Well, you have that which you sought for; I pray God it be not laid to charge at the last day. I forgive you!" said the priest, "I ask no forgiveness of you." "Well, if God forgive you not, good will be required at your hands."

Then the lad raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed, "Son of God, shine upon me." As he spake, the sun, over which a dark cloud had floated, suddenly burst as from a cloud and beautifully illumined his countenance.



Then came the priest, whom he had seen in his dream, with a book in his hand, to urge him to recant. But the boy, whose soul was nerved to the endurance of martyrdom, waived him away, saying — "Away, thou false prophet. Beware of these men, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest ye be partakers of their plagues."

"Then," said the priest, "as thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." But William answered, "Nay, thou false prophet, I shall reign with Jesus in heaven."

while a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "Have mercy on his soul," and many responded, "Amen, amen," they kindled, and the brave Christian boy prayed, "Lord, receive my spirit;" his head fell smothering smoke, and his soul fled to the embrace of the Redeemer, who had shed it with His own blood.

O ye disciples of Jesus! Has not the Saviour died much for your salvation, as for that of the faithful martyr? Ought you not to love Him much? Do you think you could die and deny the faith of Christ? Are you content to live so as to honour Him and to show the fervency of your love for Him? Are you not more guilty and shameful than apostasy from dread of death?

WELSHMAN'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"I stand in the pulpit before my own people on the Sabbath," says the Rev. John Jones, "I see before me an aged man in the street—for each Sabbath he is there, and the presence of him brings with it delightful associ-

former days he resided in North Wales. There were no Christians in his neighbourhood. He intended to commence a Sunday-school, but found no better place than a back-kitchen. He weekly assembled his little flock; and, in many years, laboured alone, except with the

aid of the scholars, he had trained. Among his first pupils were two children of impenitent parents. These two girls had a little brother, to whom they were accustomed to teach what they learned in the Sabbath-school. They were so interested in the Bible, that, being occupied in braiding straw as a business, they would first braid the length of a straw, then study a verse, then braid, and then study, so that they always came prepared with their Bible lesson.

“ Their instructor, a long time ago, emigrated to America, and this aged parishioner showed me a letter he had received from this scene of his early labours. The Sabbath-school is still taught there ; not as before, in a *back-kitchen*, but in a neat *house of God*. The minister of this sanctuary is a devoted man, labouring faithfully and successfully in his Master’s vineyard. He is the “ little brother ” of those “ little girls.” His sisters are married. One is the mother of nine children, and lost her husband the last year by the falling in of a coal-mine ; but she had the happiness to know that, only the day before this event, he had renewedly consecrated himself to God. The minister lives contentedly upon forty pounds a year ; happy in his home—happy in his people—happy in his Saviour—blessed of God, and blessing others. This minister, this church, this flock, all sprang from that *Sunday-school* ; and, when I look upon my aged parishioner in the gallery, I cannot but reflect what a crown he has for his hoary head.”

Poetry.

VERSES

ON THE

DEATH OF CHARLOTTE GREEN ;

A POOR ORPHAN IN INDIA,

“ Redeemed unto God.”

YES, she has join'd the happy throng,
Who wave their palms above ;
Who walk in white, and sing the song
Of Christ's redeeming love.

A *lily*, to adorn the bowers
Where blooms *perpetual spring* ;
Planted with Jesu's cherish'd flowers,
And shaded by His wing.

A *folded lamb*, in peace to lie,
Beneath its Shepherd's care ;
He dried its tears, and brought it nigh,
To pastures fresh and fair.

'Tis true, that with the silent dead
Her *ashes* now repose,
And green, above her drooping head,
The grass luxuriant grows.

But yet a little while, and He,
In whom she learn'd to trust,
Shall come again the *Life* to be,
Of all her sleeping dust.

Yes, as the *sun* she waits to shine,
 Whose morn serenely breaks ;
 And the sweet resurrection chime
 A slumbering world awakes !

J. H.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- 1st Week { 1. "Keep me from evil."
 2. What did David "hide in his heart,"
 and for what purpose ?
- 2nd Week { 3. "Uphold me with Thy free Spirit."
 4. How did John the Baptist die ?
- 3rd Week { 5. "Forgive us our sins."
 6. Ten lepers came to Jesus ; all were
 healed ; how many were thankful ?
- 4th Week { 7. "How can I do this great wicked-
 ness ?"
 8. What are the four animals which are
 very little upon earth, and yet are
 "exceeding wise ?"

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T. H. is much thanked for her contributions.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

38. FEBRUARY, 1852. Vol. 29.



CHINESE DUCKS.

There stands a Chinese duck-merchant.
He lives in that boat, along with his ducks.
Sometimes he sails about on the river; at
other times he fastens his boat to the shore,
and sends all his ducks out to have a day's
exercise. And what do you think this is?

c

It is to go into the rice-fields, and eat up all the snails and worms, and other creatures they can find, that hurt the rice. The ducks like this; and away they hurry off to the fields, and stay there all day long. But when the evening comes on, and the sun begins to set, it is time for them to come back again, to roost for the night. Then their master rings a little bell in the boat; and they know what this bell means, and they set off to hurry home as fast as possible. However, now and then a lazy duck likes to stay behind to get a few more snails. But the master cannot allow this, or he could never get them all into his boat in good time; so, as soon as he has rung the bell, he takes his whip, and stands ready—to give the *last duck* a good flogging! So every duck knows what he will get if he comes in last, and they all fly away, and tumble in as fast as they can. It quite makes one laugh to see them.

Now some little boys and girls are sometimes late at school. After the bell has rung, they want to have a little more play; and then they come in late, and disturb all the school. They are just like the lazy ducks, and really deserve just what the last duck gets from the duck-merchant. I don't like to see *late children*. Is it not just as easy to be one minute *too early*, as one minute *too late*? Learn now to be punctual, and when you grow up, you will find punctuality to be a most useful thing.

THE MARY IN THE DARK.

new a little girl—her name was so was so frightened, if she was in the dark, that she used to cry in the most violent manner. One day, after hearing a hymn on the subject, she told her mother she should like Dora (her nurse) to stay with her for she should not now be afraid by herself in the dark; “For,” “mamma, *God* will take care of me.” The kind mother, wishing to comfort her child, left her one evening; so much desired it, quite alone. The child, instead of crying, as she would, if left only for a few minutes, slept, and slept quite soundly; and in the morning told her mother she should not need any one to stay with her again, for *God did* take care of Mary.”

Dear reader,—are you, like little Mary, afraid of being alone in the dark? Go to Jesus, and ask Him to enable you to trust in God, as she did,—and be assured that if you trust in Him, He *will* take care of you, as He did of her. If you do, you need never fear to be left by yourself in the dark, for Jesus is with you, though you cannot see Him; He loves you, and ever you, preserves you, and will protect you from all evil; He holds you by the hand, and says to you, “Fear not, for I see you as clearly in the dark-

ness of night as in the bright sunshine ; for the Bible says that “with Him the night shineth as the day ; the darkness and the light are both alike to Him.” Is not this a sweet thought ? But if you do not love Jesus, nor desire to love Him, you may well be afraid ; for the Bible says, “God is angry with the wicked every day.” Pray, then, that you may know and love this precious Saviour ; and may you, like another Mary, of whom we read in the 10th chapter of St. Luke, sit at Jesus’ feet, and hear His words. Remember Jesus said, “One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that *good part* which shall not be taken away from her ;” and He has also said, “I love them that love Me, and those that seek me *early* shall find me.”

A—e.

A TRAVELLER’S TALES.

NO. VIII.

ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA is in Egypt, and on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. It was built by the renowned Alexander, and called after his name. A longwhile ago—soon after Jesus died—a great many good people lived in it. St. Mark, who wrote the Gospel, lived there ; and Apollos, St. Paul’s friend, was born there. Can you find out where, in the Acts, we are told this ? The people of Alexandria used then to be very learned, and had an immense library. But about the year 642

lead on in Jesus Christ. But they
 they are beginning to find out that
 igion is wrong, and are going to
 o; and, oh, I hope, if they do, they
 me good Christians! Our Church
 ry Society is trying to make them



andria has strong walls all around
 it, and is a very strong city.

Alexandria, and you can go
Southampton there by ship.
on your map how you could

There is at Alexandria a
called *Cleopatra's Needle*.
and was made many thous
It was given to the Engl
Pacha (or king) of Egypt;
you will see it brought over
England.

MEMOIR OF GEC

GEORGE M. lived down a l
branched out of the main st
His father and mother, an
brothers and sisters, all live
in a little house. I have s
often playing together outsid
always looked very happy.

ammer his mother was very ill. At she could not sleep, and said to as she lay awake, "Oh, I am so /!" George heard her say this. He awake too. So he got quietly up. It quite dark, but he groped his way down the stairs, struck a match, lit the fire in the kitchen, and made a cup of coffee; and then he came gently up-stairs again, and went to his mother's bedside, and said, "Dear mother, you said you were thirsty; I have brought you a cup of coffee." Was not that kind?

George was very fond of *reading*. His mother told me, he often used to sit the whole of a long evening reading the CHILDREN'S FRIEND; and he was so tender-hearted, that when he came to an interesting story he used to burst into tears over it. That story, two or three months ago, of the little lamb leading home the lost girl, he cried over till his little heart was quite sad.

But the other day George was taken ill, very ill. He caught the measles. They soon settled on his lungs, and in the course of two days, the doctor said, there was no hope for him! I went to see him, for he had begged that somebody might come and pray with him. When I came up to his bedside he was breathing very short; he could hardly breathe at all. He was lying helplessly on his side, and could scarcely open his eyes. I

put the curtain aside, and said to him, "George, this is very different to what I saw the other day, when you were running about so well and cheerful." He just lisped, in answer, "Yes, sir." "And do you know," I said, "that you are very, very ill?—indeed, that the doctor says you must very soon die?" He said, "Oh, yes, I know it!" "And are you quite happy when you think you must soon die?" "Yes, sir," he said. "What makes you feel happy, George?" I asked; and put down my head to hear him answer. I could just hear him say, "Jesus! I love Jesus!"—and then he put his little hands together, and began to pray; and I prayed with him. It was a very affecting sight; it made me feel very sad.

A little schoolfellow of his came to see him one day. He said to her, "Oh, Annie, be a good girl—pray to God—love Jesus—do what God tells you!" You see what good children think of most on their deathbeds. He was always praying while he was ill;—he was praying when he died.

At last, one night, after he had been ill only about a week, he began to get very low. His breathing became much shorter. His mother and his little brother were standing round his bed. All at once he roused himself up, threw out his little arms, and, looking steadfastly upwards at the ceiling, *exclaimed*, "Oh, how beautiful!—there they

"they are!" "What?" asked
 er, wondering. "Oh, the angels!
 s!—there! (pointing with his fin-
 t you see them? How beautiful!
 , are come to take me to heaven!
 happy I am!" Presently he sank
 exhausted. He just said, feebly,
 nother, you may go now." He
 is little hands once more together,
 his lips moving, as if in prayer—
 lay the dear child who reads this
 h a happy end as his! I do think,
 e, the beautiful angels *did* take
 o Heaven.

days after, I went to see his poor
 who was almost heart-broken. She
 up-stairs. There were *two* little
 ing side by side. In one lay poor
 in the other lay his little brother,
 , sixteen months old; he had died
 ey were both very soon going to be
 the dark, cold grave; but their
 re, I think, very happy. May we
 some day in Heaven! C.

THE PALM-TREE.

ars ago, an Arab woman came to
 with an English family, to take care
 ildren. She staid in our country
 s. When she returned home, all
 iends gathered round her, to gratify

their curiosity about England. "What did you see there?" they asked. "Is it a fine country? Are the people rich? Are they happy?" She answered, "The country is like a garden. The people are rich; have fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages, and are said to be wise and happy." At this her audience were filled



with envy of the English, and a gloom spread over them, which showed that they began to be discontented with their own country. They were going away in this mood, when the woman happened to say, "England certainly wants *one* thing."

"What is that?" said the Arabs, eagerly. "There is not a single palm-tree in the whole country." "Are you sure?" they all cried out. "Positive," said the old nurse, "for I looked for nothing else all the time I was there, and never saw *one*!" The Arabs immediately became quite happy and cheerful, and went away, pitying the poor English, who had no palm-trees.

No! we have no palm-trees in England; they grow in the hot sunny countries, where the Arabs live. In Africa, and in the deserts, and in India, they grow; and I do not wonder that the Arabs love them so much: they are beautiful trees,—so lofty, and so straight, and so graceful, with their waving leaves branching from the top. You see in the picture how they grow. There are no branches near the ground; they are all on the top of the tree. And here, too, grows the *fruit*, amongst the branches. Do you know what the fruit of the palm is? It is the *date*. You have tasted dried dates, I daresay, and found them very good; but fresh dates are much better. The Arabs almost live on them, and make cheeses out of them, something like damson cheese, and cook them up in a hundred other different ways. And what do they do with the *kernels*? They soak some in water, and, when they are quite soft, give them to the cows and camels to eat. Others they cut into beads. A great many poor Arabs live by picking up the date-kernels which they find

lying about the streets. And what do they do with the *leaves*? They roof houses with them; they make partitions between rooms with them; they form them into bowls, and baskets, and dishes. They make fans of them, to keep off troublesome insects; and brooms to sweep the house, and even boats to sail on the rivers! And what do they do with the *branches*? Fences are made of them, and cots, and screens, and beautiful bird-cages, and matting, and ropes, and even carpets. Why, I think an Arab could almost live altogether on a palm-tree, and nothing else. He could build the framework of his house with a few stems, fill up the walls with branches, and furnish it entirely with the leaves; and then have a few trees growing about the house, and eat their dates; and have his boat on the river too. What a useful tree is the palm-tree! Do you wonder at the Arabs being very fond of it?

And now that *I* have told *you* something about the palm-tree, *you* must tell *me* something about it. It grows, I said, in hot countries. It grows very much in the countries which the Bible speaks about. So we read often of the palm-tree in Scripture. And what do we read about it? What was the name of the city which was called "the City of Palm-trees?" Where did the Israelites, on their march to Canaan, find seventy-two palm-trees all growing together? What *great* prophetess (and she was once at the

an army, too), used to live under a
 se? Who once rode into Jerusalem
 s, over branches of palm-trees strewed
 way? Where does David say that
 ghteous shall flourish like a palm-
 And, lastly, where were those people
 s, and who were they, who were
 d in white robes, and had palms in
 nds?" Now find out in the Bible
 vers to these questions, and you will
 etty near all about the *palm-tree*.

C.

THE LITTLE READERS OF THE 'CHILDREN'S FRIEND.'

MY CHILDREN,—In my letter this
 want to say something to you about
 es. Each month as it comes round
 o you your little Magazine, which is,
 not, a very welcome visitor, with its
 ink cover. It tells you many things
 : you good and wise; and I hope you
seriously about what you read, and,
 more than *thinking*, *pray earnestly*
 for the gift of His Holy Spirit, that
 ay have an understanding heart.
 ttle Magazine is a *talent* entrusted to
 God; and when you stand before the
 at that last great day, when Christ
 ie to be our Judge, it will be seen
 ' you have improved these talents by
 hem aright, or whether you have
 ed or abused them. What is written

Oh, sin is the cancer which spreads
over the bloom of the fairest flower,
have sinned against God, and *Cursed sin*. It is a dreadful thing
against a just and holy God. But
no help for us? Cannot we be
from his wrath? Is there not a
who has borne the curse for us?
—that holy God is a God of love,
ness, and of grace; and surely tear-
floods will fill our eyes when we read
that sweet story of love divine, “God
sent the world that he gave His only
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him
shall not perish, but have everlasting life.”
That Son is *Jesus*, who was made flesh,
might offer himself upon the cross
for atonement for the sins of men.]
At the birth of Jesus that angels sang
that heavenly music over that field, at Bethlehem
where the shepherds kept their flock.

from your heart, "I *do* love Jesus" My dear children, time is fast passing away, and *eternity* is coming on. We must soon appear before God; and what shall we do then, if the Lord Jesus Christ is not our friend? Give your hearts to Him *now*. Seek from Him the gift of *repentance*, that you may be sorry for your sins, and *forsake* them. Ask him to give you *faith*, which is also a gift of God, and without which you cannot please Him. Ask Him for His Holy Spirit, which He will freely give; and that Spirit will teach you all things, and make the commandments of God the very delight and joy of your hearts. This is happiness indeed. Only *Jesus* can roll away the curse which rests upon the guilty soul. Where sin is unrepented, and unforgiven, *there is the curse of God*. In Christ, our Saviour, is pardon for the guilty.—He is our only hope, our only refuge. Flee to Him, and He will shelter your souls, and cover you with the spotless robe of His own perfect righteousness; and though you are little children, frail and helpless, He, who does not forget what He felt when He was a child on earth, and who is touched with the feeling of childhood's infirmities,—He will bless you abundantly when you try to please Him with all your heart; and His precious blood will wash every stain of sin away. The song of the seraphim is not so sweet in His ear, as the lisping accents of prayer and praise which are breathed from an infant's heart. I com-

mend you, dear children, to His saving grace. May His loving mercy bless and protect you for evermore !

Your affectionate friend, J. H.

TRUE COURAGE.

"PAPA, you told me, the other day, that you did not think I knew what true courage was, and that when I got well you would talk to me about it. Can you not tell me now what it is?"

"Yes, my son ; but before I tell you what it is, I should like to know what you think it is?"

"What I think it is?" repeated Frederic ; "why, it is—it is—stay,—let me consider;" and he paused for a moment, while Colonel Stanley looked smilingly but silently in his face. "Well, papa ; I think true courage is when a man is not afraid of any person, nor of ever so many people, but will fight them all, just as you were not afraid when you met all those Indians, with such a very few men on your side ; and when your men would have tried to get off, you made them stay and fight till the Indians themselves were glad to run away. I think that was true courage."

"And is that all, Frederic?" asked his father, still smilingly.

"Why, papa, I don't know anything else ; for if a person is not afraid of any man, or of a whole army of men, he certainly will

not be afraid of anything else; he will not be afraid of horses or dogs, or of lions or tigers even."

Colonel Stanley laughed as he replied, "I am not so sure of that, Fred. I should much rather meet an army of Indians than a band of lions or tigers. But, to be serious, have you ever thought, Frederic, that there were things of which men were more afraid than of any bodily pain—more afraid even than of death?"

Frederic fixed his eyes earnestly on his father as he answered, "No, papa, I did not know there were."

"Have you ever heard, my son, of two men going out together to fight what is called a duel—that is, to stand up and shoot at each other?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you have probably thought them very courageous to stand up and be shot at, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet, my dear boy, in nine cases out of ten, it was nothing but fear that kept them steady—fear of being ridiculed—of being thought cowardly; and this fear—this real cowardice—when all their anger, perhaps, had passed away, made them do what they would have given worlds to avoid." Colonel Stanley paused. Frederic was deeply interested.

He had not removed his eyes from his father's face while he was speaking, and he

now impatiently asked, "Well, papa is true courage?—who is courageous people that fight are not?"

"He that is truly courageous, fears but two beings in the universe."

"Two, papa!" exclaimed Frederic, prise; "I thought the man of true courage feared only One—only God."

"God and himself, my son."

"Himself!" cried Frederic.

"Yes, Frederic, he fears lest his own passions or mistaken views may lead into wrong doing; but once assured he is right, he cares not for one man or men. He cares not for their threats or blows, as you have said; but neither he care for their ridicule or contempt. He is certain that his course is right, he will not step from it for all that they can say. Now, Frederic, do you not see that true courage may be shown in other things besides fighting—nay, that sometimes a peaceful will not fight shows more courage than who does?"

THE DUSTMAN.

VERY lately there was a dustman in London who was very wicked, and feared neither God nor man. A City Missionary visited him—visited him often—went to him again and again, remembering our Lord's words: "How often would I have gathered thee, and thou wouldest not." During five long years he had been

habit of giving these visits, generally on the Sabbath mornings, for it was only then that the man was to be found at home. Was not the missionary like some of our Sabbath-school teachers, who find their scholars only on the Lord's day, and know that these precious souls are full of the world all the rest of the week? Well, let them not be discouraged.

At length it happened that the missionary read to the man the parable of the Prodigal Son, in the 15th chapter of Luke, and the man was arrested by it. For the first time, he seemed moved; and soon after he was taken ill; so that for some weeks the missionary saw him often. The Holy Spirit was working by the word and by Providence.

He now sent his children to the ragged-school; and one of his little daughters was soon able to read the Bible, and became *her father's teacher*! See how children may carry home a blessing to their parents. And so eager was the father now to know the Bible, that the missionary found him always with his book near him. Was he thinking of John v. 39?

He got well again. And now he showed great love to the ordinances of God. He bought a coat, that he might attend church decently, and sought out week-meetings too—sometimes attending such services on the week-nights, every second night. When people are thirsty, they go often to where the living waters flow. Our prayer-meetings

on week-nights would be better filled if there were more thirsty souls, young or old.

He next sought to do good to others. The man who drove the dust-cart along with him was the first to whom he told his change; and this man was so moved, that he went home, and said to his wife, "Sarah, we have been doing wrong all our lives, for we have never prayed to God." That very night this man too began to seek the Lord, and during the week bought clothes, and was in the church the next Sabbath.

In a few weeks the dustman had led *four* more to come with him and his companion to the house of God. And why should not *you* try to do the like? The Lord blessed this man in his attempts to do good, the same Lord that blessed Andrew when he spoke to his brother, and Philip when he told Nathaniel, "*We have found Him!*" John i. 41—45.

But "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," 2 Tim. iii. 12. The poor dustman was turned off from his employment, because he would not work on the Lord's day, and was for a time so reduced, that he had to be satisfied with one meal a day. But the Lord, by giving a hundred-fold more joy, makes up to His servants all they lose, and promises besides, that they shall reign with Him hereafter, if they suffer for Him now. When spoken to about this trial, the dustman seemed to rejoice that he was counted worthy to endure anything for his Master.

n himself after his change, and the
n's companion when he spoke to his
l show you what kind of work *mis-*
work is. It is just carrying to
the good news we have got for our-

LOOK UP TO THE SKY.

r little boy was sitting on his dear
a's bed when she was not very well.
ar mamma," he said, "when you feel
you should many times look up to the

sed, "Why, darling?"

i because it would do you good."

hy would it do me good?"

rst he said, "I do not think I can tell
out that question." He then drew
o his mamma, and whispered, "Be-
God is there, and is looking down
on. and He watches for your safety."

on your distress. Look not in wild
all the world over. Look up to Him
above all, and can rule all, and m
work for good. Look up to Him
thy loving Father, who pities as a
doth his children, and to whom you
dear as the apple of His eye.

Oh what a blessed rule: "Look
the sky, because it will do you good."

Prayer.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD

LET me learn of Jesus,
He is kind to me;
Once He died to save me,
Nail'd upon a tree.

If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray;
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.

Let me think of Jesus;
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me,
From His throne above.

If I trust in Jesus,
If I do His will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.

Oh! how good is Jesus,
May he hold my hand,
And at last receive me,
To a better land!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- 1st Week { 9. "The Lord our God be with us."
 10. Who were the people who deceived
 Joshua, and the children of Israel;
 and how did Joshua punish them?
- 2nd Week { 11. "Thou shalt be a blessing."
 12. Who was *Jael*; and what great thing
 did she do?
- 3rd Week { 13. "The Lord also hath put away thy
 sin."
 14. What age was Abraham when Isaac
 was born?
- 4th Week { 15. "Hath not My hand made all these
 things?"
 16. What was the first miracle which our
 Saviour performed?
- 5th Week { 17. "They could not enter in because of
 unbelief."
 18. Of whom is it recorded, that "he
 made Israel to sin?"
-

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| (1.) 1 Chron. iv. 10. | (5.) Luke xi. 4. |
| (2.) Ps. cxix. 11. | (6.) Luke xvii. 17. |
| (3.) Ps. li. 12. | (7.) Gen. xxxix. 9. |
| (4.) Matt. xiv. 10. | (8.) Prov. xxx. 24. |

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received for Felix Neff's Schools: Some children near Worcester, through Mrs. B., 5s.; "A New Year's Offering from two little Brothers in Suffolk," 1l.—Miss E. Golding's Sunday-school Missionary-box, 2s. 6d.

H. F. D. Thank you for your lines.

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The "Texts" to find, and "Questions" to answer, are intended to encourage the "searching of the Scriptures." There is one of each kind, for each week in the month. Children might take one of these on the *Sunday*; the other during the *week*. A Concordance, of course, should never be used. The answers will be inserted next month.

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR.

BY THE REV. C. CARUS WILSON, M.A.

A Monthly Periodical, price One Penny, containing Religious Instruction and Information, conveyed in a simple and interesting form.

The object of the FRIENDLY VISITOR is, primarily, to hold up and exhibit the grand saving doctrines of the Gospel. This we shall endeavour to effect, by every variety of method; in short Sermons and Religious Essays; in interesting Biographies and Narratives; by Exposition of Scripture, &c. We shall also not lose sight of other objects; giving every month Missionary Intelligence, an occasional improvement of passing events; Temperance Information; Refutation of Romish and other Errors; and general interesting and useful instruction of all kinds, which may be calculated, under the blessing of God, to improve the mind and the heart.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:—On the New Year.—Pictures of Egypt; Alexandria. (A series of Chapters of Travels in Egypt and Palestine will be continued through the year).—On the Prayer-Book.—History of a Miner.—Interpretations of Hard Texts.—Scraps.—Intelligence: North Italy; Rome: Hungary;—China.—Poetry.—Bible Questions, &c.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 339.

MARCH, 1852.

VOL. 29.



JACK, THE POWDER-MONKEY.

THERE was once a very cruel father, who
not care for his dear children, and his
treatment to his poor wife was sad indeed.

He lived not very far from the sea-side,
one day his little boy had gone after him
into the fields. They went on till they came

D

to the top of the rocks which hung over the sea. The father should have thought that it was a very dangerous place for a little child, and he should have taken great care that he did not fall down the rocks. Sad to say, he did fall down. I cannot tell you exactly how;—perhaps no one but God knows. Many thought that this cruel father wished to get rid of his child, and pushed him down: we will hope this was not the case. But true it is that down he fell; and also true that he seemed to care nothing about it, but went his way, and did nothing at all to try to save his child,—and all thought he was lost. But there was a Father in heaven whose eye was upon the poor little boy, and a mighty Hand that was stretched out from above to save him. It so happened, that there was a boat not far off with two men in it, belonging to a great ship; and the sailors saw poor Jack fall down. So they rowed very hard to the spot, and were just in time to pick him up out of the water before he was quite dead. And they felt quite a love for this little boy, whom they had thus saved; and thinking that he was likely to grow up to be a sharp active lad, they resolved to keep him. The poor child had had such a cruel father and such a wretched home that he almost felt glad to get away, and he felt much all the kindness which the sailors showed him. He had now enough to eat, and plenty of kind words from all on board, and Jack was very happy. Well, years rolled on,

Jack grew up to be a big and useful man. They made him what is called "the monkey." It was a time of war, and the ship was a ship of war with great guns to shoot off the enemy, and Jack had a busy life with the sailors and the guns: running errands, and bringing them what they needed.

After some time the ship came home to England, and Jack having leave of absence was anxious to see after his family. I will tell you much more about him; but when he found his father alive, and a changed man. He had thought of all his sins, and also of God's merciful love to the greatest sinners to turn to Jesus Christ, and with a penitent heart he had gone to the Saviour. Wonderful are the ways of God! Even in the depths of distress we may hope for mercy and cry to Him. And if we tell Him, what blessing is too great to come from His hands!

W.

E LITTLE BOY AND THE HARBOUR.

Some little children like to hear about my visit to the sea side? Come and listen to what I have to tell you. You know that a harbour is a large place of water where ships come into, to get out of the rough sea? There are no storms in a peaceful harbour. It holds a great number of ships of all sizes, and from all countries.

Some are taken in there which have been nearly broken to pieces by tossing about. Others are there which have had a good voyage, and come from a long way off.

Out of my window we saw all the ships and boats coming into, and going out of this harbour. My little boy was so delighted to watch them; and one day when the wind blew hard, and the sea was very rough, he came running to me every now and then exclaiming, "Now, mamma, it's *in*! I think they must be *very* glad to think they are quite safe in the harbour!" This was a pretty sight, but I wanted my little boy to hear another sort of story about this; so he came and sat on my knee, and I told him that the nice harbour which he liked to look at was a picture of heaven. No storms ever arise *there*,—all is calm, and peaceful, and safe. This world is like a very rough sea, full of dangers. The Christian is like a vessel sailing over it, and he longs to get out of all storms safe to heaven. Sometimes he fears he will be lost. There are many things which make the sea of life very rough. The storm of sickness blows hard; or the unkindness of friends may be like waves of trouble going over us. And death itself is the last storm, which is sure to come. Then there are the storms of *sin*, which rise very high. Do not angry, naughty tempers seem like rushing waves in your heart? Yes, and besides all this, there are many temptations and dangers which are like

sharp rocks, and you need to keep far away from them, for if the ship should come against one of these it might be dashed to pieces in a minute. Oh! how the sailors long to reach the shore! This is what they think of the most, and though a long way off they keep thinking of the *end* of their voyage. Are there no dear children who ever think, "How nice it will be to get safe to heaven, even if I live to be an old man or woman?" But must I tell you something more about this picture of heaven? Oh! yes, we must not forget to see how the ships sail the right way towards the harbour. The sailors have to use a *map*, in which the seas and countries are marked, and they have a very clever thing called a *compass*, which has a hand like that of a clock, and always points to the right way, so they keep looking at this very carefully. Then they have a man called a *pilot*, who knows how to guide the ship, and he undertakes to manage everything properly. Yes, and then comes the *anchor*—such a strong iron hook which holds very fast when cast into sand, or on a rock, and prevents the dashing water from carrying off the vessel.

Oh, how my little boy did listen to my story about the *map*, and the *compass*, and the *pilot*, and the *anchor*! He saw how necessary they all were to the sailors and the ship.

Must I tell you what we made them like in the Christian's voyage over the ocean of

life? Well, then, first of all does not the *Bible* show us the way to heaven? It tells us of all the dangers, and shows us exactly how we ought to go. God has marked all the lines for us so plainly that even little children may understand this map, and whatever part you look at, it points to heaven. Ought you not to keep looking very carefully into your Bible dear children, which is also like the compass. Seek to prize the treasure which God has given you. I next asked my little boy if he could tell me who the *Pilot* was like? He whispered, "Yes, *Jesus*, I think." He was right. If we have Jesus in our hearts He will be sure to guide us right. He knows how to do so, and sees dangers which we cannot see. Should not every child seek to have such a blessed Pilot in his heart, so that when any storm rises they may have Him close by to turn to? Yes, He will manage everything for them all through the voyage of life.

Now we come to the *anchor*. What *can it* be like? It is something by which the ship is held very fast. Yes, so it is. I once went into a large school and talked to the children about having a firm hope in Christ—one which would be all their comfort when the storms of life or death dashed about them. They were very attentive. I asked them if they could tell me what this *hope* was compared to in the Bible? All were silent. I then said, "Do you remember any text about an *anchor*?" Soon a number of

voices repeated, "Which hope we have as an *anchor of the Lord*, both sure and steadfast," Heb. vi. 19. Now they understood me, and promised never to forget this verse. Ought not every child to seek to have such a hope in Jesus, which will hold their little hearts very fast to Him for ever? May this story make you *think* about it, and begin to *pray* for it. What a delightful sight it is to see *these* vessels of all sizes, and from all countries, entering safely into the haven of Heaven! Where "there is no more sea," as you read in Revelations xxi. 1. And as that little hymn says, which I think you must know,

"Where not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast."

M. J.

A TRAVELLER'S TALES.

NO. IX.

THE NILE BOAT.

THIS is a picture of the boat in which I sailed up the river Nile. The people of the country call it a *Cangia*. It has, you see, very large sails, which carry it along very fast when the wind blows. But when a sudden gust comes, sometimes it almost upsets the boat. When the wind does not blow, the sailors jump out on to the bank, with a long rope, and drag the boat along. There is a little cabin at the stern of the boat, where I and my friend used to live:

and over our heads, sat the steersman all day, and all night long, with his legs crossed as the Turks sit, smoking his long pipe. When I first hired the boat, it was so full of vermin, that I had to have it sunk in the river for a day or two. Soon after it was below the water, the surface was covered with all kinds of animals,—rats, cockroaches, and fleas, trying to get away.



I think all were drowned but the rats, and they swam to shore, and after the boat was taken up, came back again: and at night, when we were asleep, they used to come and run over our beds. One night, when it was very still, and the wind did not blow,

we were fastened to the shore ; and there was a plank laid on from the bank to the boat, for us to walk upon. Presently, we saw two or three rats, coming from the bank quietly up the plank, snuffing their way carefully along, to see what they could get inside the boat. They came inside, and disappeared for a few minutes : but before long, there was such a commotion ; the rats in our boat found out the intruders, and set upon them, and with screams chased them over the plank again, into their own country. They had no idea of being robbed in that manner.

I sailed in this boat all the way from Alexandria to Cairo. It took me five days. And then I sailed nearly a thousand miles further up the river. But I was not, then, nearly at the source of it. For it is two or three thousand miles long ; and nobody has ever reached the end of it. I passed by the Pyramids,— I saw a great many large ruined temples ; I met with many large crocodiles, and all kinds of other animals. It was sometimes very hot, though mid winter. I used to be very fond of my boat, and looked upon it as my home. One day my dear friend slipped into the river, and I was very much frightened lest he should be drowned, or lest the crocodiles should seize him. But through God's mercy he was saved. The crocodiles did not see him ; his clothes kept him swimming, till I sent half-a-dozen of our sailors into the water, who swam like ducks,

—soon reached him, and took him back to the boat. Oh! how glad I was to see him safe again.

WILLIE ———.

“A BEAUTIFUL instance of infantile resignation lately came under my notice, which I think cannot fail to find its way to the hearts of all those who may be either readers or hearers of this little book.

“My dear little friend, whose death I am about to record, had, from his birth until his eleventh year, enjoyed the most perfect health; entering into the sports and studies of his years with the zest and energy which that inestimable blessing can alone command. At the time of which I speak, he suddenly ceased to take any interest in his former pursuits, lost his colour, and seemed, to all appearance, on the verge of a decline. This, however, was not the case, and every possible suggestion for arresting the progress of the disease was seized upon with avidity; but, alas! man could do nothing. The hand of God was upon him, and after a year and a half of the most agonising sufferings, He saw fit to have mercy upon him, and set his worn-out spirit free; but not before the beautiful assurance was verified, ‘Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.’ During nearly the whole of his illness he was compelled to keep his bed, enduring

occasionally the most severe pain, caused by an abscess forming in his head. Added to this, he was totally blind; and, moreover, incessant sickness and hiccoughs prevented him ever being at ease, or taking repose. These were the trials of little Willie: and how were they borne? Did they make him repine, or say that 'the Lord had departed from him?' Oh, no! Although, unhappily, his friends were mostly worldly-minded, still he felt the privilege of being allowed to 'knock and receive.' Never did his thoughts wander from the home he prayed to attain; never was he led to believe he should ultimately recover.

"His answer, when spoken to upon the subject, invariably was, 'I am going to Jesus, and although I cannot see any one around my bed, yet my sight extends far beyond. The light that He sheds is all-sufficient, and I know my prayers will be answered, as my spirit is even now impatient to flee away and join with the angels in praises near his throne.' In thoughts like these were his days and nights constantly engaged. If any one attempted to read to him on subjects not immediately connected with his God, he would say, 'Not that, not that! where is my Bible? Read me a Psalm again?—they are all so beautiful, and ever new.' Then, frequently turning to his favourite little sister, he would add, 'Sissie, dear, I hear you crying; this is naughty when I am so happy; you must pray, not

to keep me here, but to be a good child, so that you may one day come to me in heaven.' Then taking her little hands in his, he would offer up a striking and beautiful prayer that she might be carefully guarded, and led to choose the narrow path. And thus he departed, saying peacefully and happily, 'Jesus, -blessed Lord, I come.'"

Now, my young readers, I will ask, should *you* be called upon in like manner, are *you as prepared for death* as Willie? Are you leading such a life, that when you are called upon you will be able to repeat his parting words? If not, I entreat of you to repent; ask Jesus to give you repentance, and to give you a clean heart and a new spirit, and grace to turn from your evil ways. Do not delay; none of you are too young to *die*. *All* of you need a Saviour; and remember that sweet text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING THE ABOVE.

HAPPY the child whose early youth,
To Christ the Lord is given;
Happy the child who loves the truth,
And seeks the way to Heaven.

When sickness and when sorrow comes,
In Jesus he'll have peace;
Who ne'er forsakes His chosen ones,
But will their joy increase.

Wash'd in his Saviour's precious blood,
 He need not fear to die ;
 His sins are pardon'd by his God,
 He'll live above the sky.

For ever free from sin and pain,
 He'll sing his Saviour's praise ;
 While saints and angels join the strain,
 And endless anthems raise.

THE DROWNING CHILD.

A FAMILY, the father, mother, and three children, the youngest between two and three years old, had been making a visit, and were returning to the city of New York by one of the Williamsburgh ferry-boats, toward evening, on the fourth of July. They were evidently in humble life, and had had a rare treat in the pleasure of a holiday, dressed in their best, and flushed with the enjoyment of health.

They were sitting in the stern of the boat, and near the railing; the younger children playing near the parents, frolicsome as kittens. It was a picture pleasing to look on, and it made one's heart glad and grateful to see a group so joyful in each other, and evidently as blest among themselves as if they had been born to wealth.

It was a very pleasant day, and a pleasant hour of the day. A few minutes more would bring them home, and the children, tired of the day's play, would be asleep. Suddenly the youngest, frolicking on the floor, rolled

under the railing, and in an instant was overboard. Many were looking on, but it was so sudden and unexpected that no one could arrest it. A shout was raised for the boat to be stopped, but before that could be done the father leaped over into the deep, and struck out manfully in search of his drowning child. The mother had shrieked with agony as her child had gone, and now that her husband was also overboard, her anguish was terrible to behold. A lady strove to console her; gathered the other children about her, and bade her trust in God and hope for the best. The father proved to be a noble swimmer, but the water was so agitated by the motion of the boat that he could see nothing of his child, and for some minutes he beat about to no purpose. Small boats put out from the shore, and one of them picked him up when he was nearly exhausted, and he was brought to the steamer and lifted on board. Here was a fresh scene of distress, when the father and mother met again. He had returned from the watery grave himself; but their child, their pet lamb, was lost. As he was raised on deck, the mother cried, "The child, the child, where is he?" He looked at her, and with a thoughtfulness and beauty not to be expected in such a moment, answered gently, "*Mary, God has him!*" The boat still lingered, and the passengers were straining their eyes into the distance, hoping that one of the boats might yet rescue the child. It

urdy old tar, with a tenderness of feeling that did him honour, covered the face of child. He could not bear to shock the others with the sudden sight of their dead



Yes, it was dead. It was taken on
and the gentle lady who had sought

reached its wharf, and the family,—a mourning, wretched family,—went off with their dead child to their dreary home. The papers, the next morning, mentioned, under the head of accidents, that a child was drowned from one of the ferry-boats yesterday; but how little of the sorrow of that disaster is told in such a line! How much sorrow there is in this world, that we know nothing of.

A DAY WITH JESUS.

If we have not spent a day with Jesus here, we shall never spend eternity with Him hereafter.

I will give you two short reasons for this.

I. *He would not know us.*—We should be strangers in His company. I am afraid many children will come up to the judgment-seat, and plead that they have been regular at school and church, and expect to go through the golden gates of heaven. But Jesus will say unto them, “How can you think of coming here to me? True, you came to school and church; but you never really loved me—you never sought me at home, or gave up your hearts to me—you never really spent a day with me in prayer or praise, or even wished to do so. You did not love the company of godly children, and of God’s servants. You are strangers to me. ‘*Depart from Me; I never knew you.*’”

II. *We should not be fit for His company.*

—You would not think you were fit now, dressed and educated as you are, to go and sit down to dine with the Queen of England; you would be unlike every body else at the table; you would not know what to do, or what to say, or how to look. But if you were taught all those things first, and dressed properly, and made rich, and introduced to the Queen's company beforehand — then, perhaps, you *might* be fit for her presence.

Well then, dear children, it is so with heaven. How do you think you will ever be fit to dwell with God, and to talk with angels, and to sit with Jesus at His table through all eternity, unless your hearts are first prepared for it, by sitting with Him now in His presence, and spending happy days in His company? You would not know what to do, or what to say there. You would be unlike everybody else; the angels would turn away from you with pity; and God would hide His face.

Come then to Jesus, while you can. Now give up your hearts to Him; seek Him in prayer; love His holy presence; and read His precious word. Then, dear children, you will not only go to hear and see where He dwells; but because you have loved to spend a day with Him below, you will spend eternity with Him above, and praise Him as having bought you with His own precious blood.

DUNDEE WIDOW AND HER SON.

WHAT will not a mother do for the child she loves? And what may not a bad son do to bring down a poor fond mother to the ground with a load of woe? The Bible asks, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" And we learn in the Bible, what those two bad sons, Hophni and Phineas, did for their poor father Eli. And now you shall hear a tale which will tell you of a mother's love, and a child's bad conduct, and what it led to. It is a true story, and what I am going to tell you has just taken place :

There was a poor boy, the son of a widow, in Dundee, in Scotland. I cannot tell you much about his early days; but he had learnt to read, and had made light of all that had been done for his good, and was a very bad lad, and cared not to give his poor mother much pain. He went from bad to worse, and went far away from home, and got amongst thieves, and at last did that for which he was sent to jail, and tried, and was then put into the Parkhurst prison,—which is in the Isle of Wight, and on purpose for lads that are to be transported. There he would fall into good hands; for I know well the truly good chaplain of that jail, and his excellent wife, and they have told me much about the lads under their care. Well, he was to be sent, with many others, to Austra-

lia, which you know is a great many thousand miles across the seas. There is a good rule, that before lads are sent there their friends are told, and they come and see them before they sail. So this boy wrote to his mother,—not to ask her to come all that way, for he could not think of such a thing, glad as he would have been to see her once more ; —but he wrote to her, that she should send him a Testament, and a “Johnson’s Dictionary.” But a mother’s love—what will it not do? Go she would to see her lad ; and I dare say it quite cheered her to think that, bad as he had been, he had come to value God’s word, and to choose it for his best friend to go with him to a far-off land. So she could not be content to send the books, but she must take them, and get a last look at her boy. Ah, it was a long way, 570 miles ! and she had only a few pence, and she was old and very weak. But, oh, a mother’s love, it thinks nothing hard !—and off she goes. She had nothing, day after day, but a pennyworth of potatoes and salt, and a little spring water, which cost her nothing ; and in five weeks she got to Newport, worn out, and very ill, and without a farthing in her pocket. She was forced to sell many of her warm clothes on the road. that she might get a decent place to rest her weary bones in at night ; but the books she would not, and could not sell : her lad had asked for them, and have them he must. I cannot tell you of all that passed when she saw her son, but you may

be sure it cheered her sad heart to think that he was taking the Testament for his best friend, and fancy how she would say, "Love that Saviour, and serve Him of whom it speaks; and do as that book bids you; and then, my dear lad, though we part to meet no more in this world, we shall soon meet in that better world, where the weary are at rest." I am glad to say, a good large sum of money was raised by kind friends, to take her back in safety and comfort to Dundee, —where, I am sure, she will praise God for the rest of her days, for all the mercies of her long journey, but, above all, of finding her boy brought to his right mind, and loving his Bible. But, oh! that a son should give so much trouble and sorrow to such a loving mother! Oh, what an evil and bitter thing sin is!

W.

Intelligence.

THE JEW IN CHINA.

THERE are few of my readers, I should think, who are not aware of that awful declaration that God has made in respect to the nation of the Jews; namely, that they should be scattered amongst all nations, and dispersed through all the countries of the world. And thus they are to be, until they are all gathered into their own country, and have one King to reign over them.

It has long been supposed that there was a colony of Jews in the centre of China. It was Roman Catholic missionaries that first discovered them, about two hundred years ago. But so little has been heard about them of late years, that it was almost doubted whether there were any Jews there at all. So the London Missionary Society was determined to make a search, and see whether there was, or was not, a colony of Jews in China. They therefore despatched two Chinese on a mission of inquiry, who soon returned, bringing the most satisfactory information. They indeed found the very descendants of the Hebrew race, living as a distinct people in China, in the middle of a Chinese city. Though they have, in every respect, adopted the Chinese dress, and mode of living, they are still looked down upon and despised by all the sects amongst whom they dwell. The last Rabbi (priest) died about fifty years ago, and they have never found any one to supply his place. Not one among them can now read Hebrew, although they have thirteen rolls of the law carefully preserved, in the most holy place of their synagogue, and six small sections of the law written in ancient Hebrew, and two Hebrew rituals in manuscript. Their religious service is now given up, and the great portion of the people are in extreme poverty.

On the return of these two travellers to Shanghai with the above report, it was resolved to send them a second time for the

purpose of purchasing any of the Jewish rolls that could be procured. And so he went again and bought six of the rolls, which are now at Shangae, and will soon be sent to London to be examined by Hebrew scholars. One of these rolls is very old, and the others are in excellent condition, written on thick white sheepskins. Each roll contains two hundred and thirty-nine columns, varying in width from three to nine inches. Each roll contains the Five Books of Moses. Besides these rolls, they also bought forty divisions of the law, and about a hundred forms of service, some for the daily sacrifice, one for the Feast of Purim (see Esther i. vii.), one for the Day of Atonement, and others. There is also a list of the principal families living there, written in Chinese and Hebrew. It is stated on a letter from their synagogue, that this colony of Jews first came to China, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, bringing tribute of costly cloths from India. Some of their traditions imply that they came from Persia.

Thus you see how God has preserved His ancient people, and kept them as a distinct people among all nations; while He has fulfilled His declaration concerning them:—
 “And the Lord shall scatter you among all nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the heathen, whither the Lord shall lead you.”

Prayer.

PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

BLESSED Jesus, Lamb of God,
 Wash me in Thy precious blood ;
 Give me pardon, life, and peace,
 Clothe me in Thy righteousness ;
 Send thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
 Make me love Thy precious word.

Blessed Jesus, hear my cry,
 Thou who reign'st above the sky ;
 Lord, Thou knowest all my need,
 Deign for me to intercede ;
 Let Thy grace to me be given,
 Saviour, make me meet for heaven !

Blessed Jesus, make me thine ;
 Cause Thy face on me to shine ;
 Teach me, Lord, Thy name to know,
 Help me, Lord, Thy will to do ;
 Lord, to me Thy blessing give,
 Make me to Thy glory live.

Blessed Jesus, in that day
 When the heavens shall pass away,
 Lord in love remember me,
 May I then be found *in Thee* ;
 Though unworthy, Lord I am,
 Condescend to own my name.

Blessed Jesus, God of Love,
 May I reign with Thee above ;
 Give to me a robe of white,
 And a crown of glory bright ;
 May I join Thy praise to sing,
 Blessed Jesus, heavenly King !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 19. "Jesus wept."
20. Where does St. Paul speak of a "faithful saying," and what is it? |
| 2nd Week | { | 21. "I am the Lord."
22. What was the name of the little boy whose father was punished with dumbness, and had to write his name on a slate? |
| 3rd Week | { | 23. "In every thing give thanks."
24. Who was it that dreamt, and saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven? |
| 4th Week | { | 25. "The Lord is my defence."
26. What were the names of the two sisters and the brother, whom Jesus loved? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| (9.) 1 Kings viii. 57.
(10.) Josh. ix. 4, 23.
(11.) Gen. xii. 2.
(12.) Judges iv. 17, 18.
(13.) 2 Sam. xii. 13. | | (14.) Gen. xxi. 5.
(15.) Acts vii. 50.
(16.) John ii. 1.
(17.) Heb. iii. 19.
(18.) 1 Kings xiv. 16. |
|---|--|---|

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

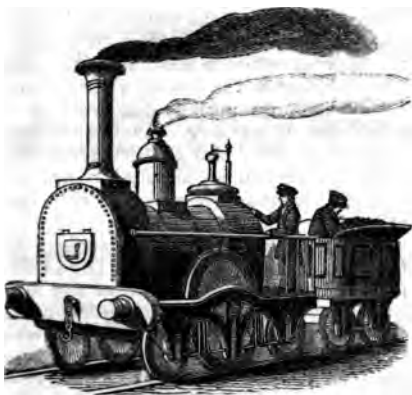
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THE LOCOMOTIVE STEAM-ENGINE.

FEW words with you about the steam-engine. There are two kinds of steam-engines, the *locomotive* and the *stationary*. The *locomotive* is a steam-engine, that runs

E

about on the rails. The stationary steam-engine is one that does its work, staying at home. The one is like the coach-horse, that gallops with the coach along the high-road; the other like the mill-horse, which quietly paces round and round to work the mill. It is the locomotive that drags you in the train when you go by the railway.

Now, what *must we* first speak about in this steam-engine? The first thing is the fire. The fire is at the front of the engine, where that man stands. And they burn in the fire coke, which is a sort of coal. They keep the coke in the tender, a kind of carriage almost on purpose for it, where the other man is standing. They keep up a tremendous fire; and as they go rushing along the rails, the wind blows it up, more than if there were a dozen pairs of bellows at work.

Then the next thing is the water. The body of the steam-engine is a large boiler full of water all the way from the place where the fire is, to the chimney. And the flame of the fire passes through the water in long narrow tubes, until it finds its way along with the smoke into the chimney; so that the water has always a quantity of fire inside it.

Well, this soon makes it hot. And it is very hot indeed, steam begins to come out of the water, just as it does out of the mouth of the kettle when it is on the fire. Steam always comes out of water

made very hot. And there is something very curious about *steam*. It *will* take up a very great deal of room, and *will* find its way out if it can ; so it tries to get out of the boiler where the water is ; but it is fastened tightly up, and *can't* get out. However, it tries, and pushes, and squeezes, and presses ; and if it does find a little hole through which it can escape, it rushes out with an angry scream. But the engineer keeps it in, and only lets it get out by *one way*. And what is that way ? It first has to go up into that kind of *dome*, next the chimney ; then it runs along twisting little pipes, till it gets into a *cylinder* (which is something like a *pop-gun*) ; and inside this it has to push a great piece of iron (called a *piston*) backwards and forwards before it is allowed to get out. And the piece of iron which it pushes backwards and forwards, turns that middle wheel round, and this moves the whole engine, and train too. So you see that what moves you along is the *steam* trying to get out. Sometimes, when the boiler is not very strong, the steam tries so hard to escape, that it bursts out and breaks the boiler all to pieces. But in England they make the boilers so strong that this does not often happen. In America it often occurs, and there, numbers of people are scalded and killed.

Once I remember hearing of a steam-engine, as it was running quietly along the rails, which all of a sudden gave three great

jumps, like a frisky horse, and leapt clean off the road down an embankment. It dragged a long train down with it, and all were smashed together. They never made out, *why* it played such a dangerous trick.

How fearful it is to see a huge ponderous engine rushing close by you at sixty miles an hour! It quite makes one tremble. It is not very long ago, that an angry bull strayed out of its field, and took a walk on the railway. Presently it spied, at some distance off, a great black fiery monster coming towards it very fast. I don't know what it supposed it was; but it immediately set up its tail, put down its head, and set off full gallop charging the train. They dashed against each other, and the poor bull was knocked to pieces.

A still more sad story is this: Two little boys were playing on the railway,—where they had no business to be, by the way. Presently, round the corner near them, came dashing an express train. One of the boys took to his heels, and was off safely; but the other *stood*—he could not move a limb—he stared at the engine, as it came nearer and nearer; and, poor little fellow, he was soon knocked down and killed!

The steam-engine is one of the most wonderful things in the world. I went the other day to see a large place where they are made. I wish I could tell you some *more* about them; there is so much to say. *But it is time to stop; so I must say, good bye.*

LITTLE RAJEE.

THERE was once a little Hindoo girl named Rajee. She went to a missionary's school, but she would not eat with her school-fellows, because she belonged to a higher caste than they did. As she lived at the school, her mother brought her food every day, and Rajee sat under a tree to eat it. At the end of two years she told her mother that she wished to turn from idols, and serve the living God. Her mother was much troubled at hearing this, and begged her child not to bring disgrace on the family by becoming a Christian. But Rajee was anxious to save her precious soul. She cared no longer for her caste, for she knew that all she had been taught about it was deceit and folly ; therefore one day she sat down and ate with her schoolfellows. When her mother heard of Rajee's conduct, she ran to the school in a rage, and seizing her little daughter by the hair of her head, began to beat her severely. Then she hastened to the priests, to ask them whether the child had lost her caste for ever. The priests replied, " Has the child got her new teeth ? " " No," said the mother. " Then we can cleanse her, and when her new teeth come she will be as pure as ever. But you must pay a good deal of money for the cleansing." Were they not *cunning* priests ? and *covetous* priests too ?

The money was paid, and Rajee was

brought home against her will. Dreadful sufferings awaited the poor child. The cleansing was a cruel business. The priests burned the child's tongue. This was one of their cruelties. When little Rajee was suffered to go back to the school, she was so ill that she could not rise from her bed.

The poor deceived mother came to see her. "I am going to Jesus," said the young martyr. The mother began to weep, "O Rajee, we will not let you die."

"But I am glad," the little sufferer replied, "because I shall go to Jesus. If you, mother, would love him, and give up your idols, we should meet again in heaven."

An hour afterwards Rajee went to heaven; but I have never heard whether her mother gave up her idols.—*Far Off.*

THE PYRAMIDS.

HAVE you ever heard of the *Pyramids*? They are near Cairo, in Egypt. You see what they are like in the picture. They are built of stone, and are quite *solid*. That large one which you see in front, is five hundred feet high! a great deal higher than St. Paul's, in London. And how much room would the bottom of it take up? It would *just* stand in Lincoln's-inn Fields, in London! So you see what an enormous thing it is. I said, that a Pyramid is quite solid; yes, it has only one little tiny room in the middle of the inside! This is quite

dark ; and you have to stoop along a low, long, narrow passage, before you get to it. What *did* they build this enormous thing for, with only one little room? No one knows. Some people think it was for the tomb of a great king. And there are the remains of a stone coffin in the inside. But the king's bones are gone long ago.



And nobody knows, moreover, what the name of the king was! So of what little use the monument has been! We don't know when the Pyramids were built. Some think that they were built a long time before Joseph went into Egypt, and I think it very likely. They are very old indeed. Some think, that people built them very soon after the flood drowned the world.

You can climb up to the top of the great

Pyramid ; the stones are like so many steps : and on the top, you have a splendid view.

That great figure in front, is called the *Sphinx*. It is a huge stone head of a man ; and they say that there is a body belonging to it, all covered up in the sand below,—like a lion. I have seen a great many stone figures in Egypt, with a lion's body, and a man's head. The poor Egyptians in ancient times used to worship them ! This *Sphinx* was one of their great gods ; and in front of it is a little stone table, where they used to offer sacrifices. But this *Sphinx* could not save Egypt, and the people who worshipped it. All their fine cities were knocked down, as I shall tell you before long ; and it has been a poor, miserable country ever since.

AMOS AND THE NAILS.

THERE was a very bad boy, of the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and had tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to make efforts to reform. One day the father said to Amos, " Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of those nails into this wall." Amos said, " Well, father, I will." Before long Amos came to his father and said, " The keg is empty ; I have used all the nails. Come and see." The

father went to the spot, and found the wall black with nails. He said to his son, "Amos, have you committed a wrong action for every one of those nails?" "Yes, father," said Amos. The father said, sorrowfully, "What a bad boy you must be, Amos! Why will not you turn about and try to be a good boy?" Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments, and then said, "Father, I will try. I have been altogether too bad; I *will* try to be a better boy." Said his father, "Take the hammer, and for every good act you do, draw out a nail and put it into the keg." In a few weeks the boy came again to his father and said, "Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. For every good act I have done, I have pulled out a nail. See, the keg is full again." "I am glad of it, my son; but, Amos, the holes are left—the *holes* are left." What did he mean, my little readers?

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. 1. DISOBEDIENCE—OBEDIENCE.

HAVE you got a little garden of your very own, my little child? Did you ever think what your little garden used to be? I will tell you. It was a rough piece of ground, full of stones. Did no flowers grow in it, then? Oh, no—only weeds. But when this piece of ground became a garden, you cleared it of stones, you pulled up the

then you sowed some seeds,
 ing up, and became sweet flowers.
 art is like a rough piece of ground,

Do you not wish it to become
 arden? It is full of the weeds of
 has no sweet flowers in it; but
 as you to give Him your heart. If
 ill, He will send His Holy Spirit to
 into His own garden. What pretty
 rs will then grow in your garden! We
 think of some of their names. To-day
 will talk of the weed of disobedience,
 ch now grows in your heart; and of the
 eet flower of obedience, which we wish

see grow instead of disobedience.
 I know there are some little children who
 will not do what they are told. A little girl
 has some nasty medicine brought to her,
 and her nurse says, "Drink it nicely, my
 dear;" but the little girl begins to cry, and
 will not do as she is bid. I know a naughty
 child who often teazes her mother by touch-
 ing things she is forbidden to touch. The
 mother says, "Do not touch that, my dear;
 but the disobedient child goes on touchin-
 and is a tease to all around her. Why
 these children do these naughty things?
 will tell you: they have an ugly v
 growing in their hearts. This weed is
 obedience. Who can kill this weed
 plant a sweet flower in its place?
 Holy Spirit can, my child.
 Now I want to tell you about an o
 child. Her mother brought her som

cine, and said, "Drink this." She took the cup, and did not cry, but drank all up directly. When her mother sent her a message, she went directly with it. If her nurse told her not to touch something, she stopped directly. This little girl loved to do what she was told. I can tell you of a little boy, too, who loved to obey his mother; but you can read about him in the Bible. This little boy's name was Jesus. Why do children love to do as they are bid? Because the sweet flower of obedience is growing in their heart. Now, little reader, learn this little prayer, and then find out and learn this Scripture text: *Prayer*—"O Lord, send me thy Holy Spirit, to plant in my heart the sweet flower of obedience." *Text*—Eph. vi. 1: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."—*Eunice*.

THE CHINESE BOY.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy in China, whose name was Um-wen. His parents were so poor that they could not afford to buy a gauze curtain for their bed, to keep off the flies in summer,—for in China there are a great many troublesome insects, which bite and sting the people when they are asleep in bed. So, what do you think this little boy did? He could not bear that his parents should be bitten by the flies; so he stood by their bedside, and uncovered his little bosom and his back,



n; but our blessed Saviour bruised
 it's head, by preventing him cast-
 ing dear people into hell. Jesus is
 stronger than the devil. When you are
 tempted by the devil to do what is wrong,
 pray to Jesus to help you, and He
 will cause the devil to flee away from you. B



RECIPROCAL SYMPATHY.

EARLY half a century ago, when a coach
 was passing between Glasgow and Greenock.
 One day, on a forenoon, when a little past
 noon, a lady in the coach noticed a
 man, looking barefooted, seemingly tired,
 struggling with tender feet. She desired
 the coachman to take him up, give him a
 seat, and she would pay for it. When they
 arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired

that the flies might bite him, instead of his parents; "for," said he, "if they fill themselves with my blood, they will let my parents rest." It would grieve his kind parents that their little boy should be bitten in this way; but it was very good of him to do it, for it showed that he loved his parents better than himself, and that he would rather be hurt himself than his dear parents should be hurt. Now there are other ways in which little boys and girls can show that they love their fathers and mothers. They should be obedient and dutiful, and do what they are bid; and that will show that they love them quite as much as if they suffered flies to bite them. But I must not forget to remind you of that dear Saviour, who allowed himself to be bitten by the old serpent, the devil, that we might not be destroyed for ever. When dear Jesus suffered on the cross, it was the devil bruising his heel. If you look at Genesis iii. 14, you will see that God said to the serpent that he would put enmity between it and the woman (that was Mary, Jesus' mother), "and between thy seed and her seed" (that was between the devil's children and Jesus, who was the seed of Mary): "it shall bruise thy head" (that is, Jesus should bruise the serpent's head) "and thou shalt bruise his heel." The serpent bruised Jesus' heel, by putting it in Judas' heart to betray him, and stirring up wicked men to

rucify him ; but our blessed Saviour bruised the serpent's head, by preventing him casting his own dear people into hell. Jesus is stronger than the devil. When you are tempted by the devil to do what is wrong, go and pray to Jesus to help you, and He will make the devil flee away from you.

B.



RECIPROCAL SYMPATHY.

EARLY half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopton, a lady in the coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up, give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired

the boy what was his object in coming here. He said he wished to be a sailor and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well. Twenty years after this, the coach was returning to Glasgow in the afternoon on the same road; when near Bishopton, a sea-captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slow, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopton, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and old lady, who remained in the coach. The lady thanked him for his kindly feelings toward her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. He said he had always sympathy for weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago near this very place, where a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him and paid for his seat. "Well do I remember that incident," said she; "I am that lady but my lot in life has changed. I was independent; now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son." "How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to live on my fortune from this day I shall bind myself annually to supply you with £25 per annum for the rest of your life."

ICK ON BRICK.

one day looking at a large
the masons were putting up,
his father's house. He watched
from day to day, as they car-
bricks and mortar, and then
a their proper order.

said to him, "Edwin, you seem
much taken up with the brick-
what may you be thinking
; you any notion of learning

Edwin, smiling ; "but I was
what a little thing a brick is,
great house is built by laying
mother."

, my boy. Never forget it.
in all great works. All your
ly one little lesson added to
a man could walk all round the
l be by putting one foot before
our whole life will be made up
moment after another. Drop
makes the ocean.

m this not to despise little
n-also not to be discouraged by

The greatest labour becomes
d into parts. You could not
mountain, but step by step
the other side. Do not fear,
attempt great things. Always
at the whole of that great
ly one brick upon another."

THROWING STONES.

"DON'T throw stones, boy; you may hit some one."

"I don't throw them at anybody. What hurt does it do for me to throw stones the fence?"

"You do not know, my young friend who may be behind the fence, out of your sight; and the stone you throw for sport may glance and put out somebody's eye or break his head."

"I shall throw stones as much as I please. It's none of your business."

"I am very sorry to see you persist in doing a mischievous thing, and add bad manners to a bad habit. I have just seen accounts of two sad accidents from throwing stones, which ought to be a warning to be against indulging such an evil and pernicious habit. A young man was riding on horse back, when a stone thrown by a little boy hit the horse, and frightened him, so that he started, and threw the young man violently on the ground, injuring him very seriously. The horse, however, did not stop to see what he had done, but ran on through the street and struck a woman, knocking her senseless upon the kerb-stone. She was severely injured in the head, and so bruised that it is doubtful whether she will recover. It seemed a very small thing for the little boy to throw a stone, but the consequences were dreadful. If the woman should die,

ose that boy will ever forgive himself
throwing the stone?

But the other story is still more sad.
on of a Captain Edwards was returning
e from school. Just as he was entering
father's gate, he heard a sound in the
et, and, turning his head, was struck by
me thrown by another little boy, which
him in the eye, and instantly destroyed
sight. Now that poor boy must go all
days with a disfigured face and a blind
just because the other little mischievous
w would amuse himself by throwing
es. These two cases met my eye the
day in the newspapers, which shows
such things occur very often. And
ably if, in the last case, the stone had
the boy on his temple, it would have
d him. DON'T THROW STONES."

RAGGED SCHOOL WITHOUT A BIBLE.

VELLING down the Shannon, in a
erick steamer, I got into conversation
a Roman Catholic priest. He was an
ligent, kind-hearted man, and much
eated in efforts made on behalf of the
ected poor. I told him of our ragged
ols—of our collecting them from the
ways and by-ways, the lanes and streets
he city—of our teaching them their
s to God and man by means of the
l of God.

He listened with great interest, and told me at last that he had opened a ragged school in his own locality (somewhere in Clare), and that he was succeeding beyond his most sanguine hopes in humanizing and civilizing his rude scholars. I ventured to ask if his scholars read the Bible, or if he used it in his school. He answered, "That is a book we don't think fit to put into the hands of the young or the unlearned." "Then," said I, "you consider yourselves wiser than God, for he says, 'Teach these things diligently to your children;' and Christ himself says, 'Search the Scriptures,' &c., 'for they are they that testify of me.' How can your people search the Scriptures if you keep them from them?"

We shortly after parted, but I felt very sad at the thought of a Ragged School without a Bible.

W. L.

KIND WORDS.

A MAN was once driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either could not, or would not, go the right way. So another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would

say, "I will do anything for *you*, because you speak so kindly to me;" and then, bending his broad chest against the load, he turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as though the load was a plaything. How powerful are kind words!

THE HOLY CHILD, JESUS.

WHEN Jesus, our blessed Saviour, was born into the world, He was made "under the law." He became a debtor to do the whole law, and this for *our sakes*. He, the mighty God, came down from heaven, and submitted to fulfil a law of his own appointment,—a law which God had given for man to obey,—that those who had sinned against that law, and broken its holy commandments, might be delivered from the curse of the law, and be made partakers of everlasting life. When a little child, the holy Jesus was obedient to his Father's will. With the first dawn of intelligence, He began to fulfil all righteousness; as He increased in stature, so did He increase in wisdom and holiness and favour with God. He was born into the world to feel like other children feel; to weep like other children weep. He could love what children love. Beautiful to him were the flowers which He had made; for He was *God*, and without Him was not anything made that was made. Pleasant to his ear was the voice of the singing rill, and musical to his infant heart was the soft, loved tone of his mother's voice. But He

was altogether *without sin*. In his intercourse with other children at Nazareth, no angry word ever escaped his lips, no stain of passion defiled his spotless soul. When his companions were unkind to him, He bore it meekly, not rendering evil for evil, but being kind and forgiving to all. We read about the brethren of Jesus, who did not believe in him when He went about preaching the gospel; and we may suppose that when He was a child He did not escape their harsh treatment and angry words, for those who do the will of God, bring upon themselves the persecution and anger of those who do not live in the fear of God. But, oh! with what sweetness, what love, did He bear all! Though his heart was filled with sorrow, and his eye with tears, there was no resentment, no revenge, in God's holy child. How beautiful was his obedience to Joseph and Mary. He was *subject to them*—He *obeyed them*. He who made the heavens and the earth, to whom the mighty angels owed their being, He attended to the wishes of his mother, and cheerfully complied with her commands. Jesus is an example set before children, that they may copy him in all the holiness and beauty of his character. Let little children go to Jesus, let them see what He did, and let them ask God for grace that they may do the same. But Jesus was a holy child, not only that He might leave an example for children to follow in his steps; He was a holy child that he might be the *righteousness of child-*

and requires of children *perfect obedience*; but children have broken his law by against it, and therefore cannot render perfect obedience. Children break God's y time they think an angry thought, or passionate word; when they are way-d fretful, disobedient to their parents here, and neglectful of the means God rided for their improvement. Every ight which creeps into their mind during all their listlessness and inattention at this is *sin*,—and sin brings down the *God*. Jesus never sinned. All He did r; and if we believe in him, God will or reckon, his righteousness unto us. y child was obedient in all his thoughts, ds, and deeds, that his Father, being sed in him, may also be well pleased who believe in him. This is the right- we must seek to be the covering of our No works that we can do can make us s and holy before God, for we are sin- lty sinners, and all that we do, is stained : but the purity of *Jesus*, the obedience *that* God will reckon as *ours*, if we be- him as the branch belongs to the vine, e know what it is to have him for our

In the 61st chapter of Isaiah, this mess is called a "robe." It is a pure be, in which we may stand accepted at the *judgment* day. And is Jesus ready is robe upon little children? Will He

give them faith to see how pure, how beautiful it is? Oh, yes! He will. Children are precious to that dear Saviour, who was once a child himself. Though He is sitting at his Father's right hand with angels around him, He does not forget what He felt when He walked by his mother's side upon the hills of Nazareth, listening to the song of wild birds, and rejoicing in all things bright and beautiful around him. He has sympathies in his heart of love which connect that heart with the lowliest babe for whom his blood was shed. Dear children, while you are joyous and glad with all the happy feelings of childhood, watching the bright butterflies as they flutter in the sunbeams, and looking upward with rapture to the golden splendour of sunset skies, *Jesus sees you*; his eye is over you, beaming with love. He was obedient to the law for *your sakes*. He shed his blood to put away *your sins*. When you have any sorrows, go and tell them to him. Confide in him; trust in him. Never think to recommend yourselves to God by anything *you* can do, but plead the righteousness, the blood of your precious Saviour. Ask him to hide you in his bosom from all the evil and sin of life, to cover you with his robe, to grant you grace to be holy in childhood as He was holy; and at last He will gather you home to his safe and pleasant fold, where many children, young as you, are seeing him *in his beauty*, and singing to God their songs of glory and praise. J. H.

Psalm.

EVENING HYMN.

Now we thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
 For the blessings of the day :
 Thou hast fed, and clothed, and bless'd us,
 And hast kept all harm away ;
 Father, hear us,
 While our evening hymn we say.

Though Thou art so good and gracious,
 We have very sinful been :
 Naughty ways, and evil tempers,
 Through the day Thine eye hath seen :
 Lord, forgive us,
 Wash our souls and make us clean.

We are weak and helpless children,
 And we have no guard but Thee ;
 Through the silent hours of darkness
 Still our kind Protector be ;
 Thou hast taught us
 We may safely trust in Thee !

Father ! be Thou always with us,
 Keeping us by day and night ;
 Chiefly guard our souls from evil
 By Thy Holy Spirit's might :
 May He make us
 Pure and Holy in Thy sight.

Thus may we, though weak and sinful,
 Peacefully lie down to rest ;
 For no evil can come near us,
 With Thy gracious Presence bless'd :
 Happy children !
 In our Father's love we rest !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 1st Week | { 27. "Be gentle unto all men."
28. Who were they that were asked, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" |
| 2nd Week | { 29. "The Lord giveth wisdom."
30. Of whom is it said, "Who went about doing good?" |
| 3rd Week | { 31. "Unite my heart to fear Thy name."
32. What is the meaning of <i>Jehovah Jireh</i> ? |
| 4th Week | { 33. "Love as brethren."
34. Where is Christ called the "Bright and Morning Star?" |
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ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

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|---------------------------|------------------------|
| (19.) John xi. 35. | (23.) 1 Thess. v. 18. |
| (20.) 1 Tim. i. 15. | (24.) Gen. xxviii. 12. |
| (21.) Isa. xlii. 5. | (25.) Ps. xciv. 22. |
| (22.) Luke i. 20, 22, 63. | (26.) John xi. 5. |
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ERRATUM.

Question 21 in last month's Number should have been
 "I am the Lord's."

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

341.

MAY, 1852.

VOL. 29.



DICK, THE TAME TROUT.

SIX months ago, as I was arranging the papers of a valued friend lately deceased, amongst a mass of them (the accumulation of sixty years) I fell upon the following letter, which I think will interest my readers. I will merely premise, that the

writer was a good old clergyman, who lived in Chapel-le-dale, near Ingleton, in Yorkshire, where the curious intimacy sprang up :

“ Your letter, which has for some time been mislaid, is now before me ; and I will endeavour to answer it, with as great regard to brevity and truth as I am able. From under the foundation of this house, which is founded upon a rock, issues a stream of water, which, though perennial, yet is scarcely entitled to the name of a rivulet. This stream (or rivulet, if it may be so called) scarcely runs above forty or fifty yards before it takes a subterraneous course, and does not appear again except in the valley below, about two miles distant. Its source is formed into a kind of basin, about five yards in circumference, where several neighbours take up water for the use of their cottages. In the year 1795 I got two small trouts, about one ounce each, which I put into this basin ; one of which only made its appearance, and I think that was about two years afterwards. At first it was remarkably shy, and, at the appearance of any person coming to take up water, darted with great velocity out of sight, up the water. In the course of a year afterwards it became much less timid, and by degrees seemed to acquire a sort of familiarity with the persons coming to the basin,—slowly withdrawing on their approach, and then, turning round from under the rock, with its head only visible, seemed to view them with a kind of

friendship. This led me to attempt a more intimate familiarity with it; and procuring a few small worms, which I supposed to be its natural food, I threw them into the basin, and observed, much to my amusement, that it came, and swallowed them up with great avidity. I now began to entertain hopes of taming it; and, following this practice of feeding it every day for some time, I then took a worm, and suspending it from my fingers, just within the surface of the water, I had the pleasure to observe it, after a little shyness, come and take it. After feeding it for some time in this manner (in the course of which it became divested of all its natural timidity, and assumed a sort of domestic freedom), I took a few worms, and, putting them in the palm of my hand, sunk it within the surface of the water, and called out, 'Dick, Dick!'—a name I had for some time given it—when my aquatic friend came and devoured the repast I had prepared for him. From this circumstance I was led to suppose that fish are endued with organs capable of being affected with *sound*, as my friend Dick always made his appearance on calling to him, especially if near; but if, as was sometimes the case, he did not immediately obey my vocal summons, I used to throw a pebble into the upper part of the basin,—which, causing an agitation of the water, scarcely ever failed of bringing my friend Dick to partake of the entertainment I had prepared for him. Dick had now

imbibed all the instruction I was capable of imparting to him; and as his docility and affection had secured my attachment, I continued my friendship for him, by feeding him daily in the manner I have mentioned. I must not, however, omit remarking, that Dick was much better to please than many a spoiled child; for, contrary to my expectations, he would take any kind of food, as fish, flesh, or fowl; or if he had any predilection for one in preference to another, it was for beef and mutton. And it was really impressively pleasing to see him display his grateful feelings, by his sportive gambols in the basin, and even suffering himself, while feeding out of one hand, to be stroked with the other. I must, however, acknowledge, to the discredit of my feelings, that I sometimes neglected Dick; and, in that case, the poor fellow would retire from the basin, up into his watery recess, and would not make his appearance again for several days—and especially in winter, for some months—as if to lament the infidelity of a professing friend. The greater part of Dick's life was spent under ground; and though he would sometimes take a frolicsome excursion below the basin, yet it was seldom the case. It may not be improper to mention, that Dick had once a hairbreadth escape from an untimely and unnatural death. A girl, our next neighbour, in taking up water, one night, had got Dick into her pail, without being conscious of it,—and, after getting it

into the house, was about to empty it into the pan upon the fire, when Dick (whether not liking his confined situation, or apprehensive that a boiling bath would be fatal to his constitution, I will not pretend to say) gave a sudden plunge; which, after electrifying the fireside party, happily discovered himself in time to prevent the cruel death of being *boiled alive*; and by which means he was restored to his natural element and wonted habitation, to the great joy of all who knew him. Some years previous to his death Dick became blind of one eye, but from what cause I do not know. He died, probably in the sixteenth year of his age, as much beloved and lamented as any fish in the kingdom. His size was not so large as might have been expected from his age, or probably would have been had he lived in an open river, being at the time of his death only twenty-one ounces. I buried him in the garden, at the root of a berry-tree,—which I seldom pass without sighing over him, ‘Alas, poor Dick!’” C.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—No. II.

UNBELIEF AND FAITH.

I AM sure you wish your heart to be a little garden belonging to Jesus, my little reader. There is one very ugly weed growing in little children's hearts, which we will talk about to-day. What weed do you think it is? Its

name is *unbelief*. "Oh," you say, "that is a hard name. I do not know what *unbelief* means." *Unbelief* is not to believe what we are told. Suppose, I told you not to go near the fire, because it would burn you. Now suppose you did not believe me, but thought you would try if what I said was true; then, you would be encouraging the naughty weed of unbelief. The Bible tells little children that they have naughty hearts; and that if they die with them they must go to hell. But they do not seem to mind the Bible. O, why do they not? Because, of the naughty weed of unbelief. If it did not grow in their hearts, they would begin to love Jesus, and care about their souls. They would believe that they were on the road to hell fire; and they would earnestly pray—"O God, do put me on the road for heaven."

I think a little child is reading this who wants to get rid of this ugly weed. What pretty plant shall be put in the place of unbelief? It shall be the sweet plant of faith. *Faith* is just the opposite to *unbelief*. Faith believes what God says. Unbelief does not.

I think most little children have faith in their parents. They believe what they say. Suppose some day I came into your nursery, and saw you playing with a pretty new toy. Suppose I said, "My child, throw that pretty toy in the fire; if you do, you will some day be very glad you obeyed me." What

would you do? Perhaps your little heart would heave a sigh, and your eye drop a tear, but still if you had faith in me, you would throw the toy in the fire, and would think to yourself, "It is for my good, I am sure I shall be glad afterwards that I have done it." And I think you would be very glad in a few days when you received a present of a prettier toy. I know some little foolish children who are afraid of harmless animals, such as dogs, and cows, and pigs. Their parents tell them they will not hurt them, but they go on being afraid? Why is this? Because they have no faith in their parents, and do not believe them. I hope such silly little children will seek for faith in their parents.

Little reader, have you faith in Jesus? Do you believe your soul is in danger, and have you begun to pray in good earnest? Do you believe that Jesus died for little girls and boys, who feel they are great sinners? Then, I may give you a message of comfort. When you go into a room alone, and fall on your knees in prayer for your soul, Jesus sees you. No little child ever prayed thus without being answered. Go, then, and pray for faith to be planted in your heart. Faith is God's precious gift.

Child's prayer, "O Lord give me faith; may I believe what Jesus says." Amen.

EUNICE.

CURIOUS WAY OF DOING GOOD.

I COULD not scold if you should scarcely be able to believe what I am going to tell you, it sounds so very odd, yet it is quite true, for I had it from the good old pastor himself, who I am sure could only say what is quite true. Many of you know him by name, and must have seen some of his nice little books, which have been translated into English.

He is now a venerable dear old man with white locks; and after a long life of useful labour in the cause of Christ, he is waiting with longing hope and an eye beaming joy and gladness for his call to his blessed home.

But now for my story. If you look at the map you will see that Savoy, which is part of Sardinia, joins upon the Canton of Geneva, which is in Switzerland. It is a Popish country full of superstition and ignorance. The priests do all they can to keep out the light of truth. Nay, though they have now a good king in Sardinia who wishes all his subjects to be happy, and to have the free exercise of religion in their own way, yet the priests in distant and secluded parts of the kingdom do all they can to thwart the good king's kind intentions, and to prevent the new laws being observed. Hence, if I was to go into Savoy and give tracts and Testaments away, I should be sure to be put into prison. Two dear friends and I have indeed got a great many tracts and *Testaments* into Savoy this winter;—nearly 500 *Testaments*, and I am sure nearly

1,000 tracts; but then it has been by giving them to the poor Savoyards, who came to the markets in Switzerland, where we can do as we please, and be quite safe. And you cannot think how thankful they have been for them. Some indeed were not so, and you will be shocked when I tell you that two women to whom we had given Testaments tore them up, and threw them into the lake, saying they were the "Devil's books." Well, this is very sad, but it will all work for good, and lead some perhaps to be more eager to know what this book really is which they so treated. Ah! I think I hear you say, "Destroy the Bible!—That blessed book which tells me all that can make me happy in this world, and the next! Oh! may God have mercy on those who in their ignorance can do such a thing, and may He make me to love it more and more!"

But I must not forget my story. This good old minister at Geneva, finding he could not go into Savoy and give his tracts there, made a balloon, and put his tracts into it; and when the wind was right he sent off the precious cargo into Savoy, where it would fall down and pour its contents into the hands of the people! He also contrived to fire some into the country with a cross bow! Thus you see, love is very ingenious; where we are full of zeal to do good to others we are not easily deterred. Love invents plans that never otherwise would be thought of.

W.



INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

EGYPT is a curious country. It is one long, broad valley, down the middle of which runs the river Nile. Every summer, the river overflows its banks. All the winter long it is very low, and shallow, so that boats often run aground. But in the spring, the water begins gradually to rise; and it increases till at last it runs over the banks, and almost the whole country is flooded. What do the poor people do then? O, they have their villages built on mounds; so that though the water flows all over their fields, it cannot hurt their houses. Indeed if it did ever reach their houses, it would soon wash them all down, for they are built of nothing but mud. You see in the picture an Egyptian village, on a mound. Those walls you see, which look like fortifications, are all made of

under the burning hot sun,—found to their surprise some tremendously high mountains all covered with snow! And here at last was the mystery disclosed. We had no idea before that there were such mountains in Africa. But it is quite evident now, where the Nile comes from, and why it overflows its banks in the summer. The river comes down from these mountains. In the winter the snow falls on them very thickly. But when the summer's sun begins to grow hot, it melts the snow fast, and then the water rushes down in torrents, too large for the channel to carry it, and so it *must* overflow.

Now can you find in the Bible, anything about the *fertility* of Egypt? What it says about there being “no rain” in Egypt! And what good man did the river Nile once very nearly drown? C.

POOR ZEKE.

IN a wild sequestered place, quite away from the bounds of my congregation, there lived a very wicked family—a father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters. None of them attended any church. One of the brothers was wanting in common sense. His name was Ezekiel. As he was not supposed to have mind enough to be put to any work, he used to stroll away, and be gone sometimes several days. One day as I was preaching on the pity Jesus has for poor sinners, I observed “poor Zeke” looking me in the face, and

every time I said, "Jesus pitied poor sinners," the tears would start from his eyes.

As there was more than usual attention to religion, we had meetings often; and whether it was a lecture or a prayer-meeting, or an inquiry-meeting, "poor Zeke" was sure to be there. At length I asked him if he loved Jesus; and he answered, "Yes." "Why do you love Jesus?" said I. "O, cause he love poor wicked Zeke so." "Have you been wicked?" "Yes, I *full, full* of wicked." "Do you pray?" said I. "O, yes." "What do you say when you pray?" "I say, *O my Jesus, pity poor Zeke! O take all my wicked away!*"

After a while he went home. His appearance was changed: he had lost his seeming vacancy of look and thought. But he dared not pray in the house, for it was full of noise and confusion. So he went to the barn, and there he fell on his knees and uttered his broken prayer to Him who "hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." His brother, going into the barn, heard him crying to God so fervently, that it alarmed him. He went in and told his father, with an oath, that Zeke was in the barn praying. At this, his father ran to the barn and listened, and found the boy indeed at prayer. He went in and spoke to him; but he "cried so much the more, a great deal." "Stop your noise, Zeke!" said his angry father; but he kept on. So they took hold of him and got him into the

house, in hopes of quieting him. They asked him where he had been, and how he came to feel so. He told them a very rational story about it; but the more he talked, the more his father scolded. Poor Zeke found he could say no more, and then fell down on his knees again. His father tried to silence him; but his mother loved her poor boy, and begged them to let him pray. When he had arisen from prayer his mother said, "It is high time we all prayed. Ezekiel, will you pray for your mother?" "O, yes," he said; and down again he went upon his knees, and his mother with him. Not many days after, she too was full of joy at the thought of Jesus' dying pity. By this time, the brother who first heard him pray was sobbing out, "What shall I do?" Poor Zeke said, "Go to Jesus." Then he and his mother prayed for him, and he too found his distress giving way for unspeakable joy. Then there were three to pray for a hardened husband and an unfeeling father. He fought and ridiculed, until their three daughters were added to the Lord. This made five who had now joined Ezekiel, and embraced his religion. At last his father saw himself alone. His heart broke; he wept like a child. He went to his son and confessed his sin in opposing him, and got him to pray for him. His burden was removed; he rejoiced in God. He erected the family altar,—and it was a solemn sight to see seven persons who had a few weeks

before been profane and careless, now all brought over from the service of Satan to the service of the Lord. And it was a joyful day when poor Zeke, with his father and mother, his brother and sisters, united with God's people, and came together to the communion.

Reflect, that if a poor ignorant and foolish child, under God, can do so much good, what a solemn account must they have to render at last, who, having talent, yet often shrink at the cross, and let sinners perish.

THE STORY OF JOHN DART.

THE story of John Dart is an instance of what industry, and honesty, and piety will do for any one. John Dart, when he started life, about ten years old, found himself a very poor, destitute lad; without father, or mother, or brothers, or sisters, or money, or anything at all in the world; but an unkind aunt, who was very old and cross; and a few scraps of dirty, patched clothes, which were very cold and uncomfortable.

However, John had good sense. He did not like to be idle. He knew if he could get a little work he could get a little money; and then he might get on in the world. So he used to try to get jobs. Now and then he would get an errand. Now and then he would have a parcel to carry. And the pennies he got he spent very carefully upon his food; and saved up a few, too. In

course of time, the people that employed him found him so honest and handy, that they took him as regular errand-boy. Now you would often have seen him trudging along the streets, with his bundle on his back. A few patches appeared still; for he was not ashamed of wearing out his old



clothes on wet and dirty days. Persons would stop in the streets, and wonder why the busy little fellow was hurrying away at such a rate; for he never idled on his way, as some boys do. So John was very industrious. And he now began to learn a little; for his employers sent him to school when

they could spare him. He liked his books ; and Sunday-school he was very fond of. He learnt a great deal of the Bible there ; and found out that he must have a new heart, and must live to please God. And now John began to *grow*. And as he grew in age and in size, he grew more honest and more industrious, and more good. What a nice thing it is to see a lad growing in grace, as he grows in years ! He now began to *teach* in the Sunday-school, and he was a great favorite with all his boys. He got better wages every year ; and dressed now quite respectably.

At last, his master wanted some one to help him in his business, so he asked John whether he would become his partner. John was overjoyed, and half ashamed, remembering the poor boy he had once been. But he could not refuse such a good offer, so he became joint master of the shop. And then the business increased ; for he was so industrious and regular, that people found they could depend upon him.

You see John's rise in the world was very rapid. He did not rise any higher ; for he remained in his shop all his life. But it was quite high enough for him. He was quite happy and contented. After a time, his old master died, and left the shop entirely to him. Then he married ; and his shop still prospering, he was as happy as he well could be. He used to go to church with his family on Sundays ; and every morning and evening he used to collect

them round the parlour table, and read the Bible to them.

And so he went on for many more years, living happily and prosperously; living to please God himself, and bringing up his children to serve him; and respected and loved by everybody. Till, at last, it pleased God to throw him on a sick bed; and then he was thankful for all the mercies of his life, though he was sure he did not deserve any of them. He prayed to Jesus to forgive him all his sins. He prayed Him to take care of his family when he had left earth. And being quite sure that he was ready to meet his heaven, and that heaven was ready for him, because Jesus had died to save him, he fell asleep in Jesus happily; and we quit his body, his soul was taken up to heaven, to be with him for ever.

Here was industry, and honesty, and piety, exemplified. Some little boy who reads this may be stimulated to follow John's ex-

SEEK JESUS.

"SEEK Jesus, remember to seek Jesus," said a dying father as he clasped his children in his arms, having committed them to the tender care of "the Good Shepherd who says, 'Leave thy fatherless children with me, and I will preserve them alive; who is expressly called in the Bible, Father of the fatherless.'" "Meet me in heaven," said a pious mother to her

girl, and shortly after her happy spirit winged its flight to that blessed place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." "Make God your *first* object, and he will never leave you, nor forsake you," were the last words of a devoted clergyman to a young man who went to bid him good-bye.

My dear young readers do you wish to go to heaven when you die? Oh, then, *seek Jesus!* remember, whatever else you forget, remember to *seek Jesus*. Seek Him in *health*, and He will not forsake you in sickness. Seek Him *now*, while you are *young*, for perhaps you may not live to be old; and if you do, you will be far far happier for having sought the Lord "*early*." I can tell you of one, who was led by God's grace to seek Him in *youth* and in *health*, and when it pleased God in infinite wisdom and love, to lay her low upon a sick bed, He did not forsake her, the presence of Jesus made her happy; yes, Jesus was precious, very precious to her. In the hour of suffering and weakness she felt her God and Saviour near, strengthening, supporting, and comforting her, and giving her light, and hope, peace and joy. For some time she was too ill even to hear a few verses read out of the Bible (for she could not bear the least noise), and then it was that by God's blessing, she derived such unspeakable comfort from the precious chapters and Psalms, and sweet hymns, she had learned when young; she was enabled to

remember them, when she could scarcely remember anything else. And, oh! could she see you, dear children, how she would delight to tell you what a comfort they were made to her, and how earnestly would she beg of you to learn as much Scripture, and as many beautiful hymns as you can, for you know not how soon *you* may be laid upon a sick-bed.

Is Jesus precious to *you*, my young readers? do you *really* love him? Oh! dear children, you will never enter through the pearly gates, or walk the golden streets of heaven, or sing the "new song," with bright angels round the throne, unless Jesus is *precious* to you *here*. You will never walk with Jesus "in white" above, unless you walk with Him by faith *now*. You will never shine with Jesus in glory, unless Jesus who is the Sun of Righteousness shine into your hearts on earth.

You *must* be *washed* in His blood; you must be *clothed* in His righteousness; you must be *made holy* by His Spirit, if you would spend eternity in His presence.

Go, then, to Jesus *now*, and say, "Lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." "Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant; save me for Thy mercy's sake And remember that He has said, "Him thou cometh unto me I will in *nowise* cast out

THE HINDOO CHILD.

ONCE a missionary, who had been long in India, was going back to England for a little while. He was to get into the ship at Calcutta. The Christian Hindoos stood in crowds by the river side to bid him farewell. Among the rest was a little girl with her parents. She was a gracious child, who had turned from idols to serve the living God. The missionary said to her, "Well, my child, you know I am going to England: what shall I bring you from that country?"

"I do not want anything," she modestly replied; "I have my parents, and my brother, and the Padri-Sahibs (those are the missionaries), and my books,—what can I want more?"

"But," said the missionary, "you are only a little girl, and surely you would like something from England. Shall I bring you some playthings?"

"No, thank you," said the child; "I do not want playthings: I am learning to read."

"Come, come," said the missionary, "shall I bring you a playfellow; a white child from England?"

"No, no," answered the little girl, "it would be taking her from her parents."

"Well, then," said her friend, "is there nothing I can bring you?"

"Well, if you are so kind as to insist on bringing me something, ask the Christians in England to send me a Bible-book, and more Padri-Sahibs."

Far Off.

Poetry.

THE SAILOR BOY'S HYMN.

MY Father! thou art very high,—
 Angels around Thee stand,
 Far,—far above yon azure sky,
 In that bright happy land.

I've seen Thy wonders on the deep,
 When angry winds blew high,
 Or by Thy power were hush'd to sleep,
 And scarce the breeze did sigh.

Oft I've been in a little skiff,
 That rides upon the wave,—
 O'er *each* dark wave that 'mid wild strife
 Opens a sailor's grave!

O'er the wide sea I love to roam,
 For I'm a sailor boy,
 And naught from my blue water home,
 My heart will e'er decoy.

My Father's *gentle* hand I view,
 In the unruffled deep,—
 In the wide firmament of blue,—
 In the old ocean's sleep.

My Father's *mighty* hand I see,
 In every heaving billow,
 That dashes o'er the frail boat's lee—
 The brave tar's weeping willow!

My Father's *glorious* hand I trace,
 'Mid the bright worlds on high,—
 'Mid millions, that through endless space,
 Roll onward in the sky.

But may a sinful child like me
 Dare to lift up mine eyes?
 Will that great God my Father be,
 Who fills the spacious skies?

Yes,—for He sent His Son to die,
 E'en for a child like me;
 In *youth* He bids me raise my cry,
 He will my Father be.

When o'er the stormy sea I rove,
 A little sailor boy,
 I'll think my Father dwells above,
 Where no rough winds annoy.

Father, I'll tell thy glorious name,
 To all I meet below,
 Thy goodness and Thy grace proclaim,
 Where'er through life I go!

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|---|
| 1st Week | { | 35. "Whom, having not seen, ye love."
36. How many cases have we mention
in Scripture of people being "down," or falling out of window
What were the circumstances, and the
characters of the people? |
| 2nd Week | { | 37. "Love not sleep."
38. Does Jesus ever say that God takes
care of the birds of the air? |
| 3rd Week | { | 39. "Hate the evil, and love the good."
40. Whose heart was it that "the Lord
opened," so that she attended
Paul's preaching? |
| 4th Week | { | 41. "Doing the will of God from the
heart."
42. Who was it that had with him a
band of men whose hearts God had
touched? |
| 5th Week | { | 43. "God be merciful to me a sinner."
44. Who was it that was saved from dying
of thirst by an angel? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS LAST MONTH.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| (27.) 2 Tim. ii. 24.
(28.) Matt. xx. 6.
(29.) Prov. ii. 6.
(30.) Acts x. 38. | | (31.) Ps. lxxxvi. 11
(32.) Gen. xxii. 14.
(33.) 1 Pet. iii. 8.
(34.) Rev. xxii. 16. |
|---|--|--|
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received:—"Eunice"—"R. W. Stokes"—"Z."—"M."—We thank you. All to the point, and suitable.

Received for Felix Neff's Schools, from the Misses: Master Fyott, 10s.

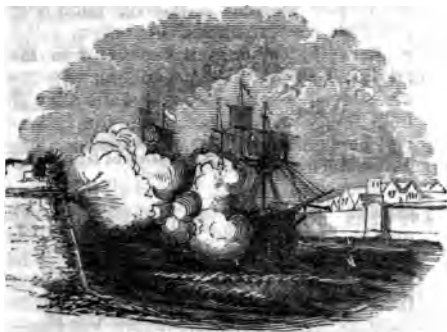
All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEY, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. CARUS WILSON, 22, Spencer-square, Ramsgate.

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CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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SIEGE OF DERRY.

THERE was once upon a time a king of England, called James the Second. He was Papist, and wanted to make all the people of England Papists too; but they were too good Protestants, and would not be made Papists. He tried hard: he took away their

Bibles; he prevented them going to church; he put good bishops in prison; and ill-treated a great many other good men,—until at last the people got so angry that they sent him out of England, and he ran away to France. How glad they were then! for they got a good Protestant king, called William the Third, in his place.

However, king James was not glad; he was very bad-tempered and sulky about it. He wanted to come back to London again, and have his throne, and his crown, and his soldiers; but he did not know how to do it. At last he said, "I'll go to Ireland; there are some good Papists there, and they will help me." So he sailed off for Ireland; and he didn't sail alone, for he took a large French army with him.

When he arrived in Ireland all the Papists crowded round him, and said they would do anything he wished. "Well," said he, "come with me up to Londonderry. They are all good-for-nothing Protestant heretics there. We must take their town, and kill them or ruin them all, before we can do anything; and then, when we have taken Londonderry, we shall be able to conquer all Ireland."

So the French army, and the Irish Papists, with General Rosen at their head, marched up to Londonderry. Now Londonderry is called by the Irish people, by short, "Derry;" and it is placed on an arm of the sea, which runs up into the country, called Lough

Foyle. It was then a large city, but utterly unprepared to resist the strong French army. It was very full of people, but there were very few of them that could fight: they also had few guns and swords amongst them, and very little corn, and meat, and water, to live upon; and, what was worse than all, the walls of the city were old and rotten. What was to be done? Would the Derry people fight, and stand a siege? To be sure they would;—they wouldn't be made Papists, and would die rather than give up their religion, or endanger it; for they knew that if their city fell, king James could do what he liked.

So they encouraged each other, and made each other brave. They went to the churches every day; and good clergymen preached to them, to keep up their spirits, and to exhort them to be faithful. The enemy were surprised at their holding out; they thought that nothing would withstand their brave great army. But they were sadly disappointed. The Derry men did not care for them; and when the French battered away at the walls, and they saw that it was of no use defending them, they were so rotten, they sent word to the French that they need not knock the walls down any more; the gates were thrown open for them, *if they dared to walk in!*

So then the French left off firing, and tried other means to take the city: they tried to starve them out; and soon the poor

Protestants were in great distress ; all they had to eat was a little coarse barley, a few spoonfuls of starch, and some horse-flesh. Horse's blood sold at a shilling a quart!—and at last they caught all the dogs, cats, rats, and mice they could, and ate them. But still they would not give in ; their cry was, “NO SURRENDER!” Even the little children did not murmur ; but they seemed determined to suffer with their dear parents, rather than be given up to cruel Popish tyranny.

One day thirty vessels, laden with provision, appeared at the mouth of the harbour ; but they were so frightened at the appearance of the French army, that they sailed away, to the sad disappointment of the poor people.

Then the French general, Rosen, sent his dragoons out all over the country, and seized a number of men, women, and children, and drove them under the walls of Derry ; and there he let them die, to frighten the brave men within. This made them very sorry ; but all would not do.

At last help was at hand. The good people in England sent out two ships, full of provisions, under the care of an armed frigate. One morning they appeared in the sight of the town ; but would they venture up ? Ah ! that was the question. The French did all they could to prevent them : they fired at them from the other side of the water ; and they placed a strong chain across,

them, the rebound of her guns carried
off again.

and now they were in the harbour. The
y men were relieved; there was no more
ne. The French and the Papists saw it
of no use, so they all moved away; and
more was ever heard of them. What a
d defence this was! It will never be
otten. Let us all be good Protestants
the Derry men; and let us endeavour,
ie strength of God, to defend our good
glorious religion to the last!

WHAT ONE SERMON DID.

Rev. Mr. S— had gone out one day, and
crossing some fields on his way back to
home, when he met one of the teachers of
Sunday-school. "Oh, Sir," she said, "I
o glad I have met you; I have been look-
for you everywhere! There is a poor
girl very ill, and she wants to see you
much." The teacher told Mr. S—

were very near together, and the cheerful sky could not be seen from them. The panes of the windows were broken, and stuffed with rags. There were no chairs to sit upon, only one or two old stools, and the room smelt badly. There were children crying and quarrelling, and a woman with a loud voice scolding and swearing at them. The room was so dark that when Mr. S— first went in, he could scarcely see about him. As he looked around, however, he spied a little bed in the corner.—Indeed, I ought not to call it a bed, for it was only some straw laid on an old wooden bedstead.—A little girl, about thirteen years of age, lay upon it; she looked very ill; and she had no nice blankets or sheets about her—nothing but a piece of dirty sacking, as a counterpane. When she saw Mr. S—, she rose up on her bed, and stretched out her thin hands to him, and said, “Oh, Mr. S—, I am so glad to see you; I have been wanting to see you so long!” “How is this? I do not know you, my little girl,” said Mr. S—. “Oh, Sir, but I know *you*!” I heard you preach, and I wanted to see you,” she said again. “When did you hear me preach?” Mr. S— asked. “I should like to tell you, Sir, if you please,” said the little girl; and she began her story:—“I have been very ill for a long time, and one Sunday afternoon I felt weary and ill, and I tried every place in the room, but I could not rest; and mother said, ‘Why can’t you

“If you had better go out and take
 :.” So, Sir, I went out, and I walked
 Whitechapel till I was very tired, and
 ted to sit down and rest. I did not
 sit down in the street. Just then I
 to a church; and I thought that if I
 in there, I should find a place to sit

It was your church, and you were
 ing to the Sunday-school children.
 ext was, ‘It is time to seek the Lord.’
 ight as I listened to the sermon, ‘I am
 ll; I get weaker every day; perhaps
 I die soon; it is time for *me* to seek
 ord.’ So I did seek Him, and I hope
 : found Him; and I am so happy. I
 d to see you, Sir, to thank you, and
 you how happy I am.” You may be
 hat it gave Mr. S— much pleasure to
 ll this. He talked to the little girl,
 asked her many questions. It seemed
 he had indeed found her Saviour, and
 le had himself taught her by His word
 His Spirit; for she had no one else
 uch her. She could read, and she
 little Testament and an old hymn-
 and she read these very much. Mr.
 asked a good woman in his congrega-
 o visit her; and she, too, was much
 d with her. He went again himself
 oon, and talked to the little girl for
 time. He took up her hymn-book
 ound several of the leaves turned
 He read some, and asked her why
 ked them. “Because it is just as I

feel, Sir," she said. Mr. S— went again, but the little girl was not there. The mother was in the room, who said, "On Saturday I was peeling potatoes by the window, and she called, 'Mother!' I went to her, and she raised herself up in the bed, and put her arms around my neck, and said, 'Mother, I want to speak to you, and I want to kiss you; I am going to die; but I am so happy. Oh, mother, *do* go to hear Mr. S— preach, and ask father to go, and do let my brothers go to the Sunday-school. Oh, mother, I am so happy!'" She went on so till she was quite tired, and she let go my neck, and fell back on the bed. I went on peeling my potatoes, and when I had turned round she was dead!" My dear little readers, this little girl had only heard *one* sermon, but she attended and believed. Perhaps you have heard *many* without feeling or minding them, or being any the better for them. Is it not time for *you* to seek the Lord?

WEEDS AND FLOWERS,—No. III.

HATRED AND LOVE.

THERE is one very ugly weed growing in little hearts, which makes one very unhappy to see. Shall I tell you its name? It is the weed of *Hatred*. Go into the garden, and look into a nest full of little birds. There they are packed very close together,

and yet they do not kick or bite each other,—they live in love; they do not quarrel. Then go into the pretty green fields, and watch the little lambs as they skip after each other; they play merrily together, but do not quarrel. But let us watch little children play, and see if they are like little birds and lambs. Why! I hear a little child cry, and another speaking in a loud tone of voice! What is the matter? O, these two sisters are quarrelling. There is a little selfish girl in the corner of that nursery there; look at her. She has got her *own* books, and her *own* toys, and her *own* treasures, and her little brother came up to help her play, and she told him to go away and not to tease her. O, poor little girl! the ugly weed of *Hatred* grows in your heart.—Hark! I hear a little voice scream! What is it? O, two little sisters are quarrelling! Look at one pulling that toy from the other, and calling out “*That is mine!*” See the other snatch away the book she wishes to have. Poor little children!—the weed of *Hatred* grows in their hearts. Sometimes we hear of little children killing one another by quarrelling. It was only a little while ago I heard of one little boy who gave his little brother a blow, and killed him! How dreadful! What was the name of that brother in the Bible who killed his younger brother? You say, “Naughty Cain.” Perhaps Cain only meant to *strike* his brother when he began; but he killed him in the end. The Bible

tells little children to love one another. I think a little child is reading this, who wishes to get rid of this ugly weed *Hatred*. Well, then, my child, what flower must be planted instead in your heart?—can you tell me? It is the sweet flower of *Love*. Now let us fancy we are in a nursery full of *Love*. Yes, only *Love*, and that the ugly weed of *Hatred* has gone quite away. What do I see there? O, there are two little sisters playing so sweetly together! There is no angry noise, but all seems peace and happiness. I will tell you why it is so. One little sister gives up to the other. If she has a book, and another wants it, she gives it up quite cheerfully. These little children do not think of their *own* pleasures, but what will please each other. Look there at that pretty toy! Why, the baby has got it! O, yes, baby's little sister thought it would please her baby brother, and so has lent it to him! Look in that corner, how happily those two sisters are making feasts together. O, how nice it is to visit such a nursery of *Love*!

Little reader! do you wish to go to heaven when you die? I know you do. Remember, heaven is full of *Love*. God is a God of *Love*, and all *there* are filled with *Love*. Then do, dear child, get ready for this happy home of *Love*.

Prayer.—Dear Lord, take away the weed of *Hatred* out of my heart, and fill me with love, for Jesus' sake. EUNICE.



EGYPTIAN WEDDING.

was quite dark ; the sun had gone to bed
 a hours ago. In Cairo it is so regular,
 it always retires at six o'clock ; all the
 through. It was quite dark ; and I
 wandering along a narrow street, seek-
 a house where there was going to be a
 ding, for I had been invited to attend it.
 ently I passed by a house, where there
 : many lights, and much noise ; I thought
 must be the place, so I turned in.

hey made me sit down, and gave me
 e to drink, and sugar-plums to eat. I
 ght it a very odd kind of feast ; but this
 e way they do things in this part of the
 d. Then some music struck up in the
 er. One very old man scraped an old
 e, almost as crooked and wizened as

himself. Another, who looked like his brother,—he was so like him—blew a squeaking fife. And a boy, with more vigour than either, clashed together the bottoms of two old tin pans, with all his might. How I wished they would stop; but they did not. I believe they thought it very good.

After a time the bride came down-stairs, and we formed a procession. As I could hardly describe it, I have put it into a picture, that you may see how we went. There is the bride, under a canopy of pink silk, between two women,—all covered up. A band of music then went behind. The two old men and the boy went before. And all the company went two and two. We each of us had a candle given us; and in order to make it still more light, some men with glaring torches advanced in front. I think if some snails had been invited, they could have walked along with us; we went so slowly.

But where were we going? To the bridegroom's house; and at last we reached it. We went into the large court which was in the middle of the house. The bride and all her lady friends went up-stairs, and looked out of the window at us. At last the bridegroom sat himself down in the middle of the court, to be shaved! And they shaved all his head over, except one long tuft of hair on the top, which was left, something like a China-man's pig-tail. Then some ladies appeared at the window, and began to

sing. I believe it was thought that they sang very well; but it sounded to me all like groans and shrieks. They don't sing in Cairo as we sing in England.

When they told me that this was going to last all night long, I began to feel tired. And so I thanked the good bridegroom for his sugar-plums, and coffee, and wished him every prosperity, and walked home.

And this is what a wedding is like at Cairo, in Egypt.

LETTER TO A SICK CHILD.

(By the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth.)

My dearest F.,—Papa has a great many sheep, scattered far and wide, to take care of; but he has one little pet lamb, to whom he must try to send one little cup of milk for nourishment, not of the body—that I know is full well taken care of—but of the spirit, which requires constantly “the sincere milk of the word.”

What think you, love, is the meaning of “waiting?” It is not the same as obtaining; it is not the same as having; nor is it just the same as hoping, though hope be the ground of waiting. It is staying for something till it arrive, or be given. Some things come at a certain time; other things come unexpectedly, both sad things and good things. For these things we can hardly be said to wait.

But the Lord gives us His grace in every way, and our right posture is always to be waiting and expecting very great things from our gracious God. I will give you some passages that show this. *Psa. lxii. and cxxx.* are full of the duty; and *Isa. xl. 28—31* is very plain: and then think of—yes, and get by heart—these precious verses, *Lam. iii. 22—33.* Now, while you are always waiting, you will be always receiving. God never disappoints those who look to Him, and He delights to give more in prayer than we think of. How full and rich is that promise, *Jer. xxxiii. 3*, “Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.”

Only see to it, love, that you are really delighting in the Lord; that you have such a Father, so glorious and so good; so holy and so gracious; so rich, and yet so tender; so near, and yet only to be seen by faith; so unsearchable. and yet so beautifully manifest in all that Jesus was and Jesus did,—in whose life you have the very inward heart of God, as full of holy love, laid open to you, and to all sinners whatsoever. It is its being love to sinners that makes it such precious love to us. When you see this you get to hate sin, which is nothing else but rebellion against this good God: and you get that state of mind in which our God can wisely, holily, and graciously give you the desires, yea, all the desires of your heart. See how these two things are joined

together, Psa. xxxvii. 4, delighting in God, and having all our wishes gratified. The Lord give you this happy mind, and this perfect satisfaction! This is my cup of milk : so, good-bye, my dearest.

A PRAYER FOR A SICK CHILD.

ALMIGHTY Father, my heavenly Parent, help me to believe that Thou dost love me, far beyond mother or father, or brother or sister, for Thou didst not spare Thine own Son, but deliver Him up for us all; and Jesus died on the cross, to put away all my sins. Help me also to see and feel that this sickness is sent, not only because I am a sinful child, and need it, but also because Thou dost love me so much as to chastise and correct me for my good. Oh, may I believe this Thy real goodness to me, and so neither despise Thy chastening, nor faint and be weary under it! but give glory to Thee, my Father, by saying from the heart, and at all times, "I delight to do and to suffer Thy will, O my God!" If it be Thy will, make me and my dear mother quite well again, that we may joyfully praise Thee, and be made useful by telling others how good Thou art, our God, that they also may know and rejoice in Thy loving-kindness. Thus may we be accepted of Thee now, and finally meet all Thy true servants in the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

I THINK it is nowhere recorded in Scripture that Joseph was a *type* of Christ, but in some of the circumstances of his life he resembles Him.

They were both sons, beloved of their fathers. Joseph was sold by his brethren for thirty pieces of silver, Christ also was sold for thirty pieces of silver. Joseph was falsely accused and cast into prison. Our Saviour also, had false witness brought against Him, and was condemned. Joseph, after his imprisonment, was raised up to be ruler over all the land. So also Christ, after He had overcome death, took (as God) the dominion over all things. Of Joseph's companions in the ward one was pardoned, the other was not. "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," not to both of the crucified thieves, was uttered by our Saviour. Again; Joseph's brothers repented of their deed: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we have shed innocent blood," said they. Judas also repented, and brought back the silver.

In conclusion (though many more instances might be found), take a solemn truth; in the same manner as Joseph invited all his friends to come and live with him, and eat of his bread, God invites *us* to come to Him,—all are His friends. Come, then, and eat of the bread, and drink of the Fountain, of life. God waits to be gracious; He

invites us daily in His holy word. Seek Him early, before it is too late. Say, when you hear the joyful tidings of salvation, "Christ, my Friend, is waiting for me; I will go and seek Him before I die!"

HOPE FOR POOR BOYS.

LINNÆUS, founder of science, was apprenticed to a shoemaker.

BEN JONSON, the poet, worked some time as a bricklayer.

The father of **HAYDN**, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright.

JOHN HUNTER, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, was in youth engaged with a carpenter, and made chairs and tables.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, whose paintings are to be found in the most valuable cabinets in Europe, was formerly a pastrycook.

METASTASIO, the celebrated Italian poet, used, when a boy, to sing his verses about the streets for a morsel of bread.

Diligence, industry, and perseverance, with prayer for God's blessing, will do wonders: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—Prov. xxii.



PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

THE *Bounty* (King's ship) was sent in 1787 to the Society Islands in the Pacific Ocean, under the command of Captain Bligh, to obtain plants of the bread-fruit tree, which were to be conveyed to our Colonies in the West Indies. The ship arrived at Otaheite in October, 1788, and remained there till the succeeding April, 1789.

During this lengthened stay in one of the finest islands of the Pacific, the many temptations presented to the seamen wrought so powerfully upon them, that when the ship had been about four weeks at sea, on her return, a success-

ful mutiny took place, headed by Mr. Christian, a midshipman.

Captain Bligh, and the inferior officers not engaged in the revolt, were put into the launch with some of the men, making nineteen in all, crowded into a little vessel only twenty-three feet long. Some bread and water, and rum, with two or three pieces of pork, were put into the boat, and with only a quadrant and compass, without a chart, Captain Bligh carried his companions safely to the Dutch settlement at Timor—a run of 3,618 miles, accomplished in forty-five days.

The mutineers, twenty-five in number, on ridding themselves of their commander and his companions, carried the *Bounty* back to Otaheite, where, after a series of internal quarrels, the party separated; sixteen went on shore to settle, and Christian and eight companions, with seven Otaheitean men and twelve women, sailed in September, 1789.

They directed their course to Pitcairn's Island, a lonely islet, not more than four miles square. It was uninhabited, and there Christian and his followers landed. They put ashore their hogs, goats, and poultry, and after removing everything from the ship, set fire to her and destroyed her; thus cutting off all means of communication with the civilised world, and the friends they had left behind them.

The colony thus founded was first visited, in 1808, by an American schooner, and then, in 1814,

by two British men-of-war cruising on the Pacific station. Christian and all his white companions were then dead, with the exception of one man, whose name was Smith, but who was afterwards better known as John Adams. In 1828 Captain Beechy visited the island, and found Adams still alive, a hale old man.

The island since this has been visited several times. The following is an interesting account of a late visit :

“Went ashore in cutter, piloted by George Adams. Landing-place, a very small sandy beach, with many rocks, and in the least breeze impracticable. We were met on the beach by some of the natives, who cordially welcomed us to Pitcairn’s Island, and showed us the way to the market-place, up a steep and rugged path, winding along the cliff, and through a beautiful variety of all kinds of tropical flowers and shrubs. The scene, when we arrived at the summit, was picturesque in the extreme.

“The whole of the natives, men, women, and children, headed by Mr. Nopps, the school-master, had assembled in the space of about half-an-acre square, carpeted with thick soft grass, canopied overhead by the spreading branches of cocoa-nut trees, to meet the strangers, all of them being dressed in their gayest. Their welcome was warm, all of them advancing and shaking us by the hand, and addressing us in perfectly good English. We were extremely pleased by their quiet and decorous behaviour.

“We were shown the old gun belonging to the *Bounty*, that had been under water for fifty-six years, and which was now lying near the Court-house. We visited old Adams’s house and grave, the last of which is situated in a beautiful spot next to his wife’s grave, and kept in trim order. After rambling about, and visiting one or two of the inhabitants, we returned to dinner, which had been prepared for us at M’Coy’s house, and consisted of pork, yam, and sweet potatoes. Each family on the island take it in turn to entertain strangers when they arrive, and never accept any reward. Their food is principally vegetables, of which they have almost every kind, and twice a week either meat or fish ; but there is difficulty in getting the latter, as the fishing-ground is bad and water very deep. The animals on the island are goats, which are wild, pigs, and fowls. Their houses are the perfection of cleanliness and good order, and each person has his plot of ground to cultivate. The number of inhabitants is one hundred and thirty-four, but the island can support many more, and they increase but slowly. The island itself is only four miles and a half in circumference.

“They talked in the most affectionate loyal way of ‘our Queen,’ and appeared exceedingly proud of being English—but complained that they were so neglected, the *Spy* having been the first man-of-war which had visited them for more than three years.

"Before our leaving, the women came after us with little presents and keepsakes, such as locks of hair, whales' teeth, and other little curiosities, refusing to be rewarded in any way. Their way of dressing the hair is odd, it being rolled up in a conical fashion at the back of the head. Their dress, when they do not wear the European one, is simple, consisting of only a sort of skirt, of some dark colour, with an upper short petticoat of white stuff, and a handkerchief tied loosely round the neck. At last, having loaded the cutter with eatables, which was obliged to lie off on account of the increasing surf, and it being nearly sunset, we were obliged to tear ourselves very unwillingly from this enchanted island, though all came round to beg us not to go, but to stop one night—only one—with them; and, finding they could not succeed, accompanied us down to the beach; where we embarked in canoes, to take us off through the rollers to the cutter.

"The embarkation in the cutter was accomplished safely, and we gave them three hearty cheers, and, accompanied by George Adams and Christian, we got on board the *Spy*; and after their remaining a short time with us, and being very much delighted with a couple of rockets that were fired, they bade us good-bye, when we filled and made sail for Valparaiso.

Prayer.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
 As I am taught to do,
 God does not care for what I say,
 Unless I *feel* it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile :
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while
 About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,
 Can send my thoughts abroad :
 Though this should be my greatest joy—
 To love and seek the Lord.

Oh, let me never, never dare
 To act the trifler's part ;
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 That comes not from my heart.

But if I make His ways my choice,
 As holy children do ;
 Then, while I seek Him with my voice,
 My heart will love Him too.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | <p>45. "Meditate upon these things."</p> <p>46. Who was it that died on the top of a mountain, and was buried by the hand of God?</p> |
| 2nd Week | { | <p>47. "The Lord will give strength."</p> <p>48. Who was it that found his enemy asleep by night, but would not take advantage of his opportunity to kill him?</p> |
| 3rd Week | { | <p>49. "For your sake He became poor."</p> <p>50. When was it that David was very nearly being stoned?</p> |
| 4th Week | { | <p>51. "Now we see through a glass darkly."</p> <p>52. Who was cured of a painful disease through the instrumentality and advice of his servants?</p> |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

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|---|---|
| <p>(35.) 1 Pet. i. 8.</p> <p>(36.) Josh. ii. 15; 2 Kings ix. 33; Acts xx. 9; 2 Cor. xi. 33.</p> <p>(37.) Prov. xx. 13.</p> <p>(38.) Matt. vi. 26.</p> | <p>(39.) Amos v. 15.</p> <p>(40.) Acts xvi. 14.</p> <p>(41.) Eph. vi. 6.</p> <p>(42.) 1 Sam. x. 26.</p> <p>(43.) Luke xviii. 13.</p> <p>(44.) Gen. xxi. 17.</p> |
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEYS, 54, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C. CARUS WILSON, 22, Spencer-square, Ramsgate.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE FAITHFUL DOG.

HERE is an anecdote which will show you how faithfully a dog will protect his master's property when he is told to do so :

A French merchant set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive some money. Having settled the

business, he tied the bag of money be-
him, and began to return home,—while
faithful dog, as if he entered into
master's feelings, frisked round the he
barked, and jumped, and seemed to par-
pate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some m-
alighted, to repose himself under an ag-
able shade, and, taking the bag of mone-
his hand, laid it down by his side, unde-
hedge, and on remounting forgot it.
dog perceived this, and ran to fetch the b-
but it was too heavy for him to drag al-
He then ran to his master, and, by cry-
barking, and howling, seemed to ren-
him of his mistake. The merchant un-
stood not his language; but the assidu-
creature persevered in its efforts, and, a-
trying to stop the horse in vain, at-
began to bite his heels.

The merchant at length began to
that he was gone mad; and, in crossin-
brook, he turned back to look if the
would drink; but the animal continued
bark and bite with greater violence t-
before.

“O dear!” cried the afflicted mercha-
“it must be so; my poor dog is certa-
mad: I *must* kill him. Oh, could I find
one to perform this cruel office for me!
there is no time to lose; I myself may
come the victim if I spare him.”

With these words, he drew a pistol f-
his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, t-

aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, when he suddenly missed his money. "Ah," he thought, "wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend my faithful friend, and I have sacrificed him. He only wished to inform me of my mistake."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-turned eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted: he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded: he was oppressed and distracted: but in vain did he look for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed: he was in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone: the vital tide was ebbing fast. Even the caresses

of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

AN EMIGRANT BOY'S LETTER.

“ My dear Mother,—I received your letter on the 13th of October, which gave me an account of the death of my poor dear father ; but it was nothing more than I expected, as you told me you did not expect him to live. It makes me down-hearted, and I cannot help feeling very much, but I hope God will give you strength to bear up under the trial. My dear mother, since I last wrote to you, I have the happiness to tell you, that I have found a Saviour, and I have experienced what a change of heart is. You have asked me to pray for you, in your last letter, sent by the boys from Pear-street, which is what you have not done before. I never forget you, night or morning. My dear mother, I feel as though everything was new to me. All my books which lay in my box, they all seem new, and everything around me is new. I feel as if I was in a new world. Oh, my dear mother, I wish I could see you, and tell you how happy I feel ; but God knows how I feel, and to Him be all the glory. There are two places of worship here ; as I

told you before. I always ask the people to pray for you. Don't be surprised if I ask you to come over here, for you would find plenty of employment, and live very comfortable. I have been attending school, improving my mind, and getting a little more education, or I might have saved some money to help you to come. I seem to feel I love everything and everybody more, since I experienced such a change, and I cannot tell to all around, what a dear Saviour I have found; for He has taken my feet out of the mire and the clay, and placed me on the Rock of Ages. Give my love to my aunt, and tell her to "Seek the Lord, while He is to be found," before the door of mercy is closed for ever; for if she does not find Him now, she will pray at last, and call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon her, to hide her from Him that sitteth upon the throne, but it will be in vain. You said in your letter, that you thought I did not think much about you. I think a great deal about you. I feel far more than ever I did before. Tell Mr. —— (the missionary), how much obliged I am to him for what he did for me. I hope I will be able to repay him for all his kindness. What would have become of me, had he not taken me into Pear-street? I can now pray for him, and his blessed work, and all the kind Christians who help him. I must conclude, hoping you will write soon, with love to all.

"I remain, &c.

"F. J. C."

WEEDS AND FLOWERS,—No. IV.

INGRATITUDE AND GRATITUDE.

WHAT weed must we talk about next? We must think about an ugly weed I do not like at all,—it is the weed called *Ingratitude*.

I think a little girl is saying, “This is a hard name; I will miss this part until I get to a part with a story.” Stop, little girl, and I will tell you what “*Ingratitude*” means. You love your mother very dearly. Now, suppose you grow naughty, and begin to treat her very unkindly, and to make her heart ache, and tears to run down her cheeks—do you think this would be thanking her for all her tender love and care given to you? O, no! such a little girl would be *ungrateful*. I should look at you, and say, “That little girl has the weed of *Ingratitude* growing in her heart. Just look at her! she cannot feel grateful to her dear mother, who has loved her so dearly, or she would not treat her in that unkind way.” But there are other people who are kind to us as well as mothers. Little children sometimes receive kindness and presents from kind friends. Why do they not care to thank them? O, because they are *ungrateful*! Some little children are blessed with kind nurses, who take a great deal of trouble about them when babies, to keep them well and happy. An ungrateful child forgets all about her nurse’s love and care; and when she is grown up never thanks her

nurse, nor thinks anything more about her. O poor, ungrateful young woman! how much pleasure you lose!—for ungrateful people are generally unhappy people.

But let us turn from this ugly weed, and think of the pretty flower we love to see instead,—it is the happy flower of *Gratitude*. There was once a little boy, and he felt so thankful to his mother for all her love to him, that he never could bear to do anything which appeared unkind or ungrateful to her. It quite wounded his heart to think of grieving her. The little boy grew up to be a man, and did all he could then to show his mother how grateful he felt for all her past love and tenderness. I loved this little boy, for he had the flower of *Gratitude* growing in his garden.

Dear children! when anybody has been kind to us, we should try to find out some way of thanking them, and of showing we feel grateful. If you have a present given to you, never begin to play with it, until you have thanked your kind friend for it. Now, while I am talking, I see my little reader looking forward to see if she can pick out another story. Well, then, I will tell you one about a little grateful boy. This little boy loved his nurse very much,—he would often kiss her; he tried to please his nurse, and to show he was thankful to her. Well, when he grew up to be a man, the nurse was quite old, but he said to her, “You must come and live in a cottage at the bottom of my garden, that I may often see

you, and thank you for all your kindness." The old nurse came and lived there, and her little boy (now a man, you know), often talked to her, and showed his thankfulness to her. O, what a sweet flower is that of *Gratitude*!

Little reader! when you have read this, will you not think, and ask yourself,—“Which lives in my heart? *Ingratitude*, or *Gratitude*? Perhaps you have never thought before that you were ungrateful,—now you see you often are. Go to Jesus, little reader! and pray to be made grateful.

Prayer.—O Lord, take from me the weed of *Ingratitude*, and “give me *Gratitude* instead!” for Jesus’ sake. EUNICE.

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

It was on a beautiful calm evening, the loveliest of the autumnal season when, after the toils and cares of the day, I set out to refresh my body and mind, by inhaling the gentle breeze. The sun was declining; the feathered tribes seemed to be responding to each other in pouring out their hymn of gratitude to their beneficent Creator, and the flocks were following the tinkling bell of their leader to the fold. Presently I saw a man at some little distance, who appeared to be agitated by passion, and was lifting and throwing with force stone after stone, at some object beneath him. This made me to approach him and inquire what was the matter. “Oh sir,” said he, “a great nasty toad,” and down went another stone, with

vehemence. "And pray," said I, "why do you kill that poor creature, has it done you any harm?" "Why," said he, "they don't do no good, do they?" "My friend," said "supposing they do no good, is that any reason why you should put it to death; only consider if everything were to be destroyed which does no good, what would become of



you and me, for verily I think we could give out a poor account why we should be spared, and yet the Almighty who sees our actions and who knows the wickedness of our hearts does not destroy us, but these poor animals are more harmless than we, and not only do no hurt, but do a great deal of good, in feeding on, and destroying quantities of

snails, and other insects, which would destroy our vegetables: for my own part, I am glad to see, and preserve them in my garden, observing as I do, how much benefit they do me." "Well," said the man chucking away the stone, which he had ready for another fling, "then let him live, but I didn't know they did any good." "Nay, my friend," I replied, "your leaving the poor crippled animal to die a lingering death would now be more cruel than killing it outright; don't you see that you have broken every bone in its body, and so covered it with stones that it is impossible for it to get away, and it may have to suffer for many days? the most merciful thing now is to put it out of its misery; but let me intreat you never again to put to death or torment any of God's creatures, which in His wisdom He has made, unless you have good and sufficient reason for so doing." This incident so much discomposed my feelings, as to spoil the pleasure of my walk. It made me quite unhappy to think, how careless people are about the poor animals which God has put under their care, and made for their good.

Let our young readers reflect, that *we have no right to injure or take the life of any of God's creatures, unless for necessary food, or for our own preservation from injury*; it is an act of brutal wickedness to torture even an insect.

"In wisdom hath He made them all," and pronounced them *good*. R. W.

THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

THERE was once a very good Irish clergyman. He was taking a ride on his horse one evening, when he heard a little voice calling after him, and saying, "Stop! stop! stop!" He looked back,—and what do you think he saw? It was a little Irish girl, about ten years old, very poor; her feet were naked; she had very few clothes on; and her hair looked as if it had never been combed (or *raked*, as the Irish call it) for months. Before he could ask what she wanted, she said, "Come and see daddy directly, for he is dying fast." "Where does he live?" asked the clergyman. The little girl pointed with her finger to the place. The good minister said, "There is no clergyman there, only a Roman Catholic priest; why do you not send for him?" "We have no money," said the child; "and his reverence" (the priest) "will not come without money. We gave him our last farthing; and daddy, my own daddy, has nothing to eat, for he took it from his body to save his soul. Oh, come quickly, now, this moment!" The good clergyman was just going to follow the child on his horse; but she cried out, "You must leave the horse behind you!"—and, taking up a bit of cord that was lying in the road, she said, "Tie it up with this, and follow me." She then ran on before him, and brought him to a wretched hovel. She ran up to the sick man, who

was lying upon some straw, and said to him, "Open your eyes, daddy: I have found him; here he is, close by your side." The clergyman came near the poor man, who was very weak, for want of something to eat. The child begged the minister to save her father's soul. He told her he could not do such a thing, but that there was One who could save him. When she heard that, she cried out, "Where is He? I will run fifty miles to fetch him." Then the good clergyman told her about *Jesus*, who could save her father's soul; and then he prayed by the sick man's side, that God would save his soul from everlasting fire. The little girl knelt by him, and her tears flowed fast down her face.

After some time, with proper care, the man got well again, and told the clergyman how thankful he was for his mercies; but he said that if the priest saw him speak to him he would kill him; so, to show that he did not forget him, he said that when they met in the road he would put his finger to his forehead, as if there was a fly there, to show the clergyman how much there was of him in his heart. "But," the poor man said, "I do want to know more about my Saviour, and how I am to please Him; and I wish you would teach me to read that blessed book." "Well," said the minister, "I will try to spare half an hour in the evening, if you will come to my house." "Oh, no," said the Irishman; "it must not be at your home, or my home; it must be in the dark,

en nobody can see us. It must be in the chapel, behind the tall fir-trees. It is my ce to sweep the chapel, and I can open the side-door when I please. You must bring a dark lanthorn; and then"—he said, rubbing his hands—"we can carry on the serious work."

One night, when the clergyman and Paddy were talking, Paddy looked very much frightened, and made a sign not to speak, and whispered that the priest was coming to the chapel, and he had quite forgotten it. "I hear them coming," said he. "You get out of that window, and I will run up the stairs into the bellry." So they escaped.

~~This is the story of the little Irish girl who loved her father. See how much her mother was able to do for him. It cured his fever, and we hope, too, was the means of saving his soul.~~

A TRAVELLER'S TALES.

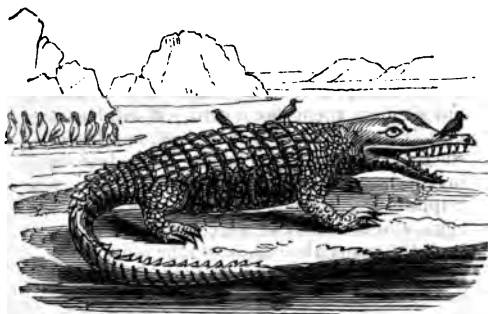
NO. VII.

THE CROCODILE.

AT great large creature, lying upon a sand bank in the middle of the river, is a *Crocodile*.* There are a great many crocodiles in the river here. They live half in, and half out of the water. A crocodile is like a large lizard, only very large one; for it is often twenty feet, and sometimes thirty feet long. Its back is

Those are *Pelicans* in the distance, standing in a pond, fishing, and looking on.

covered all over with thick scales ; so thick, that a bullet out of a gun will hardly pierce them. It has a long powerful tail, which it waves about when it is angry. And its mouth is furnished with a row of powerful sharp teeth. To see a crocodile yawn, and to look down its great throat, makes one quite shudder.



The crocodile feeds on fish, goats, and dogs, and I am sorry to say upon men, women, and children too. They told me that he likes fish least, and dogs best. When it can pick up a fish swimming about in the water, it will. But often it goes to the river side, to see what it can get. It goes so cunningly to work ; it swims gently along under the water, with one eye just under the surface to see what is going on. Perhaps it sees a dog running on the river's bank, lapping as he goes along, or a goat skipping

it, and he soon snatches him up. Perhaps he sees a poor woman filling her water or a little playful child amusing itself throwing pebbles into the river. Then suddenly swings round its great heavy body, knocks its poor victim down, clutches it with its great claw, and rushes down into the bottom of the river. When he has quite drowned it, he takes it into some quiet place, and eats it up. What a horrid savage and cruel creature!

The crocodile lays eggs like a hen, about twenty-five at a time. But it does not sit upon them like a hen. What does it

do? It buries them in the sand, and leaves them for the hot sun to hatch. Now, just see what a kind provision of God this is. It is so that the crocodile took care of these eggs, and that they all were hatched. Why, then, are there so many thousands of crocodiles there already in the river, so many more thousands would be produced every year; and the country would soon be overrun with them, and I think *all* the people would be eaten up, and the crocodiles would have the river and the country all to themselves.

The great grim crocodile does not sit over her nest and guard it; it leaves it to the care of itself. And there is a beautiful little creature called the ichneumon—something like a large rat—who is vastly fond of picking up crocodiles' eggs. So it spends its life in rummaging about the sand for the nests; and when it finds them, and sees there is no one to take care of them, it eats

almost all the eggs up. What a good little creature the ichneumon must be! By the way, it is the very little animal which I told you about some months ago, which fights so manfully with the snakes. So it kills both snakes and crocodiles.

You will say you do not like the crocodile, it is such an ugly, large, cruel, greedy creature: and I quite agree with you. And who is there that can love the crocodile? Well, do you know the crocodile has *one friend*. Yes, one good kind friend. It is well it has this, or I am sure it would have none at all.

You dislike the crocodile because it is so ugly and cruel; the dog hates him because it snatches him up; the goat hates him, because he eats him for his dinner; the fish hates him, because he chases him about in the river. But there is one friend who loves him, and whom he loves. But,—mark you, he never eats this friend up! What is it? It is a bird. It is called the “Hoopoo;” because it flies about singing “*hoopoo, hoopoo*.” Now, the crocodile is very fond of walking up out of the river after dinner, and going to sleep on a sand bank. There he lays very lazily, the sun shines on him and makes him warm, and he falls into a deep sleep. Whether he snores or not I never could get near enough to tell. But he sleeps soundly, and so soundly that if any one were to come up to him quietly, perhaps he could surprise him and kill him; but, whenever he goes to sleep in this way, the hoopoo comes

kes care of him. She hops about
 ietly and picks up all the worms she
 d: and they say (but I cannot say
 r it is quite true), that this great
 e sleeps with his huge mouth wide
 and allows its friend to come in and
 f the leeches which get fastened to its
 . However, the bird takes care not
 ke it until some danger appears: and
 f the little watchful creature spies an
 , she flaps her wings, cries "*hoopoo*,
 ;" pecks at the crocodile's nose,
 ie rouses up; and when he awakes,
 giving a look right round him, to see
 s the matter, he makes a great rush
 ie water, and disappears at the bottom
 river.*

ard a great many very funny stories
 the crocodile, but have not time to
 u them now. I would only add, that
 want not to be eaten up by one, you
 . never walk on the river bank where
 ve. But if you happened to tumble
 ie water, plunge about, and make all
 ise you can, and you will soon frighten
 away, for they are great cowards: and
 were to attack you on land, don't run
 lf away from him;—but run round
 ound in a circle (taking care to get

w and then the hoopoo travels over to England.
 leaves its friend, the crocodile. I cannot tell.
 w one in a garden close by the sea the other
 id so may you, perhaps, if you look out. It is
 he size of a thrush; has a crest on its head;
 clothed in white, black, and salmon-coloured

out of the way of his long tail), and so stiff in his body that he cannot round so fast as you do. And so you get away. So much for the crocodile. you find a chapter in Job where you a long and beautiful description of him

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE R.

"MOTHER, it rains," said a little girl, was looking out of the window. "I'm sorry not to make a visit to Emma. she invited me twice before, but it rained now it is raining hard again."

"I hope you will not be unhappy dear," said her mother. "I think I see tears upon your cheeks. I will not say a little thing, for the troubles of children seem great to them, but I trust you be patient, and wait pleasantly for weather."

"Mother, you have told me that He knows everything, and that He is all good. Then He certainly must know there is but one Saturday afternoon in week, and that is all the time I have to with my little friends. He must know it has rained now these three holidays, I wished so much to go abroad. And cannot make sunshine whenever He please

"We cannot understand all the way of God, my child; but the Bible tells us He is wise and good. Look out into your garden and see how happy the rosebud

to catch the soft rain in their bosoms, and how the violets lift up their sweet faces to meet it, and as the drop falls into the quiet stream how it dimples with gladness and gratitude. The cattle will drink at the stream and be refreshed. Should it be dried up, they would be troubled, and were the green grass to grow brown and die, they would be troubled still more, and some of them might perish for want of food."

Then the good mother told her daughter of the sandy deserts in the East, and of the camel who patiently bears thirst for many days, and how the fainting traveller watched for the rain-cloud, and blessed God when he found water; and she showed her the picture of the camel and the caravan, and told her how they were sometimes buried under the sands of the desert. And she told her a story of the mother who wandered into the wilderness with her son, and when the water was spent in the bottle, she laid him under the shade to die, and went and prayed in her anguish to God; then how an angel brought the water from heaven,—and her son lived. She told her another story from the Bible, how there fell no rain in Israel for more than three years, and the grass dried up, and the brooks wasted away, and the cattle died, and how the great prophet prayed earnestly to God, and the skies sent their blessed rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit. Many other things this good mother said to her child, to teach and enter-

tain her. Then they sang together a sweet hymn or two, and the little girl was surprised to find the afternoon so swiftly spent, for the time passed pleasantly.

So she thanked her kind mother for the stories she had told, and the pictures she had shown her. And she smiled and said, "What God pleases is best."

Her mother kissed her child and said, "Carry this sweet spirit with you, my daughter, as long as you live, and you will have gathered more wisdom from the storm than from the sunshine."

•

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

A YOUNG lad called on a gentleman, and told him that he had brought him a gift, left by a little Sunday-school girl, his own dear sister, when dying. The brother and sister were *orphans*, and for some years had had no kind parents to watch over them, and teach them their duty; but they had gone to a Sunday-school, and there learned to pity those who were worse off than themselves. The girl was taken very ill, and was told by her doctor that she could not live long; but she was not frightened, for she *loved God*, and she knew that He had given His only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die for her sake, and that *through Him* she might hope to go to heaven. She there-

fore called her brother to her, and begged that, when she was dead, he would give her books and clothes to some of her school-fellows, who were very poor. "And," said she, "in one corner of my drawer you will find a *guinea*, which I have *saved* out of the *halfpence* I have had given me at different times, for going on errands for our neighbours, and for rewards at school. Will you, dear brother, take it to the Missionary Society, to buy Bibles for some poor little children that have no Sunday-school to go to?" Does not this interesting story make my young readers think of those lives which appeared a little time back in the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, on "The best Use of a Penny?"—and does it not make them wish to go and do likewise? Ask Jesus to put the wish into your hearts, and the way into your minds, and then strive, with His help, to do what you can.

THE GRATEFUL INDIAN.

ONE day a missionary, who had gone for his health, to the Himalaya Mountains (in India), was walking in the verandah of his house, when he was surprised by a man suddenly throwing himself down at his feet, and embracing his knees. The missionary could not tell who this man was, for a dark blanket covered the man's head and face. But soon the covering was lifted up, and a swarthy

and withered countenance was shown. The missionary knew it to be that of an old man he once had known, as the chief priest of a gang of robbers ; but now he had become a Christian ; and he had travelled six hundred miles, hoping to see once more the face of his teacher ; and, lo ! he had seen it at last.

FAR OFF.

Poetry.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

- 1 Now that *my journey's* just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.
- 2 What *sorrows* may my steps attend
I cannot now foretell ;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 3 If all my *earthly friends* should *die*,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
Oh, what have I to fear ?
- 4 If I am *rich*, He'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand,
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.

- 5 If I am *poor*, He can supply
 Who *has* my table spread ;
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
 And fills His poor with bread.
- 6 And, Lord, whatever *grief* or *ill*
 For me may be in store,
 Make me submissive to Thy will,
 And I would ask no more.
- 7 Attend me through my youthful way,
 Whatever be my lot ;
 And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,
 O Lord, forsake me not.
-

HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

- 1 **THIS** is God's most holy day ;
 We must neither work nor play ;
 But we'll try to pray and sing
 And to serve our heavenly King.
- 2 Oh, 'tis pleasant now to go
 To our Saviour's house below !
 And we hope to sing and love
 In our Saviour's house above.
-

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 53. "His ways are past finding out"
54. Who once slept, with the ground for his bed, a stone for his pillow, and dreamed of heaven? |
| 2nd Week | { | 55. "Have always a conscience void of offence."
56. Who was the boy that the sun once killed? |
| 3rd Week | { | 57. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."
58. What was the name of the tower which fell down and killed eighteen men? |
| 4th Week | { | 59. "Thou canst make me clean."
60. Who was it that used to blow with <i>two silver trumpets</i> , and for what purpose? |
-

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| (45.) 1 Tim. iv. 15. | (49.) 2 Cor. 8, 9. |
| (46.) Deut. xxxiv. 1, 5, 6. | (50.) 1 Sam. xxx. 6. |
| (47.) Ps. xxix. 11. | (51.) 1 Cor. xiii. 12. |
| (48.) 1 Sam. xxvi. 7, 9. | (52.) 2 Kings v. 8, 13. |
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received, with many thanks, "Miss M.;" "St. S—n's Vicarage;" "Alethia."

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. **SEXLEYS**, 54, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C. CARUS WILSON, 22, Spencer-square, Ramsgate.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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SHEEP IN SPAIN.

IN Ford's "Gatherings from Spain," we read that in "*the wild mountain* tracts, the highlanders in summer lead their flocks up to mountain huts, and dwell with their cattle, struggling against poverty and wild beasts, and endeavouring to keep *the wolf*

from the door. Their watchdogs are magnificent, — the sheep are under admirable control, being, as it were, in the presence of the enemy; they know the voice of their shepherds, or rather the peculiar whistle or cry."

Does not this remind us of what Christ says of himself as the Good Shepherd, and of his sheep? "My sheep hear my voice, and follow me." But I was very much struck with that passage above, "being, as it were, in the presence of the enemy, they know the voice of their shepherds."

Now it is a constant sense of our danger which should keep us all near to Jesus. And what little lamb is not always in the presence of the enemy? Your own bad heart, a tempting world in which you live, and the devil, who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, are always near you. Now you should have the constant sense of this, that you may never think you are safe, save when you are looking up to the Good Shepherd. It is His hand that must lead you, His arm that must fight for you, and keep off the enemy. He must lead you to the green pastures, and watch over you whilst you feed there. Ever bear in mind, that if you are constantly in the presence of the enemy, you are also constantly in the presence of your Good Shepherd.

THE SHEPHERD'S DEATH.

ON the 5th of June, I went with some friends to visit a beautiful waterfall in the South of Scotland. Our road lay through the mountains, and the brilliant sunshine lighted them up, while the passing white clouds heightened the beauty, by throwing dark purple shadows over them: a bright stream ran merrily in its pebbly bed through the vale. This stream rises in a lake which is 300 feet above the valley, on a mountain: issuing from the lake, it flows for a little way, and then leaps down the precipice into the glen below. We climbed up a rocky path, hardly venturing to look down the dizzy height upon the rushing waters; we stood within a secluded ravine, admiring the majestic fall. The curved shape which it takes at the beginning of its leap, has caused it to be compared to a "white charger's snowy tail:" afterwards it is broken into many jets, and the spray rises above it, like a thin mist.

It falls into a hollow basin, and then again has a descent of about thirty feet, and rushes down its rocky bed into the glen. I was much struck by a lovely, delicate specimen of fern growing on the barren rocks: how tenderly does our Heavenly Father provide for our enjoyment! We see His *power* in the mighty waters rushing on with irresistible violence, while we see His *love* in the tiny flowers, so exquisitely formed, and scat-

tered along our path. Our Saviour made all things, and has all power in heaven and earth; and yet He clothes with beauty the grass of the field, which so soon fades away.

Shall we not trust Him, for we are better than the flowers? they soon wither, and we too fade as a leaf; but *we* shall rise again: if found in Jesus, these bodies shall rise incorruptible, glorious, and holy, like unto His glorious body. May you, dear children, seek that dear Saviour *now*, while He may be found! He will welcome you, and carry you in His bosom, if you come to Him, and try to please Him.

We afterwards drove to the Loch of Lowes, and St. Mary's Loch: they lay peaceful and calm, surrounded by lofty hills. On our way, a simple wooden memorial was pointed out to us: on that spot, a young shepherd had slipped his foot, and fallen down the steep declivity; his neck was broken, and he died in three weeks. We rested at the cottage where his poor father and mother still live: doubtless, they would bitterly mourn over their only son, but four years had passed away, and they seemed again cheerful.

I heard nothing of the state of the poor boy's mind, nor whether he knew that precious Saviour who has overcome death, by dying for us. But may we not improve this affecting story? This boy would leave his home in health and strength, and little

thought that he would be brought back to it suffering and dying.

Dear children, are *you* ready to die? You may be strong and well, but you too may be cut down as a flower of the field. Some illness may seize you, or some accident cut short your days. Oh! be ready for your Saviour's call! ask Him to wash you in His blood, and to clothe you in the spotless robe of his righteousness; and then, if He calls you, or if He comes in glory, to judge the world, you will be glad: you will go and see Him as He is, and be made like Him.

For all who love in Christ below,
If they are parted here,
In heaven shall meet—to heaven shall go;
There are no partings there.

Αληθεια.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—No. V.

GREEDINESS. SELF-DENIAL.

I wish I had not to talk to some little children about a *weed* I dislike very much indeed.

This *weed* is called *Greediness*. A *greedy* child is a selfish child, and thinks only of pleasing herself. When I see a boy looking at some pretty toys, and thinking how he can get them for *his own*, and not caring to get them for his brothers and sisters, I say, 'See that greedy, selfish boy!' When I see a little girl at dinner, only anxious to get nice things for herself to eat, I pity that

poor child. Perhaps both tart and pudding are on the table, and the little girl wants tart, and never says to herself, "Perhaps there will not be enough tart for every one; I will have pudding to-day;" but she makes up her mind to have tart, because it is the *niciest*. Oh! I am sorry for this little *greedy* girl! I wonder if she ever saw a pig eat its dinner! If you went to the sty you would see the pig eat, and eat away, caring nothing about what other pigs get, so long as it can get all it can. Pigs know no better, but little girls and boys are taught differently. If you are now *greedy*, and go on so, how sad it will be to see you grow up *greedy*! What a dreadful thing a *greedy* man, or *greedy* woman is! Little reader, try and begin to give up what you like to others; and when you have any pretty toy, or nice thing to eat, seek to be generous, and to let others share it with you. Greedy people are never loved. Try, my little reader, not to love yourself so much, and then you will love others better than yourself, and will take pleasure that they should have nice things instead of you.

Well! but let us leave this sad *weed* of *Greediness*. I hope very soon it will have no place in your heart. If it is turned out, the pretty flower of *Self-denial* will be put in instead.

Self-denial! What does that mean? It means giving up to others what we like ourselves. There was once a self-denying little girl, and when she was quite a baby,

she always wanted others to have a bit of her cake. As she grew up, she grew a generous child, and really had more pleasure in making others happy, than herself. A self-denying, generous child becomes a self-denying, generous woman, and every one will love her. I know a grown-up woman who has such pleasure in pleasing others, that she delights in taking what she likes herself, to make a present of to others.

I know a dear generous father, too, who would not even buy himself a new coat, because his children wanted some clothes. This father had a sick child, and, in order that he might have money to buy her what she wanted, he went without wine, though the doctor had ordered him to drink it as a medicine. This dear father had been a generous little boy. Shall I tell you a story about him? Well, one day, he went very happily to a poor woman's cottage, with half-a-crown of his *own* money, which he had been saving up to give her. The poor woman was out, so the little boy left the piece of money on the door-latch, that she might see it when she returned.—Now, my little reader, I know you wish to grow generous, and not to be a greedy child, so learn this little prayer.

Prayer.—Oh, Lord, root out of my heart the sad weed of *greediness*, and give me *self-denial* for Jesus' sake.

Text.—"Christ pleased not himself,"
Rom. xv. 3. EUNICE.

THE POTATOE DISEASE.

I was grieved to see the poor peasants in the sweet vale of Grindelwald look so wretched and ill. Some were almost naked, and all had such pale wan faces as seemed to say they had had a hard winter, and knew what it was not to have enough to eat. Such wretched-looking beings came up to the carriage to beg. And I hear, indeed, that extreme poverty is the cause, brought on in a great degree by the potatoes failing the last winter. Indeed now, for seven years, the potatoes have more or less failed in Switzerland; and as the poor peasants, in the mountains as well as valleys, depend in a great degree, like the Irish, on potatoes for daily food, the loss is very great indeed.

But what a strange thing it is, that the potato disease should be found in so many parts of the world at the same time. We know what it is to have a blight of trees and shrubs, here and there, and now and then; but that one single kind of plant, and that all the world over almost, should sicken, and wither, and rot,—this is the wonder.

But the very wonder teaches us one simple but very important lesson, which, alas! we are very slow to learn; and that is, how entirely we depend upon God for all our crops of wheat and corn, and all that forms our daily and necessary food.

Now do think for a moment. Is it not just

as easy for God to cause all other crops of food to fail as well as the potatoe? We might have no flour or meal, just as we have, sometimes, and in some places, no potatoes. Yes! and there might be distemper among the cattle, so general, that we might have no meat, no beef or mutton; and, indeed, the farmers of late years have suffered much, and had great losses amongst their cattle.

But you say, we could still have tea from China, and rice from the East Indies, and coffee from the West. Yes; but God could blight all these, and make them all to fail us. Do you not think it is just as easy for all to fail as one thing! All are in his hands, and depend upon his good providence; for it is God who makes the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, and gives grass and herbs for the use of men and beasts.

But how little we think of this, and how apt we are to receive all as a matter of course, and to forget the need we have to pray to Him who taught us the prayer, and knew best its need,—“Give us day by day our daily bread.”

Oh, that we may not provoke God by our sins, to take from us our daily food! But, indeed, we have too much reason to fear it may be so, and may well pray that we may lead more the life of simple faith and trust.

A TRAVELLER'S TALES.

NO. VIII.

A R A B S.

THE Arabs are people who live in Arabia; and Arabia is a desert, sandy, hot country, near Egypt. Some of them come now and then over to the River Nile. They seldom live for long in one place, but move roaming about, like gypsies. When they come into Egypt they seldom come for a good purpose. They come to steal what they can get. One night, when our boat was moored to the shore, we found we had an encampment of them very near us; and we had to keep watch all night, lest they should come and hurt us.

You see how they dress. The men do not wear light clothes like ours; but loose flowing robes. If they wanted to run fast, these clothes would trouble them, if they did not tuck them up, and fasten them round their waist by their girdle. So in old times, "to gird up the loins," meant to make oneself ready to exert oneself. In the girdle are stuck a couple of pistols; and very often a pipe and tobacco bag; for they are very fond of smoking. Then they carry also a gun, which is usually a very clumsy one, but they shoot very well with it nevertheless. They also have a sword, which is very sharp, and which they use very dexterously. Instead of a hat, they wear what is called a

“turban,” which is a red cloth cap wound round with a white or a coloured shawl.

The women muffle all up, so that you can hardly see anything of them. They think it is not proper for them to have their faces uncovered. Only their eyes just peep out above, to see what is going on.



The women sit in the tents all day long, while the men go out and shoot something to eat.

I will tell you how they contrive to rob boats on the river Nile. They are very good swimmers: they jump into the water, a long way off from the boat which they wish to rob, (where they cannot be seen,) and put a

basket or a truss of straw over their heads. Then they slowly float down the tide; usually at night. If people see anything in the water, they think it a basket, or a truss of straw, for they cannot see any one underneath. Then the robber comes near the boat, and sees whether any one is watching; and if there is not, he puts his hands on the windows, and takes what he can. Sometimes, he climbs on to the boat quietly, and creeps into the cabin.

One night a robber Arab came in this way, and robbed a Turkish Pasha, who was fast asleep, of his sword, and pistols, and jewels, which were lying close by him. When the Pasha awoke, lo! all was gone. So he got up, and beat the seraglio for not watching. Soon all went to sleep again, and the same robber presently came back, and took something more. However, they heard him this time, and awoke and caught him; but he slipped away from them and plunged into the river, and dived to the water to the opposite shore.

These poor Arabs know no better; they have no good men to teach them! How should we pity them! And how we should thank God for all our privileges. He has taught us, "Thou shalt not steal."

THE BLIND SCHOOL.

I think I once told you about a school in Switzerland, for poor children who are born idiots ; that is, who have not the proper use of their senses. It has been too much thought that nothing could be done for such, to help them in a better state. But that good man who took up their case, has found it was not a hopeless thing to try to befriend them. Do you remember how he begun ? He saw a poor idiot kneel before a cross, and mutter a prayer. So he was sure there was more sense than it was thought : and he resolved to give up home, and friends, and comforts, and devote himself to the good of such poor creatures, and there he lives on a high Alp, thinking it good for their health to be so high up. And oh ! what a place it is,—so high, and with such grand views ! But the most beautiful picture is that of a man of learning and refinement so placing himself, summer and winter, and with poor little idiots always around him ; and a nice picture it is to see these poor little things so fond of him, and improving so much. They flock round you when you go in, and are so glad to see you, and to show you what good is done. One is soon going out as a schoolmaster. I have seen the boy do his lessons, and what is best of all, he has learned to know his Saviour. But I was going to tell you about the Blind School. You know we have many

in England, and there are also some abroad. I have lately seen one in Lausanne, in Switzerland. What a blessing it is! they who have lost their sight can not only learn trades, but to read. I heard a dear little girl, only six years old, read a chapter in the Testament. How do you think it was done? She could not see at all, but she could feel; and they have now Testaments with the words embossed, or raised up above the surface of the paper, so that the finger of the blind person can trace the words, and so read, as we do with eyes. Is not this very wonderful?

But the greatest wonder in this school is a young man, who is not only blind, but deaf and dumb. Yet he has learnt to know all about his soul and his Saviour. He was busy turning, at which he is very clever. One of our party spoke very loud indeed, to try if he had any hearing. He stopped his lathe, and turned round in great distress, to ask a lad at another lathe (by signs) what was the matter, for he seemed quite alarmed, as if an earthquake, or something very dreadful was taking place. But when he was told it was only an Englishman speaking loud, he smiled, and went on with his work. He had not heard, but it was the vibration in the air, that had affected him. One very ingenious thing that he turned, was in the Exhibition in London. Oh! how thankful we should be for the use of eyes, ears, and tongue.

**“IT IS BETTER TO WORK THAN
TO BEG.”**

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P—, when a beggar loudly craved for a “few coppers for a night’s lodging.” The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man and inquired, “Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging.”

“Oh, Sir, I do not know where to get employment.” “Nonsense!” replied the gentleman, “you can work if you will.”

“Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown-piece, and said to me, ‘Work, and don’t beg; God helps those that help themselves.’ I immediately left P—, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me His help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and, with part of my five shillings, bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger, and now I have more than *ten thousand crown pieces* that I can call my own. One thing that has contributed to my suc-

cess is this, I have kept from *drink and tobacco*."

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five-shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and never let me see you begging again."

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day, when travelling through P—, he entered a respectable bookseller's shop in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many moments in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, "Sir, are you not the gentleman who, several years ago, gave a five-shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?"

"Yes; I remember it well."

"Then, Sir, this house, this well-stocked shop, is the fruit of that five-shilling piece." Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependence on God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags, to selling

papers and tracts in the street, then to keeping an old book-shop, and ultimately to be owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy party separated, the large, old family Bible was brought, out of which a Psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent around the family altar. Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments silence, intermingled with subdued sobs, evidenced the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of all events, which was ascending to heaven.

When they rose, and bid each other farewell, the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true, 'God helps those who help themselves.' '*It is better to work than to beg.*'"

Young reader, IS IT NOT?

WHAT A GREAT DEAL A LITTLE BOY MAY DO.

It is not at all necessary that a great thing should be done by something great. A little thing may often do the work quite as well. A spark may set a town on fire. One drop of water too much in a reservoir may cause the banks to break down, and deluge a country, and spread ruin far and wide. A little word spoken in season, may convert an immortal soul. God often makes use of small means to effect great works.

A little girl was the means of the cure, the conversion of the great Syrian captain Naaman. A little shepherd boy was the means of conquering a great army, saving the Israelites from the Philistines. And now I am going to tell you what is the greatest thing a little *Jewish* boy once did.

You have heard of *Turkey*. The emperor who rules over it is called the Sultan. He lives at Constantinople, in great power and splendour. He has a great number of soldiers always about him. People love him so much, that whenever they see his handwriting at the bottom of a paper, they immediately fall down to the ground for a short length, in reverence.

Now the Sultan is a Mahomedan; that is, one who does not believe in Jesus Christ, but in a false prophet called *Mahomed* instead; and all his people are like him. They all believe in Mahomed. They have a foolish book which he wrote called the *Koran*, instead of the Bible; and they think that Mahomed can take them to Heaven.

Now the Sultan used to be so very angry that he would allow none of his people to change their religion. If they did, they must *die*. So that, if a good Christian missionary were to have read the Bible to a poor Turk, and told him about Jesus and Heaven; and the poor Turk were to become a believer in Jesus, and leave Mahomed and all his false religion,—if the Sultan got hear of it, he would have had him killed.

And not only so, but if any other person in the Sultan's dominions left his religion, whatever it might be, and turned a Christian, he would have had to die. This is as it used to be a few years ago. It is now, I am thankful to say, all changed. But it was a hard, cruel law, which prevented a poor man from believing in Jesus, and having his soul saved. Now this law was removed by a little boy. It was thus:—

There was a little boy who lived in Jerusalem: he was a Jew; his father and mother were Jews. Somehow or other he fell in with the missionaries who live in that city. He heard them speak; he wished to hear more of them, so he went again and often. He used to go at night time, when it was quite dark, for fear any of his friends should find out what he was doing, and persecute him. The missionary gave him a New Testament, which he read with delight. There he saw that Jesus was indeed the Messiah, the Son of God. He began to love Jesus, and wished to do something for him. So he came and told the missionaries that he wished to give up the Jewish religion, and to become a Christian boy. The missionaries were of course delighted, and did all they could to encourage him.

But now his Jewish friends got to hear of it, so they came to him and said, "Are you going to turn Christian, and leave the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?" He said, "I am going to believe in Jesus Christ, who died for me, and can save my soul." They

tried all they could to prevent him,—persuaded, threatened, and bribed, but to no purpose. At last they bethought them that there was this law of the country which denounced beating, imprisonment, death, against all who left their religion and embraced Christianity. So they brought the poor boy before the Pacha, the governor of the country. He sat on his divan, surrounded by his officers, administering justice. The boy bowed before him, and told him that he was going to become a Christian. The Pacha spoke to him, and said, “Do you know what we must do to you if you become a Christian?” “Yes,” he said, “I can do. But I do not care what you do to me. You may put me in prison, you may torture me, you may kill me, if you like: I am determined to believe in Jesus.”

The Pacha was so struck with the piety of the boy, that he said, “Well, poor boy, I will see what can be done for you; I should not like to punish you, but I can help it.” So he wrote up to the Sultan at Constantinople; and the Sultan consulted with his counsellors, and sent word that they had done away with the cruel law, and that the boy, and any other who might turn Christian if they chose. And so it is at this present time.

But the poor boy did not live long; he soon after sickened and died. He had done his work: he was ready for heaven, and went to live with Jesus whom he had loved so much.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Do you know my dear children, where *pearls* are found? They are found in oyster shells, in the Mediterranean and other seas. They are very troublesome to get at, and men have to go down into the sea, with ropes tied round their bodies, to fetch the oyster shells up. But is this the kind of pearl of which I speak? No, though *those* pearls adorn the head of many a great monarch, yet the pearl, of which I speak, many a poor person has, whose only earthly possessions are a few old torn clothes, and a crust in the cupboard. What pearl can I mean? It is the most precious pearl in the whole world. It is JESUS CHRIST living in the heart. It is a blessed thing to have him in our hearts. Do you know that little verse, "Behold I stand at the *door* and knock?" What *door* is this? The door of the heart. Jesus is very willing to come and live in our hearts if we will *let* him, but some people will not *have* him. They love the *world* better than they love *Jesus*. Nobody can love both the *world* and *Jesus*. Does Jesus live in your heart? I hope He does. If He does not, ask Him to come and live in your heart, and to turn the devil out of it. How much better it would be to have Jesus, than to have a great many precious jewels and pearls! He is the most precious pearl—the pearl of *great* price.

LUCILLA.

SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

ONE of the masters of Harrow School has visited Ireland, says, that nowhere in England could better answers be obtained from the children than he had heard of, and he was certain that in his school there were none that would have answered so well. A little boy was asked by a Romanist if he was a "jumper;"* "Yes," said the little fellow, "and a good jump I have of it, for I've jumped clean over Purgatory." Another boy said to a Romanist, "I will give you a question, and if you can't answer it, you must allow yourself beaten; and if I can't answer you, you shall ask me one, and if I can't answer you, I will allow myself beaten." "Done," said the other, "and you shall ask the first question." "Well, then, what did our Lord say to the Sadducees when they denied the resurrection?" He said, "I can't tell you, but you can't tell neither." "Yes, but I can," said the other. He said, 'Ye do err, *not knowing the Scriptures*;' and you would have been beaten if you had answered it: for your priests say, 'Ye do err if ye do know the Scriptures, for the Bible says, *'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures.'*'" "Well," returned the other, "I acknowledge myself beaten."

* The Protestant converts in Ireland are called the Roman Catholics, "jumpers."

Poetry.

"I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17.

Though "poor and needy" is my name,
Yet Jesus thinks on me;
And since He always is "the same,"
Can I forgotten be?

Oh no! I'll cast my care on Him,
Who always cares for me;
He died to save my soul from sin,
He gives himself to me.

With Jesus for my glorious friend
What can I need beside?
I know He'll love me "to the end,"
He will for me provide.

I want but *little* here below,
For *this* is not my *home*;
To brighter realms above I go,
Where want is never known.

"A crown of glory," waits me there,
"Which fadeth not away,"
And robe of spotless white so fair,
Which never will decay.

Well may I then rejoice and sing,
Though mean on earth my lot:
For Jesus is my glorious King,
And He forgets me not.

- 2nd Week { of a dream?
- 3rd Week { 65. "Lord, save me."
66. Who gave his brother a p
to appease his anger?
present? and did he s
- 4th Week { 67. "Oh, how I love thy lav
68. Who committed the
Who was the first thi
of? and how were eac
God?
- 5th Week { 69. "There is a Friend that
than a brother?"
70. Who was it that said
not ploughed with m
not found out my
was the riddle?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND Q LAST MONTH.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| (53.) Rom. xi. 33. | (57.) 1 |
| (54.) Gen. xxviii. 11, 12. | (58.) 1 |
| (55.) Acts. xxiv. 16. | (59.) 1 |
| (56.) 2 Kings iv. 19. | (60.) 1 |

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

"A. E." "G. V." "Rev. R. W." "Correspondent," are thanked for their communications.—"M. P." very good long for insertion.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 345. SEPTEMBER, 1852. Vol. 29.



THE ROBBERS OF LYONS.

A band of robbers had established themselves during the revolutionary troubles of 1793, near the great manufacturing town of Lyons, in the south of France. They were a hardened, rough set of men, whose coun-

tenances appeared to indicate that neither property nor life could be safe if in their power, and that they were fit only for the gallows. These robbers felt that it was necessary for the success of their unlawful schemes that they should be united under a director ; therefore, they chose for their captain the boldest of the number, and the one who was the most accomplished in all kinds of robbery and murder. To him they swore fealty and dependence, and that none should ever leave or betray the band ; and it was agreed that if any one should break the oath, the rest should pursue and kill him. And now they went forth to plunder and murder, to the terror of every one in the neighbourhood.

At the same period another band of men were assembled in Lyons. They were like the first, in that they sent out messengers and hunted all kinds of people ; like them, also, they often excited terror in their visits. They were not armed with pistols or daggers, as the robbers were, but they drew out of their wallets books, from which they read, and a listener sometimes felt as if a two-edged sword had pierced through his soul. In these books was written about the judgments of the holy God, of the awful doom that awaits sinners, and of the free pardon offered to those who repent and turn to the Saviour, Jesus Christ. One of these missionaries resolved, one day, to go into the forest to the robbers—not to join them,

but, with the help of God, to persuade them to end their unrighteous mode of living. It was a very dangerous thing to do—an undertaking at which the bravest might well tremble; but, whilst he thought about it, he reasoned thus with himself:—"At most they can only kill my body, the Lord will save my soul. If I die, I shall go straight to heaven, and this will be a gain; but God, who preserved David, He who made the world and all that is in it, can, if He will, preserve me; and if one of the souls of these men be saved, shall I not be amply repaid?" So he filled his wallet with his books, and stepped off bravely into the wood. Soon he was lost in the thicket, and he walked for two or three hours without meeting or seeing any one. At length he was startled by a rough voice—"Who goes there?" The missionary turned and saw several horrible-looking forms coming out of the thicket: he felt his limbs creep, and as though his courage would fail him: but raising his heart to God, he recovered his self-possession and advanced to meet them. "What brings you here, fellow?" cried one of the men.

"I come," replied he, "to bring you the Word of God, and to warn you that the judgment of God will fall upon you if you continue to lead this life of sin." A wild fiendish laugh interrupted this address. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried one of them, "this is a capital fellow, and a good roast for our

captain—just what he likes! so on with—march, there! you may finish your mon as you go.” They thrust him forward and led him to the captain. “What do you want, fellow?” asked he, haughtily.

“I come to bring you the Word of God,” said the missionary, firmly, “Do you know what we are? Do you know us?” he asked again. “Certainly I know you,” he answered. “You are the wickedest of the wicked, and the most daring of sinners; you are the terror of the neighbourhood, but the anger of God will overtake you in His wrath, you, in your turn, will tremble before His judgments.” As before, the less speaker was interrupted by a burst of laughter; a flood of sneers and curses poured upon him. He surveyed the company of ruffians who stood shouldering muskets: the stoutest heart might have quailed, but the man of God stood firm, raising his voice, he cried, “Repent! for you there is mercy and forgiveness, for you is the Saviour of sinners come if you repent and are converted. Now is the time. The love of God has sent me here.” At these words the wild eyes of the ruffians glared with rage; instead of laughter a low murmur was heard; involuntarily they pointed their muskets at the daring missionary: at a glance from the captain, they had to have paid for his boldness with his life. By the hand of God preserved him, and his courage did not forsake him.

"Do you know," shouted the captain, your life is in our hands?" "Without God's permission, you cannot hurt a hair of my head," replied the missionary, raising his voice, and distributing his Bibles right and left. "Ha! ha!" cried some of them, "they will make a good fire." But the calmness and decision of the missionary awestruck the robbers, and presently the laughter was stopped; and they began to feel a respect for the courageous man. The captain at length exclaimed, "Take the man away, but do him no harm." He was obeyed, and with oaths and curses he was led out of the wood. And he, praising God for his deliverance, made the best of his way back to Lyons.

Our readers may probably admire the courage and boldness of our hero, but yet be tempted to exclaim it was a foolish exploit after all, for the robbers will be robbers still, and little good could be expected from his expedition. But stay, God has said, "My word shall not return unto me void, it shall accomplish that which I please."

The captain had received a New Testament, and one day, strolling in the wood, he took it out to read in order to pass away the time. He was astonished at what he saw there, and read again and again. He had never heard such things before; his conscience was awakened, and the life he had led appeared darker and darker to his mind. He became uneasy. Every day he separated

from his companions, and wandered in the wood. To them such conduct appeared suspicious, and they whispered amongst themselves. But he became more alive to the misery of his sins; judgment of God was to him fearful, the love of Christ burned in his heart; he could no longer belong to the band. But how could he leave it? for he could break the oath he made with his comrades. For a long time he struggled with himself, but at last he assembled the band. They hastened together in the place that he was going to lead them out to a profitable expedition. They were not surprised when he thus addressed them: "Friends," he cried, "hitherto I have been your leader; henceforth I am so no more. This book has shown me that we are on a wrong road to ruin. A fearful oath binds me to you, but my resolution is taken. I leave you to your hands, if you wish to kill me you may do it; but never again will I lead the band as a robber."

In mute astonishment the comrades listened to their leader. A murmur of dissent and revenge ran through the company, but soon anger gave place to sympathy. Consulting together, they determined to let the captain go quietly away. Once he raised his warning voice to his old companions, reminded them of the wrath of God, whose commandments they had broken, and of the free pardon offered through

Redeemer if they repented ; and urged them earnestly to quit with him their life of sin. The leaven worked : soon afterwards the band broke up. Many of its members followed their captain and were converted, and they are now leading honest and industrious lives, and following useful and respectable vocations,—indeed, themselves acting as missionaries, and calling on sinners to leave off their wicked ways, assuring them that the way of holiness is the only way to peace and happiness.—*From the Berlin Neueste Nachrichten aus dem Reiche Gottes.*

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—No. VI.

IDLENESS—INDUSTRY.

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

CAN this be true? Oh, yes! for I always observe idle children get into most trouble. Do you know a little girl who whines, and throws herself about, and says, “Oh, dear! I have nothing to do?” She might find plenty to do if she liked, but she is too idle to set about anything. Soon this child gets into mischief, and then she must be scolded, and then she cries; and all this trouble comes because the *weed of idleness* grows in her heart. Now let us watch this

little one at her lessons. She begins perhaps with gaping, and stretching herself, as if she were very sleepy. Then she does her lessons in an idle, careless way,—not wishing to learn. Her teacher gives her a lesson to learn by heart; and how does the little girl learn it? She sits with her eyes fixed, thinking of other things, and is double the time over it that she ought to be. Do you know a little boy or girl like this, my dear? Well, suppose this child's father suddenly comes into the room, and says, "I want you to come with me for a play in the garden;" what does the child do? All her *idleness* has gone; up she jumps, pops on her bonnet, and goes skipping out into the garden like a young kitten. Now let us peep into the idle girl's bedroom. See how long she is in the morning about dressing. She creeps along, and draws on her clothes, as a snail crawls on the ground. She hardly touches water to wash with, for she is too idle. Her bedroom is left in a sad, untidy state; night-clothes here, stockings there; comb on a chair; brush on a stool; one shoe under the bed, the other shoe by the door. What an unhappy child the idle child is!—who would like to live with her? I am sure you say, "I see *idleness* is a very ugly weed; I wish to have a flower planted instead of it in my heart." Well, then, this flower must be *industry*. What is *industry*? It is trying to be useful, and busy about useful things. The industrious child

is like the busy bee, which does not idle its time, but flies about all day seeking and sucking honey. This little child thinks, "What good can my little fingers do? Perhaps I can make some clothes for the poor." This child is diligent at her lessons, for she does not wish to waste her time, and knows that God gives her *minutes* to employ well, as well as *hours*. This child has a pleasure in being tidy; she does not mind trouble; and she has learnt one thing, which is this—*never to put off doing what she ought to do*. If a book is misplaced, or a work-box out of order, she arranges them at the very time she sees them in their wrong place. Remember, little reader, a duty done *directly* makes a child more happy than when she *puts off* doing her duty from the root of *idleness*. The industrious child thinks of the old saying, "*Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.*" She does not begin twenty bits of needlework without finishing one piece. She takes pains at her lessons—is tidy in her dress—neat in her room—and diligent in all she undertakes. Oh, how I should love such a child! How delightful it would be to live with such a useful, diligent, painstaking one! I should call her, "My little, useful, *busy bee*."

Prayer.—Lord, I am often idle. O make me diligent in business, for Christ's sake!

Text.—Be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, *serving the Lord*," Rom. xii. 11.

EUNICE.

MOTHER AND BABE.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF A LITTLE GIRL.—A singular circumstance occurred during identification of the bodies of the deceased. When the jury viewed the bodies lying at Berry Brow, an intelligent girl, daughter of Sydney Hartley, one of the deceased, identified an infant as the body of her sister Ellen. She said she knew it because it was "calf-licked," like herself—pointing to a peculiarity of the hair on the forehead, so denominated in Yorkshire. The coroner took her deposition, but afterwards the same child was claimed by a man named Bailey, as his daughter, and he obtained possession of the corpse, and interred it. The girl's narrative of the horrors of Thursday morning is as follows:—Her mother had heard on Wednesday night that the reservoir was likely to burst, and resolved not to go to bed. She, however, put her family of eight children to bed, and sat up to await the issue, hoping to get sufficient warning to enable them all to escape, if the report should prove correct. She sat up until one o'clock on Thursday morning, and then went to bed; almost immediately after the alarm reached her. The girl states that the water burst upon them before they could get out of the chamber; and that when her mother found she could not escape, *she held up her infant child above the water outside the*

window, hoping to save it, but finding the front of the house giving way she turned and bade her family farewell, and, with the infant, was immediately swept away by the foaming torrent. So also perished the father and four other children; but this little creature, with two sisters and the apprentice boy, who had also been sleeping in the



house, being suddenly floated up to a part of the roof which yet remained, caught hold of the rafters and clung to them. When the flood began to abate, the apprentice, John Dearnley, got out upon the roof and assisted the three girls to do the same. Here they remained at least twenty minutes; and he afterwards carried them one by one into the portion of Holmfirth Mill which had

escaped destruction, where, in their night-clothes, standing up to their knees in mud, they were exposed to the inclemency of the night air, and to the falling rain. Ultimately, however, they discovered a way into a room nearly full of wool, and burying themselves amongst it, they obtained the warmth they so much needed, and remained till morning. The three orphans are now residing with their relations.

THE FIRST FRANC.

As I drove along the lovely vale of Lanterbrunnen, in Switzerland, a little ragged lad came up to the carriage and offered a bunch of beautiful Rhododendrons, fresh from the Alps. I need not say I was glad enough to make them my own, and the lad ran after the carriage, whether in gratitude, or hope of further good, I cannot say. But seeing me stop to hunt about for flowers he set to work too. By-and-by he brought me the very flower I longed for, and did not think I should find there. Never shall I forget first finding it at the foot of a huge glacier, on Mont Blanc, in the vale of Chamouny. I dare say you do not know what a glacier is; so I must try to tell you. I can only call it a huge field of ice, which never melts, and lies in the hollow of a high Alp, with its foot down in the vale beneath. There I saw this sweet flower. A strange place you will

say, close to ice and snow ! But it is a fact that in such places you find the greatest variety of the most lovely flowers. For instance, the rhododendron I have just so named. They call it the rose of the Alps, and it is so beautiful. I have rode through whole acres of it on the high Alps, the whole surface burning as it were with its rich beauty. And then you find close to the snow, the rich purple gentianellas. But this plant I speak of is very small and humble. It is like a little snapdragon. The outside of the flower is bright purple, and the inside rich yellow. And this the lad brought me, to my great joy ; and so I sent him off to get more, and I am drying such great numbers ! Oh, what a contrast between this poor, ragged, squalid-looking boy, and these sweet flowers ! Yet he has a soul within him, which may shine far brighter than not only the flowers but the stars in the kingdom of heaven ! What a thought ! Well, he followed me to the inn at Lauterbrunnen, and as I was going higher up the vale to seek flowers, I thought I would take him as my guide, and to carry my tin. I could only say two or three words to him, as he only knew German, but I got on very well by signs, and he was of great use, and glad I was that I had some nice German tracts, which I could give him when we returned to the inn. He was a very little lad, and looked as if he had had a hard winter,—as indeed I fear they all have in those parts, as the potato disease had made

sad work even there. When I had done with him, he had been so useful, above all in bringing me my pet flower, which they call *linaria alpina*, that I gave him a franc. I shall not soon forget how he stared! and I found from the waiter it was the first franc he had ever had of his own. Oh, he looked so big and important, he could not have done more so, though I had given him a crown! And the little fellow clung to me, and I made him read a bit of one of my German tracts, that I might be sure he could read, and profit by the better gifts I was putting into his hands, and though drenching rain came on, he was standing by the inn-door till the very last minute that we drove off. Dear boy! may the Holy Spirit visit his heart, and reveal to his soul the Rose of Sharon in all its beauty. But I must not forget to tell you what a franc is. It is a silver coin, worth about ten pence of our money.

Yet, a solemn thought struck me. If we knew the gift of God, and what riches lie hid in his Word, no joy the lad felt on having a bit of silver given to him could compare with the joy which we should feel on finding Christ and the riches of his grace. Oh, what is all the silver and gold of this world to Christ! They shall perish. They will soon be to us as worthless and helpless as pebbles; but the riches of a Saviour's grace meet the wants of the soul in this world, and end in glory. And, dear young reader, all this may be yours if you seek it in prayer and faith.

THE GOOD SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.

WE are not now going to give you the history of any boy or girl that we have seen or heard of. We wish to refer you to some points of character which ought to be shown by every child who would be a good Sunday-scholar. We will now mention three things by which the good scholar may be known.

I.—THE GOOD SUNDAY-SCHOLAR IS PUNCTUAL.

"We are in good time; they have only just done prayers," said a lad who, with two or three companions, was just entering the school to which they all belonged. Was *he* a good Sunday-scholar? It is said of the great general Washington, that when he expected friends to dine with him, he never asked his servant, "Has the *company* arrived?" but simply, "Has the *hour* arrived?" Now, the superintendent of the Sunday-school does not consider, in regard to opening the school, "Have the *scholars* arrived?" but merely, "Has the *hour* arrived?" So the good scholar will always feel it to be his duty to be as punctual as the hour itself. When the time arrives for opening the school, he will be found in his place. He is not behind-hand, but is quite ready to begin the appointed services. He says,

"I would be there when prayer begins,
To ask the pardon of my sins."

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r of the good Sunday-scholar.



He will not stop by the way to have a slide on the pond in winter, or loiter about the village street in the summer.

II.—THE GOOD SUNDAY-SCHOLAR COMES WITH HIS LESSONS PREPARED.

We do not know how to account for it, but it is true that a great many children of the Sunday-school seem to think that they *come to school to learn their lessons*. They ought to know better than this. They ought to know that lessons are to be learned at home; and that this home preparation the scholar requires, that he may be fitted to recite his lessons and receive all the further instruction which may be given respecting them.

Lucy L—— always studied her lessons at home. She looked out the Scripture references, and she asked her mother to explain some of the questions; and in this way she made all the preparation she could before Sunday came. To be sure, Lucy was the best scholar in her class, and it was this very preparation that helped to make her so. Let each one learn all he can at home, and then will he be in the way of learning a great deal more when in his place in the class.

III.—THE GOOD SUNDAY-SCHOLAR GIVES HIS BEST ATTENTION TO THE EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL.

He comes to the school *to be taught*. He

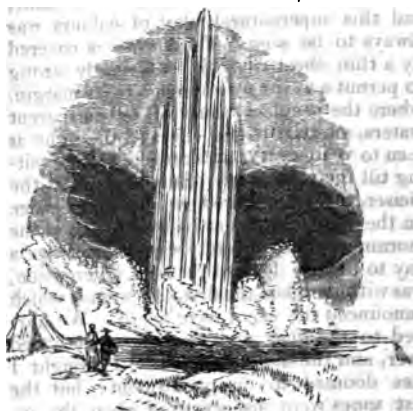
does not think that the Sunday-school is a place for play or for idleness. He thinks it is a place for serious attention to serious and holy things. When a hymn is to be sung, the good scholar joins in the singing both with his heart and with his voice. In the same way also does he join in the prayers of the school; and thus also he engages in the appointed lessons.

Now we have seen Sunday-scholars look around to see whether the superintendent or any of the teachers were observing them; and, if not, then they would commence talking or playing with those near them. They supposed that the eyes of men were not upon them; but forgot the great truth which the Scriptures tell us, that "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." The good scholar is attentive, because he wants to learn. And he keeps from trifling and playing, not only because his teacher may see him, but because he knows that to "hate evil" and to "do good" are "well-pleasing in the sight of God."

We will not now notice any other points in the character of the good Sunday-scholar. There are others, which we shall mention next month. We have, at present, referred to three. What are they? PUNCTUALITY, HOME-PREPARATION, and ATTENTION AT SCHOOL. Now, if you are a Sunday-scholar, let conscience answer this question: Do I obey in all three?

THE BOILING SPRINGS OF ICELAND.

THE extraordinary beauty of these springs consists in their wonderful transparency and clearness. All the prominent points and corners, the varied outlines of the cavities, and the different holes, can be distinguished far within the depths, till the eye is lost in



the darkness of the abyss ; and the singular play of light upon the rocks lends an additional charm to the spot, which bears a resemblance to fairy-land. It is illuminated

by a shade of soft pale green and blue, which only reaches a few inches from the wall, leaving the water beyond as transparent as ever, but perfectly colourless. The light has the appearance of being reflected from the rock; but as I did not believe this to be the case, I took the trouble to visit the spring at all hours, when the sun was shining brightly, and when it was obscured by clouds, and even after it had set; but the illumination remained constantly the same, and this supernatural play of colours was always to be seen. The spring is covered by a thin sheet of rock, sufficiently strong to permit a very near approach to its margin, where the peculiar beauty of its transparent waters, and the magic effect of the light, is seen to the greatest advantage. After waiting till the second day of my sojourn at the Geiser, the long-desired explosion took place on the 27th of June, at half-past nine in the morning. The peasant, who came twice a day to inquire if I had yet seen an eruption, was with me when the first dull sounds which announced the event were heard. We hurried to the spot, and as the waters boiled over, and the noise died away, I thought I was doomed to disappointment; but the last tones were just expiring when the explosion suddenly took place. I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a lifetime is enough. It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted



small, how diminutive as compared to those pillars of water; nearly twenty feet high; by it is true, than the basin of tent might have been piled by my reckoning, which is perfectly accurate, however, above the other, would not elevation of these jets, the I think I can affirm, without question, to have risen at least a hundred feet, and to have been six feet in diameter. When the scene was ended, the people came to examine the basin and could not approach very near them without danger, but there was nothing to be seen. The waters had escaped from the basin, into which we had walked close up to the center, and had also sunk to the depth of several feet, though they were still boiling with great violence.

smell. In order to ascertain how long it would be before the basin and caldron were full again, I returned to the spot every thirty minutes, and found that for the first hour I could still stand within the basin; but at my next visit, the caldron was completely filled, and on the point of running over. As long as the water remained in the caldron it boiled furiously, but the ebullition subsided as it flowed into the basin, and when the latter was full there was only an occasional bubble to be seen. After the expiration of two hours,—it was precisely twelve o'clock,—the basin was nearly full to the brim; and I was standing near it, when the waters became violently agitated again, and the distant rumblings were once more heard. I had barely time to spring back, when the jets burst forth; they continued to play as long as the sounds lasted, and were fuller than those of the former explosion, which was perhaps in consequence of their height being rather less—it was hardly more than forty or fifty feet. After the eruption, the basin and caldron were about as full as they were before.—*Pfeiffer's Journey to Iceland.*

Poetry.

HYMN.

A little ship was on the sea,
 It was a pretty sight;
 It sail'd along so pleasantly,
 And all was calm and bright.

When lo ! a storm began to rise,
 The wind grew loud and strong ;
 It blew the clouds across the skies,
 It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid
 Of sinking in the deep ;
 His head was on a pillow laid,
 And he was fast asleep.

" Master, we perish !—Master, save !"
 They cried,—their Master heard ;
 He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
 And still'd them with a word.

He to the storm says, " Peace,—be still !"
 The raging billows cease ;
 The mighty winds obey His will,
 And all are hush'd to peace.

O ! well we knew it was the Lord,
 Our Saviour and our Friend ;
 Whose care of those who trust His word
 Will never, never end.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'm but a stranger here ;
 Heaven is my home :
 Earth is a desert drear ;
 Heaven is my home :
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home !

What though the tempests rage ?
 Heaven is my home :
 Short is my pilgrimage ;
 Heaven is my home ;
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last :
 Heaven is my home !

Therefore I murmur not ;
 Heaven is my home :
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home.
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand :
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTION ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 71. "Walk in the Spirit."
72. Who carried the Cross of our
to Calvary? |
| 2nd Week | { | 73. "Charity suffereth long."
74. Against whom did Peter say th
nias and Sapphira had lied? |
| 3rd Week | { | 75. "The inward man is renewed
day."
76. When our Saviour asked Peter
thought of Him, what was hi |
| 4th Week | { | 77. "The eyes of the Lord run to
throughout the whole earth!
78. Who were they that were swallow
alive by the earth for
against God's chosen prophes |

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

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THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THERE is, on a rugged and dangerous part of the coast of Cornwall, an old building, which was formerly used as a lighthouse. It is situated on a projecting point of rock, which forms an island when the tide is high,

but is joined to the main land by a sort of raised causeway, when the waters are low. By means of this causeway the persons who had charge of the lighthouse held communication with the shore, for the purpose of obtaining provisions, and recruiting their stock of oil.

The family of the lighthouse keeper consisted of his wife and his little daughter, a child of about ten or eleven years of age. They were good Christian people, and brought up their child in the fear of God, and taught her early to read and love His word. A little before the time of which we are speaking, the mother died, and the most precious thing she had to leave her child, was a large well-worn family Bible. There were then left to take charge of the house only the man and the little girl.

One morning, after the light-keeper had trimmed his lamps, and got them all ready for lighting in the evening, he set off with his basket on his arm, along the causeway, for the purpose of getting provisions; intending to hasten home again before the tide should have flowed and covered up the path.

But there were some people at a distance on the shore, who saw him coming to land, and who formed a wicked scheme to prevent him from returning to the lighthouse. These people were wreckers. These were people who frequented the coast for the purpose of robbing any wreck which came

on shore. Instead of helping the poor sailors they ill-treated them, and took away what they had left. It was their wish to have as many wrecks as possible, that they might get the more plunder. The object for which the lighthouse was built, was to prevent the occurrence of shipwrecks. It warned sailors that they were near the dangerous, rocky coast; it directed them to keep out to sea, and showed them the channel in which they must sail, if they would reach in safety their desired haven.

A number of these wreckers saw the light-keeper come on shore. They were expecting some merchant vessels with valuable cargoes, to come up the channel that very day; to say nothing of the great number of ships which are constantly passing that coast. So they agreed to waylay the light-keeper. They knew there was only a little child in the lighthouse, and what could she do? If they could only prevent the man from returning home, no lamps would be lighted that night, no friendly beacon would shine, no warning ray be thrown out on the dark waters: the vessels they expected would certainly run ashore, or be cast on the rocks, and they would have abundant spoil and riches in return for their wicked and cruel plot. Such was their reasoning. So they came un-awares on the poor man, who was now on his road home, surrounded him, took him away to a lonely shed on the beach, tied

him hands and feet, and there left him. They supplied him with food, for they did not wish to do him any harm ; and having left two of their party to watch the shed, the rest of them went about preparations for their dreadful night's work.

Now let us leave the poor man, who, in spite of his entreaties and prayers, is bound in the shed, and let us go to the lighthouse and see the little girl. For several hours she goes about her usual employments, she puts the rooms tidy. She cuts up a stock of lamp-wicks, she strains the oil for future use, she prepares for her father's return. Now and then she looks out of the narrow little window facing the shore, thinking that it is time she should see him coming. The waters are beginning to flow over the causeway, but no one as yet is in sight. She becomes more and more anxious, the waves rise higher and higher, and at last the road is completely covered by the tide, but she sees nothing of her father. Still the afternoon is not far advanced, and although she is anxious and somewhat fearful, she knows there are boats on the shore, in any one of which her father may return. Another half-hour, and she becomes alarmed. She looks out to sea, the waters are becoming black, not black with the darkness of night, but with that blackness which, as she well knows, foretells a storm. The clouds are gathering, the wind rising, the waves are now tipped with white,—she knows that a

tempest is at hand. She looks down westward, and just at the entrance of the channel, she sees the merchant ships, which the lighthouse-keeper, as well as the wreckers, was expecting; she knows that at, or perhaps, before midnight, the vessels will be near that part of the rocky coast where she is; the sailors will look out for the beacon—but her father! he is not coming yet—is it possible?—there will be no lights to-night, the vessels will be wrecked.

The poor child sat down and cried. But presently she thought of the text which she had learned that morning, it was this: “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” So she knelt down and prayed. She asked the Lord to be with her, and to show her what to do. When she had finished her prayer, she felt so strengthened that she began to think whether if her father did not come back she could possibly light the lamps. She went up into the lantern, but there were the lamps, far, very far out of her reach; she was but a little girl, she feared she could do nothing.

And now evening was fast coming on. At sunset the lamps should be lighted, and if they are not, the howling tempest tells her that on that dark night there will be fearful wrecks. She takes one more look towards the shore; her father is not coming, and she resolves to make another attempt. First of all, she kneels down again to pray, then she

carries her father's steps up into the lantern and mounts upon them to see how far she can reach the lamps. But she is a long way off. There is but one more possible thing in the house which can be of service, it is a small table, which, by a great exertion, she carries up, step by step to the top; she puts the steps upon the table, and joyfully jumps upon them; she thinks she shall surely be able to reach the lamps. But, alas! she cannot, within a few inches, but she cannot reach them; she might just as well be on the ground, all her labour is lost.

The sun has just gone down, and a storm is increasing in violence. The sailors get nearer and nearer to the shore. They look out for the lights. Where are they? Where can they be? Have they mistaken their course? and they are in great fear. The poor father in the shed is pining for his little girl, that she may be somewhere aright, although how it can be, he does not know. And she, alone in the lonely tower—no, not alone, for God watches over her. All of a sudden she thought of her mother's thick family Bible. Down she ran to fetch it, brought it up into the lantern, climbed on the table, then upon the steps, and laid down her Bible upon the table.

She paused a moment. Her mother had taught her to reverence even the outside of that sacred book. "I cannot bear to touch upon dear mother's Bible," thought

"but if she were here, I think she would bid me do so now; I must try to light the lamps." So up she climbed, stretched out her little arm to the utmost, lifted up her taper, and in a moment or two there shone out a lamp upon the black deep, then another and another, and at length the whole lantern sent forth its accustomed light, far, far out on the stormy sea. The sailors saw the light, and, by its help, steered their course in safety. The father heard of it too, with what delight you may well suppose;—the wreckers were disappointed of their unlawful gain, for there were no wrecks that night.

PRAYER BEFORE READING THE BIBLE.

WELL do I remember the time when seated with my brothers and sisters, we every morning read the Bible together. Before we opened the sacred page we all united in saying that well-known collect, "Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures," &c. I think I hear some little child exclaim, "Oh yes, I know that prayer, and always say it too." I believe that many a Bible class in a school, and many a family of dear children follow this example.

But which of them I wonder could explain to me every sentence? And which of them has a heart which feels the true need of

using each sentence? Perhaps a teacher hears that prayer repeated by many *voices*, but does God hear it rising from many *hearts*?

I have a nice story to tell you about this collect, which I hope my little reader will never forget, and I hope it will lead you to understand those words, which too often you have repeated like a parrot.

A dear kind minister of Christ, whose name I dare say you know, (the Rev. Edward Bickersteth,) was very fond of his Sunday-school. He used to talk to the children so simply, that they were sure to understand him. One Sunday he thought he would explain this very collect to them. I will tell you what he said. "*Blessed Lord!*" What a sweet title to give God! Yes, God is a being, full of joy and bliss; He is "God, over all, blessed for ever." Dear children do not forget this, God is happy, those who love God are happy. God continually is forming ways to make His people happy. One of those ways is mentioned in this collect. What has God caused to be written for our learning? "All Holy Scriptures." Why do you call the Bible *Scripture*? What does *Scripture* mean? "Writing." The Bible you know, when God first gave it, was written down; there were no printing-presses, all had to be written? How was it written? "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

What other name is given to the Scriptures? "The Bible." What does *Bible* mean? "Book." Yes, this is *the book*, the only book in the world of which it can be said God wrote it. What was it written for? "For our learning." Learning to spell, or to read does it mean? "No." What then? "Learning the way of salvation; learning to know God." Repeat the rest of the collect. "Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, &c." *Hear them*—when this prayer was first made, very few people could read; in St. Paul's, London, there were six Bibles, and crowds gathered together to hear them read; it was a very precious thing to hear. Then "*Read them.*" Oh! happy children, you can read, you have been taught to read, and you have this precious word in your own hands. "*Mark them.*" Some people have a plan, when they read their Bibles, of taking a pencil, and marking under such passages as they have found a comfort, that when they come to them again they may know. Does the collect mean this? "No." Perhaps, children, you have lately been in some new road where you had never gone before—how diligently you marked the way, you noticed this tree, and that house, and if two roads met, you marked the right one, that you might not forget it; now, just so carefully, diligently, mark in your mind what you read in the Holy Scriptures.

"*Learn.*" Just as David who said, "Thy

word I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Keep fast hold of God's word, grasp it tightly. "*And inwardly digest;*"—well, this is a strange thing indeed. What, does it really mean that we are to eat the Bible, as you eat breakfast? No; I do not think it means this. You know children, that you all had your breakfast before you came to school, but, now, whatever it was, it is, I hope all digested—turning into your flesh and blood. Now, when we read the Bible, we must *digest* it with our souls, make it a part of our spiritual life and strength. "*That by patience,*"—read it patiently, day after day. Some there are who begin to read, but soon get tired; read it daily, and with prayer. "*And comfort.*" Oh, there is such sweet comfort in the Bible! It tells you God will pardon all from sin, through Christ Jesus; that Jesus died to save you; that God loves you, that He is your friend.

"*We may embrace and hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.*" Oh! what a thing is this—poor children, and dependent as you are on your parents, there is open to you the blessed, happy hope of everlasting life, of joy and bliss eternal, of being with God, of joining the glorious hosts of angels and archangels, sharing in their songs of glory on their golden harps. Oh, embrace this hope, hold it fast! You know when a mother has been parted from her little one, and meets it again, how glad she

is ; she puts her arm round the child and hugs it to her heart ; so, dear children, hold this blessed hope, take it home to your heart let it gladden your mind. Who gives this hope? "*Thou hast given us.*" Yes God, gives it, through whom? "*Our Saviour, Jesus Christ.*" What a beautiful close to this precious little prayer! It began "Blessed Lord"—it ends, "Our Saviour Jesus."

SOMETHING ABOUT QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

THE inventions in Queen Elizabeth's reign are worth noticing. *Watches* for the pocket were first introduced from Germany: one was presented to the Queen. Furs and muffs also were first worn; and carriages were brought from France. In the year 1601, however, a bill was brought into Parliament to prevent riding in coaches; for it was said that it rendered the gentlemen effeminate; but the bill was dropped. *Whalebone* was introduced from the whale fisheries, and sail-cloth was first made for the use of the navy.

The first *newspapers* were printed in this reign, to inform the people of the defeat of the Spanish Armada; but they did not come into general use then. Two of the *stops* used in writing were invented; namely, the colon (:) and the semi-colon (;). The first *paper-mill* was established at Dartford in Kent by a German. *Alum* was dis-

covered in England ; it had hitherto been a monopoly belonging to Rome. This article is useful to the dyer, the candlemaker, and the merchant. *Peaches* were first brought into England from Persia: *tulips* from Holland; *laurels* and the *horse-chestnut* tree from the Levant. *Asparagus*, *artichokes*, and *cauliflowers*, were also introduced.

The *stocking-frame* was another useful invention of this reign. It was invented by the Rev. William Lee. He began to use it for weaving stockings at a village near Nottingham, but the stocking-knitters were jealous; they feared he would ruin their trade, and they drove him away. He fled to France, where he was treated quite as badly, and he soon died of a broken heart in the greatest poverty. Nottingham is still the head-quarters of the stocking trade.

Needles first came into use in Elizabeth's reign. They had been invented in the reign of Edward II., but none knew how to make them except the inventor, who died. Grouse, a German, revived the art, and carried on a trade at Buckingham, where there is still a large manufactory. In the early part of this reign *copper money* was first brought into use.

Such were the principal inventions and improvements of Elizabeth's reign. The subject of the COSTUME of these times is a rather interesting one. Its great peculiarity was the enormous ruff worn round the neck. This ruff gave great offence to the strict

Puritans, who thought the love of all finery a sin. One of their writers makes a furious attack upon it, and speaks of it as "*clogged and pestered* with needlework." He says that the lords of the Court were very choice about their *shirts*. These were made of cambric, with open work down the seams; so that they often cost ten pounds each, which, he adds, "is horrible to think of." The Queen herself thought that her subjects were beginning to wear their ruffs too large; for it is said that certain grave persons were appointed to stand at the gates of the City and cut down every ruff that was more than a yard in depth. A proclamation was also issued against wearing gold chains, and cloaks which sometimes reached down to the men's heels. The length of their swords was limited to three feet.

The AMUSEMENTS of those times were not of the most refined character; bull and bear-baiting, the baiting of apes, cock-fighting, cards and dice, quoits, racket, nine-holes, and leaping hedges and ditches, were matters in which both gentlemen and *ladies* took an interest. Even the Queen enjoyed such sports, and was fond of noisy entertainments. During her meals she listened to "twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums, which, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together." The old sports of hunting and hawking, with pageant and show, were the chief diversions of the higher ranks.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—No.

IMPATIENCE—PATIENCE.

“ Let me be patient every day,
 And mind what those who nurse me say
 And grant that all I have to take
 May do me good, for Jesus' sake.”

Do you know this pretty hymn, my
 Then, do you allow the bad weed of
tience to live in your little heart? We
 talk a little while about an impatient
 and then you must say whether you are
 Let us watch little Miss Impatience
play. O look how she snatches her
 toy from her little sister! see what a
 she is in to have her own way, she
 wait *one* minute! Hark! she has asked
 big sister a question, and because she
 answered *directly*, she flies out, and in
 a loud voice says, “ Answer me ; don't
 hear me ? ” She next jumps to one end
 of the room after her little brother, who
 got something belonging to her, and
 great hurry calls out, “ That is mine,
 to me ! ” Perhaps she does it so quick
 that by mistake she hurts her little
 brother.

Now, see Miss Impatience *at dinner*
 cannot wait to see others helped first
 no ! She wishes to be served first
 Perhaps she is not allowed to talk
 meal-time, or else you would hear her
 “ Help me quickly, I must have what I
 in *one* minute ! ”

Now, see poor Miss Impatience

she is now *sick*. Poor, unhappy child! She is throwing herself about, and will not lie still; she will not let any one notice her. There, see how she has begun to roar! Why! what is the matter now? She has got to take some medicine, and she sees the cup coming, and does not like it. Now, the doctor says she must have a plaister on her throat. Why! she cries as if you were killing her! I really would as soon nurse a young tiger, as nurse poor Miss Impatience. Well, good bye, unhappy child. I am going to think of a dear little boy called *Patience*.

See little Patience at *his play*. See him wait quietly for what he wants. If he asks a question, he does it gently, and waits patiently for the answer. See little Patience at *dinner*. He waits quietly till others are helped, and every one that sees him loves him. See little Patience *sick*. He lies still; he is grateful to people who speak to him; he drinks down his medicine without a cry; he bears his pain with patience, and does all he is told willingly. Which do you love best? Miss Impatience or little Patience? I know which you do. I could tell you many pretty little stories, but I am afraid of tiring you. I will tell you only one.

A dear little girl, who was very ill, had a plaister put on her throat. Her throat rose in a blister, and was very sore. The mother put a rag on, to do it good. Next morning the mother found the rag had stuck to the poor sore throat. The little girl took her little hand and pulling the rag off with great

courage, she said, "There, dear mother, don't be unhappy; it is off now." I hope you, my little reader, are a patient child. *Patient* children who are sick generally get better sooner than sick *impatient* ones. I remember two little girls, who had very sore throats. The doctor said they must gargle. One little girl cried, and would not gargle, and was so impatient. The other was patient, and gargled. What do you think happened? The Impatient child died. The Patient child got well.

Dear little reader, I hope you will seek to plant Patience in your little garden. You wish to be like Jesus. He was a patient little boy, and a patient man. I will give you a prayer and text to learn.

Prayer.—O Lord make me patient, like Jesus, for his dear sake. Amen.

Text.—"He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth,"
Isa. liii. 7. EUNICE.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

THERE lived in Tahiti a young French gendarme, or mounted police-officer, who had been appointed by the Governor to act as superintendent of the native police of district of that island. He was very kind to the people, and always willing to serve his neighbours; and sometimes, when he was going to Papeete, the chief place in the island, he would call at the missionary house, and offer to carry a letter or par

for him. The missionary wished, in return, to do him good, and resolved to speak to him about his soul and the Saviour. So one day he asked him to accept a French tract, entitled the "Death of the Eldest Son." As he readily received the tract, the missionary, shortly afterwards, lent to him a Bible. Having thus prepared his way, the missionary now thought that he would take an early opportunity of speaking to him about the passages he might have read in the Bible, and in this way bring to his notice the claims of Jesus, and the attractions of the cross. But something happened to prevent this at that time.

The young Frenchman had bought from some natives a small canoe. This he painted, and made very pretty. Then he placed in it a small mast and sail; and one fine morning he launched his canoe, hoisted the sail, and was pleased to see his swift little vessel glide over the smooth surface of the bright sea. Away he went, little thinking of danger. Sometimes he looked down into the deep water, and watched the beautiful fishes darting in and amongst the spreading branches of the coral; and sometimes he seemed to be admiring his trim canoe, with her pretty mast and sail. Now our readers must be told that the sea inside the reef is not only smoother, but higher than it is outside. The consequence of this difference of level is, that a current is always rushing outward, and very swiftly, through every

opening. This the Frenchman did not think of; and therefore his canoe was drawn towards one of these openings, without his knowing that danger was so near. It was painful to see how calm he sat, and how confident he seemed, though every moment brought him nearer to a frightful whirlpool. But though *he* saw it not, there was an old native sitting on the beach, whose eye was drawn towards the canoe; for he knew



well enough that such a frail vessel must be sunk when it got amidst the troubled, boiling waters, where the outward current met the great waves that came rolling in from the ocean. He therefore shouted out to him as loud as he could to take care; but the young man was too far off to hear his

voice. Then he waved a stick to draw his attention, but the Frenchman did not see it. All this time on and on went the canoe upon the bosom of the smooth-flowing water. How like was the state of this man to the conduct of those thoughtless young people, who allow themselves to be borne along towards the point of peril, unconscious of their danger, and unmindful of the warning voice of pious friends! Many an ungodly youth has striven against the current; and when brought within its power, and on his death-bed, looking back upon the false joys that have deceived and ruined him, he has been compelled to say, in the anguish of his soul—

“ Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And whilst I lister’d to your song,
Your streams had e’en convey’d me there.”

All at once a sense of his danger flashed upon our voyager’s mind. He seized his paddle, and tried to row his canoe against the torrent that was hurrying him onward; but the task was too hard, and his strength too feeble. The old man, unable to help him, called to some natives, who were at work not far off, to hasten to assist the Frenchman. They ran to the beach, launched a large canoe that was lying there, and paddled with all their might to the place where he was struggling for existence. He saw them coming. Hope now cheered his heart, and animated him with new strength. He

tried with all his might to keep his canoe from being drawn nearer to danger ; but on he went. The natives shouted to him as they rowed, to encourage him to renewed exertion ; but his canoe was now in the opening, and coming within the influence of the whirlpool formed by the current. Soon it began to whirl round so rapidly, that the unhappy young man lost his calmness of mind, and jumped out of the canoe, most probably in the hope that he might save himself by swimming. But, alas ! he was seized by the whirling waters, and carried down into the depths of the sea, to rise no more ! Had he kept his seat he might have been saved ; for the natives, knowing how to navigate that dangerous place, recovered the canoe ; but the body of its owner was never found.

A few days afterwards the Bible was found amongst his effects, and returned to the missionary, who, on looking into it, found that the leaves were turned down in four or five places, as if the young man had been struck by these passages, and had wished an explanation. But he was gone where other revelations had been made to him, and the opportunity of speaking to him about his soul's concern was lost for ever.

This poor young man used to wear a gold ring ; but for some unknown reason he had that day left it upon his dressing-table. Inside this ring there were two French words engraved, "*Ma Mère*," "My mother !"

Far away, in a distant land, separated from his mother and his friends, he had met a watery grave; and no one could ever tell whether the words of the sacred book he had begun to read had impressed his mind or not.

This short, but sad tale, should teach us all how important it is to get good and do good while the opportunity is ours. How painful the thought that we might have been useful to any who are now gone beyond the reach of our prayers and efforts for ever! Think, dear readers, that one soul departs into eternity every moment, and that most who die are heathens who never heard of God or heaven. Let us, then, be in haste to save them; and for this end let us strive more and more to send the blessed gospel to every creature.

Poetry.

HINTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE children, when you pray
To God to keep you through the day;
When you ask that He would take
Your sins away for Jesus' sake;
When you thank Him for your friends,
And the comforts that He sends;
Don't forget to breathe a prayer
For those who know not of His care.

Many little ones there are
 O'er the seas so very far,
 Who never heard of God above,
 Who know not of the Saviour's love ;
 Multitudes who never heard
 From Christian friends this blessed W
 That " Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
 Dearly loves a little child ;
 And bids them always come and pray
 To Him to take their sins away.
 This Saviour they have never known,
 And therefore kneel to wood and stone.

Oh, children ! ask of Him to send
 Some one to be the heathen's friend ;
 To guide them from destruction's road
 Into the path that leads to God ;
 That they may have their sins forgiven
 And when they die may go to heaven ;
 That you and they at last may be
 Blessed to all eternity !

A sinner, Lord, behold I stand,
 In thought, and word, and deed !
 But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
 For such to intercede.

Thou, Lord, canst change this evil heart
 Canst give a holy mind ;
 And thine own heavenly grace impart,
 Which those who seek shall find.

To heaven can reach the softest word—
 A child's repenting prayer ;
 For tears are seen and sighs are heard,
 And thoughts regarded there.

Then let me all my sins confess,
 And pardoning grace implore,
 That I may love my follies less,
 And love my Saviour more.

GOOD ADVICE FOR EVERYBODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
 Five things observe with care :
 Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
 And how—and when—and where.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|---|
| 1st Week | { | 79. "Abhor that which is evil."
80. What does St. Paul say of " <i>The judgment-seat of Christ</i> ," which most deeply concerns each one of us? |
| 2nd Week | { | 81. "Seek the Lord while he may be found."
82. Where does our Lord call himself "The true Vine?" |
| 3rd Week | { | 83. "God is love."
84. Who was it that confessed that they were "Strangers and pilgrims upon the earth?" |
| 4th Week | { | 85. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."
86. Who says, of Himself, "I am meek and lowly?" |

- 5th Week { 87. "See that ye walk circumspect
88. Who is it that "shall reign
and ever?"
-

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTION THE LAST TWO MONTHS.

(61.) Mark xiii. 31. (62.) 1 Kings xvii. 6
Mark ix. 24. (64.) Joseph: Gen. xli. 12—14
Mark xiv. 30. (66.) Jacob: Gen. xxxii. 13; and
8—15. (67.) Ps. cxix. 97. (68.) Cain: Gen. iv.;
Josh. vii. (69.) Prov. xviii. 24. (70.) Sampson
xiv. (71.) Gal. v. 16. (72.) Simon: Matt. x
(73.) 1 Cor. xiii. 4. (74.) Acts v. 3. (75.) 2 Co
(76.) Matt. xvi. 16. (77.) 2 Chron. xvi. 9. (78.)
xvi. 32, 33.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

Received: "S. E. L. O.;" "A. E."—We are re
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"A. D. N.," for the Deaf and Dumb Children.

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WHALING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 1, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale.

On the 20th of August last she reached what is well known as the "Off-shore Ground," in the South Pacific Ocean. In

M

they succeeded.

boats had gone after the whale, one on the larboard and starboard; the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had been pursuing was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned round, and, rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and, taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sic. Captain Deblois immediately struck the water, and, seeing the scene of the disaster with the boat, and succeeded, against all expectation, in rescuing the whole of the crew. The demolished boat, nine in number.

There were now eighteen men on the starboard boat, consisting of the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been averted from the ship, and another boat was put into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about twenty miles. As the boat arrived, the crew

fresh boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spreading jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Captain Deblois again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible, than that which they had twice so miraculously escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given, than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely extended. Escape from death now seemed totally out of the question. They were six or seven miles from the ship; no aid even there to afford them necessary relief; and the whale, maddened by the wounds of the harpoon and lances which had been thrown into him, and seemingly gloating with the prospect of speedy revenge, within a few cables' length. Fortunately, the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship, and they all got on board in safety.

They again pursued the whale, and threw

a lance into its head; but it being sun-down, they gave up the chase for night.

Captain Deblois was at this time standing on the larboard bow, with harpoon in hand ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving at five knots, when working on the side of the ship he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots. In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from bow to stern. Captain Deblois immediately descended into the forecabin, and there, in horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed in furiously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors, and to throw the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of iron on board. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was sinking very rapidly. The captain went into the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, and compass. Reaching the deck, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was heeling over.

again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea, and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam-ends, her topgallant-yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, they discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind. The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and night coming on, they were obliged to bale them all night to keep them from sinking.

With the hope of reaching a rainy latitude, they directed their course northerly, and on the 22nd of August, at about five o'clock, P.M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made a signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest hospitality. The Nantucket then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Deblois and his men.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

My little readers have all heard, I am sure, about the Tower of Babel, and how God was pleased to punish the sin of the builders of it, with sending amongst them the confusion of tongues. Before they had been of one language: now all was thrown into confusion, and a great curse it has been to the world ever since. You may not feel it, unless there should be some of you who have to learn Latin and Greek at school; then you will feel what a toil and job it is to learn a new language. But if you went into countries far off, then you would find what a curse and inconvenience to the world the confusion of tongues is. Now where I am, we sit down fifty or sixty to dinner, and some speak Russian, and some German, and some Italian, and some French; and in most cases one cannot tell what they mean or say. But the worst is, one cannot do all the good one would to others. Yet much may be done by getting good tracts translated into foreign languages, and given away. And I must tell you what I have been able to do. There are many of you who know, and I dare say can sing, that nice hymn, every verse of which begins with, "We won't give up the Bible."

Well, I lent this to a Swiss lady, and she got it very nicely translated into French, and I am getting it printed, with the music of the tune we sing it to in our schools in

England; and thus I hope many hundreds of Swiss boys and girls will sing it also, and perhaps in France too. And who knows how much good it may do in countries, especially where the priests do all they can to make the people give up the Bible; and for the best of all reasons, because Popery and the Bible cannot stand together, any more than light and darkness can?

But I have something more to tell you, that will please you. A nice little boy came to spend a day where I was staying, from a school in the next town. Poor little fellow! he had just lost his father, and his mother lived a great way off, at Genoa, in Italy. I was glad to give him some nice French tracts, which he could read, and as I found some of the boys in his school were learning English, I gave him some English tracts for them. Some days after I found to my delight, that one of the bigger boys had translated three of the hymns I gave them very nicely into French. Another boy was so taken with that nice tract, "Mick Healy," published by the Religious Tract Society, that he set to work and turned it into French, and a third did the same with my little tract, "Come to Jesus." And these dear lads sent me copies of all, so nicely written, that they looked almost like copperplate.

They have truly pious good masters, and I cannot help hoping that some of these boys will one day become faithful ministers

in their own land, or missionaries at I wish all schools in England took place in such pursuits.

“When we devote our youth to God
 ’Tis pleasing in his eyes:
 A flower when offer’d in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.”

THE MOUNTAINS OF GILEAD

THESE mountains are situated in the southern part of the land of Gilead. The mountain range *properly* called “Gilead” is six or seven miles south of the river Jabbok and extends eight miles from east to west. Gilead was famous for its balm. The Ishmaelites traded there in the days of Joseph, as we read in the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis, the twenty-fifth verse, having camels laden with spicery, and *balm*, myrrh; they were going from Gilead to Egypt. The balm of Gilead is a precious vegetable production, famed for its medicinal virtues. The word “Balsamon” is derived from the Hebrew “Baal-shemen,” which signifies “Royal oil,” or the most valuable of all perfumed oils. This balm is spoken of by the prophet Jeremiah,—in the last verse of his eighth chapter and again in the eleventh verse of the forty-third chapter. In the former verse its use in medicine is alluded to, as a sign or figure of spiritual healing, which God imparts to the soul of man when that soul truly turns

Him. The hair of the goats that browsed upon Gilead was very fine and beautiful. Bashan, the northern part of this range, is celebrated in Scripture for the majestic oaks, which waved their foliage on the sides of the hills. These oaks were lofty, and full of stateliness; and of them were oars made for the ships of Tyre, at the time when that mercantile city was in all its glory: Ezek. xxvii. 6; Isa. ii. 13; Zech. xi. 2. Bashan was also famous for the richness of its pasturage; well watered, the grass sprung up abundantly, and the cattle feeding there grew fat and strong. Allusion is made to the fertility of this region in the seventh chapter of the prophecy of Micah, fourteenth verse; and in the thirty-second chapter of Numbers we find that the reason why the children of Reuben and of Gad wished to have the land of Gilead given to them was, because the place was a place for the feeding of cattle.

In the southern part of this mountain range of Gilead, are the brown barren mountains of Arabia, which are to the north of Moab, and are supposed to have derived their name, "Abarim," which signifies "passes," or "passages," from the passes between them; or from the children of Israel having passed through the river Jordan unto the land God gave unto them. When opposite to these dark and rocky steeps, these hills present no pleasing appearance to the eye; they are said to be

frightful and precipitous. But when we turn to the pages of our Bible, we shall find that there is much to interest us; much to awaken many feelings in our minds. Upon Beth-peor, one of the peaks of Abarim, Balaam stood when he was constrained by God to incur the anger of the King of Moab, by blessing instead of cursing Israel: "Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee." Upon Peor he foretold the destruction of Amalek, and what should happen to other nations in future times: he also declared that a Star should come out of Jacob, and a Sceptre rise out of Israel. From Nebo, another mountain, the Lord showed unto Moses the whole of the land of Canaan, stretching away to the blue waves of the distant sea. Lifting his eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, he saw the pleasant valleys and the fruitful hills, and bore his testimony to the goodness of the land, unto which the Lord would bring his people. But he did not himself pass over Jordan: he died upon Mount Nebo, on the top of Pisgah, and the Lord buried him in a valley of Moab, over against Beth-peor. His spirit passed away to be in the presence of God, and there, before the throne to sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

PRESENCE OF MIND.

WHAT is *presence of mind*? It is the having all your wits about you when you are in danger. It is not to be frightened or flurried into doing a foolish thing which will only make matters worse; but coolly to think what is best to be done, and to do it at once. Now for an instance of it.

Bees are very numerous in India, but they are not kept there as they are here, in hives; for they store up their honey in hollow trees in the forests and jungles. But although it is difficult to enter these wooded places—and those who do so are in great danger from serpents and savage beasts—there are many poor men who get their living by gathering and selling the wild honey. Now, a few months ago, four of these men, and a boy eleven years old, went out for this purpose. They got into a boat, and rowed into an inlet of a river, where the banks on both sides were grown all over with high trees and thick shrubs, which formed a part of what is called in India a jungle. When they came to the place where they intended to land, the men jumped on shore, and left the boy to take care of the boat while they were gone after the honey. As the tide was then running out of the creek, in a little while the boat was left dry upon a bank of deep mud. The sun was hot, and the place was very silent. The boy sat quietly in the boat looking about him, and wishing that the men

would come back ; when, lo ! all at once, the poor little fellow stared and started as he saw a very large tiger standing upon the bank just above the boat, looking right down upon him with his great glaring eyes ! You may fancy how he felt as he beheld the savage beast first fix his fierce look upon him, and then crouch and crawl along the ground, preparing to spring and make him his prey. The boy was very much fright-



ened, as you may suppose, but he had his wits about him ; and, therefore, without losing a moment, he crept under the deck of the boat, for fortunately the boat *had* a deck. But no sooner had he entered his hiding-place, than down came the tiger at one great leap ; and such was the force with which he sprang, that one of his legs went

right through the deck, and got jammed in between the planks, just over the place where the boy lay. Without loss of time, and with wonderful *presence of mind*, the little fellow snatched hold of a rope which was lying near him, and twisting it quickly round the tiger's leg, he tied it firm and held it fast. Not understanding this treatment, and never having been trained, like a dog, to give his paw to boy or man, the ferocious creature groaned and tugged, and tried in every way to get his leg out; but the boy knew well that the only chance of saving his own life was to keep the rope firm, and therefore he held it as fast as he could. After twisting and turning, and pulling for a long time, without getting away from the boy, the tiger was quite cowed, and laid himself quietly down on the deck. Now you may suppose how the poor boy must have felt, as he peeped up through the broken deck, and saw the red eyes and the great jaws of this fierce monster. But at last, the honey-gatherers having finished their work in the jungle, made their appearance upon the bank. Seeing the tiger lying upon the deck of their boat, they at once concluded that he had killed and gobbled up the boy, and that he was now getting a quiet nap after his dinner. They therefore raised a great shout, which so frightened the beast, that he made one more desperate tug; and as the boy this time was not quite so watchful as he had been before, the tiger

ed out his leg from the hole, and leaped
an off the boat. Fortunately, he jumped
ht into the deep mud; and as he was
undering about, and trying to get out of
, the four men rushed down upon him, and
with great sticks which they happened to
have in their hands, they laboured away
with all their might at his head, till they first
stunned and then killed him.

How glad they were when they saw the
boy, who they thought had been killed and
eaten by the tiger, quietly creeping out from
under the deck safe and sound, you may
easily suppose; for he was the son of one
of the men, and the nephew of another.

What an excellent thing is *presence of
mind* in times of danger! With it many
have saved their own lives, or the lives of
others; and if such presence of mind was
found in a heathen child, how much mor
should Christian people, young and old, hav
of it, who, when in danger, have a kin
Father and a faithful God to look to—a G
who watches over them, and who, if th
put their trust in Him, will never les
never forsake them!

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—No. V

LYING—TRUTHFULNESS.

“ I’d rather die than tell a lie,
Lest I be lost eternally !”

WILL you learn these two little lin
child? Try to do so, when you hav
reading.

the name of the sad weed we to talk about. See, it is the *ling*. O, how I wish that little *ls* never told lies! Then I need them about lying. But it is very he ugly weed of lying spreading e child's garden. It is worse tle, which stings everybody it

the weed of lying most like? t is like a serpent, which carries in it. This poison is in a little ue. Little reader, when you u use your *tongue*, and then you r father, the Old Serpent, who into a pretty garden, and told Read about it in Genesis iii.

nes have been made sad, to see ry *little children* begin to tell ows that they are born *the chil-* an. But I think one child is who says, "Well, I never tell a r some children that do, but I do

Now let me talk to this dear aps, my little reader, you have r or mother that have pointed n, and prayed for you, and u, and now you are afraid to tell glad of it.

u ever try and deceive people? e been naughty, do you make r think it was your sister who r, and not you? Or, if you have lent, do you try and hide it, lest

rather or not.

Are lying children happy, --
very unhappy ones.

I once heard of a little girl
playing in her father's garden.
A pretty peach on the wall, and
her little hand forward, picked it, and
When she had eaten it she was
She thought to herself, "What
about it? O, I will say some of
me. No, that will not do. O, I
picked it up from the ground."
The little girl told one lie after another
and made God very angry.

I think I know some children
not tell down-right lies. Yet they are
truthful children. Listen at their
story. They do not tell it *exactly*
as happened, but add to it just what
they wish. If they are telling tales of a girl
they make her out worse than she is.
They do not tell real lies, but they tell
the lip of truth, and this is the
O, my little attentive reader

able flower. She snapped it off by accident. It was her father's favourite flower. What must she do? "O," thought she, "Papa will be very angry, yet I must tell. If I hide it, it will be the same as telling a lie." So in the house she rushed; into her father's room she went, and in a great hurry called out, "Oh, papa, I have broken your camelia in the green-house."

This was a truthful child. Little reader, God hates liars. He says in his Word that "All liars shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone."—Rev. xxi. 8.

Prayer.—"Remove from me the way of lying," Ps. cxix. 29.—EUNICE.

JUDDO TEWARRE.

THE bright sun was shining, and the river looked like flowing silver, as it rippled to the sea. Men and women, boys and girls, were all pressing forward to the city: the sick and the lame, scarcely able to move, still struggled on, or lay beneath the hedge-sides, unable to proceed; and there were hurried meetings, and hasty greetings, and the crowds sometimes fell back, as a dervise, with wild and frantic gestures, whirled round and round in his acts of worship. Travel-worn men, weary with their long journeys, tried to obtain charity—a little money or a little food; but on, on—tramp, tramp,—no help, no charity!—*it was the feast of the idol JUGGERNAUT.*

Amongst the groups assembled, there was one man whose fine and well-made features attracted attention. His dark skin contrasted with the white robe which was tastefully about him, and his loud and boisterous conduct rendered him remarkable. He sang, leapt, threw himself into strange contortions, though he had travelled many a weary mile to be present at the festival.

Juddo Tewarre had left a wife and a little ones far, far away. They had clung upon his neck, they had kissed his lips, they had begged him not to go,—the soft glance of his wife pleaded for his stay, but the man had determined. Juddo Tewarre must be present at the festival—*his duty demanded the sacrifice.*

The crowd increased, the music and the dancers were heard; the dancers were amongst the people, and still the crowd increased, and still the tall form was amongst them, firm, erect, amidst the surging crowd, like a rock in the sea.

Presently the music and the shouting of the people grew louder, and far away in the tower was seen, the throne of the idola-gernaut. It drew nearer, placed on a tower more than sixty feet high, resting on wheels, which indented the ground as they turned slowly under the power of the machine. Attached to the car were ropes, by which the people drew it. Thousands of men, women, and children

pulled the ropes. Even infants were made to exert their strength ; for it was accounted a religious act to pull the god along. Upon the tower were the priests of the idol, surrounding his throne ; and more than one hundred and twenty persons in the car. The idol was made of black wood, having a frightful visage, a huge mouth, painted blood-colour, the arms of gold, and the idol itself dressed in a beautiful robe. Five elephants came first, dressed with crimson hangings and silver bells. Juddo Tewarre now pressed forward ; the high priest, in his rich robes, was standing at the front of the car. A sudden motion from Juddo produced instant silence. The music ceased, the terrible clash of the gongs died away, the priests stopped their songs, the people their shouts, as Juddo stepped into the open space, and laid himself down in the road, his arms stretched forward, his face in the sand. Was there no thought of his little ones, no thought of his wife, no longing desire to look again upon the date-groves and the still water near his far-off home ? No ; he must die—he *had come to do it !*

The shouts broke out once more as, with a creaking sound, the heavy wheels of the car began to turn ; the music, the gongs, are at their loudest, the tower is near, the shouts louder, still louder—the terrible shriek cannot be heard, the jolting of the car is noticed—it passes on, and Juddo Tewarre lies upon the road crushed to death

in honour of the false god! The god is said to *smile* when the offering of blood is made. The people threw money on the body in approbation of the deed. He was left to view for some time, and then carried to a place called by the English the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are cast, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

“*The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.*” Heathenism is a system of misery and bloodshed. There is no idol god whose name is LOVE. Juddo Tewarre died for Juggernaut: Christ died for us. Children! is not this news worth telling, to send some good man to these people with God’s own book, to say these are not gods, these are but blocks of painted wood? “God is love.” HE seeks not to destroy men’s lives, but to save them, for Christ came into the world to save sinners. Help! children, help! “How can they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?”

DEATH-BED OF A BOY.

“I WENT the other day into a poor hovel, and there found a poor boy in a dark corner of the room, meekly laying upon some tattered rags; his years could scarcely number ten. Oh, what a subject to depict the power of faith and vital godliness! The softest beams of resignation shone richly cut from these bright lustrous eyes, while

the poor face was pinched and sallow, shrunk and drawn by pain. . . . Turning to his mother, I remarked that the child seemed to be suffering much pain. 'Yes,' she replied, 'but he bears it with all the patience of an angel. No word of complaint ever escapes his lips. The only time he cries is when I cry ; he weeps to see me weep. Then he entreats me fast to dry my tears, and tells me he will soon be gone "far, far away," where there will be no more sorrow, no more distress, no more pain ; where we shall all meet together, and never part again ; for Jesus will be there, and we shall be with him happy for ever.' 'And, dear mother, you are poor—you have parted with many things with the hope of making me better ; the doctor will not come now, because you cannot pay him. When I am gone it will lessen your care ; there will be more left for my brothers and sisters. You have been so good to me, pray do not weep, mother ; I am going to rest.' Speaking to the precious child, I said, 'Do you not suffer much pain?' 'Yes, teacher,' he replied, 'sometimes very much ; but it will soon be over.' 'Are you not afraid to die?' 'No, teacher ; Jesus has died for sinners, such as I am.' 'But have you not been naughty and wicked before you were ill?' 'Yes, teacher, very often ; but I have learnt at school that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin ;" and "if we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved."

I believe, teacher, that He died for me. To die, is to be with Him, happy for ever.' In this consecrated state of mind he continued for a few days, and then breathed his soul, in perfect peace and resignation, into the arms of the Lord of righteousness. Previous, however, to his death, he called his father and mother to the corner of the room where he was lying, and from his ragged couch he thus pleaded with them: 'Father, I shall soon die, but before I go I want you to make me a promise. Father, I have often seen you come home drunk. Oh, this is very wicked! God cannot love you if you get drunk. Father, I have often heard you swear. I have heard the teachers read from the Bible that God is angry with those that swear. Oh, do, dear father, leave off, or we shall never meet in heaven!' Turning with much affection to his mother, he said, 'Mother, you never go to school or to church on a Sunday. Do go to school; they will tell you all about Jesus. Do go! Will you not promise me to go?' Who could resist such pleading? Three months have nearly passed. The mother has been regularly to a place of worship. She says of her husband, 'He has never used a bad word since, nor tasted a drain of drink since his dear boy's death.' Where may the fruits of this child's plea, applied by the grace of God, end? Shall we not say, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord hath ordained praise?' "

Psalm.

SUNDAY EVENING.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," Rev. i. 10;

THE Sabbath-day has reached its close;
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows—
Smile on my evening hour!

Oh, heavenly Comforter! sweet Guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest—
Smile on my evening hour!

If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at my Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat—
Smile on my evening hour!

Let not the Gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain—
Smile on my evening hour!

Oh, ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye:
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh—
Smile on my evening hour!

My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now,
With every prayer and every vow—
Smile on my evening hour!

And, oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,—
Smile on my evening hour!

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 89. "Do that which is honest."
90. Who destroyed the brazen serpent that Moses made? |
| 2nd Week | { | 91. "He is faithful that promised."
92. Upon whom did God place a "mark," and why? |
| 3rd Week | { | 93. "Strengthen thou me."
94. Who was David's counsellor? and how did he help his master? |
| 4th Week | { | 95. "He giveth more grace."
96. Mention two instances, one in the Old, the other in the New Testament, in which envy led to murder. |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR LAST MONTH.

(79.) Rom. xii. 9. (80.) "We shall all stand before it:" Rom. xiv. 10. (81.) Is. lv. 6. (82.) Job. xiv. 1. (83.) 1 John iv. 8. (84.) The Patriarchat, Matt. x. 19. (85.) Matt. vi. 20. (86.) Our Lord: Matt. x. 20. (87.) Eph. v. 15. (88.) Our Lord: Rev. xi. 15.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEYS, 54, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C. CARUS WILSON, 22, Spencer-square, Ramsgate.

Bound volumes of the *CHILDREN'S FRIEND* and *FRIENDLY VISITOR* for last year, suitable for *School Prizes* and *Village Libraries*, to be had of the Publishers, through all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE HYÆNA.

ANY one who has ever seen a hyæna must have felt how dreadful it would be to meet such a fierce and cruel wild beast alone in some forest. And yet it once pleased God to make a hyæna the means of saving the life of a missionary. You shall hear how it happened.

N

Among the lonely mountains which look down upon the Hosses some tribes of wild people, who are on bloody wars with each other, and they are still heathen, and do not know the true God. They are called the Hosses. About twenty years ago a missionary was travelling among them whose name was Samuel Gobat. He is now in the holy city of Jerusalem; but he has been from place to place among the Hosses, and read to them from the New Testament, and preached to them of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was generally well received by the chiefs of these wild tribes, and they listened to him with attention, and talk with him about their sins. But while he was rejoicing at his success, a plot was formed against him.

One day a messenger came to him, a heathen chief, entreating him to visit him, as he wished to speak with him concerning the religion of Christ. He received such a message, Mr. Gobat went to the chief that he would visit him in a few days; but the missionary was for some days unable to go, and he sent a second messenger, with a still more earnest invitation. As Mr. Gobat was unable, he fixed a day on which he would go, and he was able to go. But on the day proposed by the principal chiefs from the Hosses, he came to him, which made it impossible for him to set out. On the following day, however, he resolved that nothing should prevent him from going.

from going, and he prepared for the day. But just as he left his house, a messenger was brought to him, saying that the day in which it had been arranged that he should go to Malta, was to sail on the very day at noon. What was he to do? While he was thinking about it, a third messenger arrived from the chief, most earnestly begging him to come to him. Mr. Gobat told the messenger that the ship by which he was obliged to go away would sail on the next day, and therefore it would be possible for him to visit the chief. The man assured him that, if he set out at once, he would be able to spend the night with the chief, and still to reach the ship in time.

So Mr. Gobat delayed no longer, but at once began the journey. The messenger and some other Druses accompanied him, and they took their way up the wild mountains and through the woods. About noon they reached a village, whose inhabitants received the mission-ary with much kindness and hospitality; he entered into conversation with them, which became so serious and earnest, that several hours had passed before he could think of proceeding on his journey. They had nearly set off again, when night came on, and it grew very dark. The Druses had previously likely passed by this way a hundred times, but now they lost themselves in the dark and lonely mountain paths. More than an hour they lost in wandering about;

but at last the moon rose, and the lead the party found out where they were. found a narrow path, of which the said, "If we take this path, we shall about midnight to the chief's village; passes by frightful precipices, and, i dark, this way can only be taken with danger." Mr. Gobat thought a m whether he would venture it, but his was burning with the desire to speak t chief, and he said, "We will go, in the of God." So they turned to the path. suddenly they saw, by the light of the i that a hyæna had laid itself down acro path, exactly in their way. The I took up some stones, and threw them to frighten it away. The hyæna sprar and ran straight along the path by the wanderers were to go. And no Druses were determined to have nothi do with that road, for there is a s amongst them, "The way a hyæna g an unlucky way." Mr. Gobat coul persuade them to go any farther, and n could be done but to pass the night village near the spot where they However, it was agreed among then they would rise very early in the mo so that at least one hour might yet be with the chief. So they all laid do sleep. But after their toilsome wande they all fell into so deep and sound a that it was quite late in the morning l any of them awoke; and with a sorr

heart, Mr. Gobat was obliged to hasten down the mountain to the coast, which he reached only just in time to take his passage in the ship. All through his voyage he reproached himself for having lost the opportunity of visiting the chief; and it seemed even strange to him that the hyæna should have been permitted to come in his way, when he was so near reaching his journey's end.

At length he came to the island of Malta. There he received a letter from a friend in Lebanon, saying that he had been visited by the chief, who, with much agitation, had spoken to him, as follows: "Your friend is truly a servant of God, and God has preserved him; for I wished to draw him to my village, in order to murder him. Therefore I sent message after message to him; but God has delivered him from the hand of his enemies."

Now, indeed, Mr. Gobat saw that it was the good hand of God which had been over him, and he praised the Preserver of his life, who had even caused a hyæna to be the guardian of His servant.

This was not the only adventure of Mr. Gobat with a hyæna. On one occasion, when he was travelling as a missionary in Abyssinia, his spirit was depressed and discouraged by seeing no fruit of his labours; his own work seemed useless; and he turned in thought to those who were working at home, and entered a cave, to pour out his

heart in prayer for them. He continued for a long time in communion with God, in behalf of absent brethren; but at length, his eye becoming accustomed to the darkness, he looked around, and saw at the farther end of the cave a hyæna and her whelps, with their eyes full upon him! The Lord gave him self-possession calmly to rise and leave the cave, and restrained the hyæna from seizing him; and this manifestation of His protecting love and care cheered his spirit, and enabled him to continue his work with renewed strength and courage.

DO YOU LOVE YOUR BIBLE?

MY dear young readers, a friend wishes to ask you a very simple question; it is this, *Do you love your Testament?* Have you ever thought of the value of the words of our blessed Saviour? I will tell you about a little girl who could answer these questions directly, and give a reason why she loved her Testament. Her name was Mary Ann, and while at school her orderly behaviour and attention to instruction gained her the esteem of all her teachers. As soon as she was able to read the Testament, she was anxious to have one of her own; and to accomplish this, she persuaded her mother to allow her to go without her allowance of butter, that she might have some money weekly to purchase the Testament. This

plan she steadily pursued till she had obtained the object of her desire. Some time after she left her favourite book, by mistake, on the form of the school-room; and when she returned to look for it, it was gone, and she could never find it afterwards. She was greatly distressed at her loss; but on the next Sabbath, she said, "Well, I have lost my Testament; but now I will go without sugar, and then I shall have twopences a week, and I will get a Bible." She kept her resolution, and began to pay for it in this way; but when the kind lady who collected the money heard of the circumstance, she would not allow Mary Ann to pay any more, but gave her the Bible. Oh, that all children were like quiet Mary Ann; and she was not only steady, but a pious child. Pray, my dear young readers, for grace to value the Bible, to trust in that Saviour whom it makes known as having died for sinners, to love your teachers, to honour your parents, to be meek and patient. Thus, through the Holy Spirit, you will be happy in life, happier still in death, and unspeakably blessed in a better world, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasure for evermore. "Search the Scriptures," John v. 39; "which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus," 2 Tim. iii. 15.



THE WORST OF IT.

“Do you want to buy any berries to-day?” said a poor little boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow, and he was very shabbily clothed; grey pantaloons; very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress. His feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of ripe and dewy raspberries, which were prettily peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

I told him I should like some; and taking the pail from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to my canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed engrossed with my pretty pets, and the berries seemed forgotten.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said I: "how do you know but what I may cheat you, and take more than the three quarts I have agreed upon?" The boy looked up archly at me, and smiled. "I'm not afraid," said he, "for you would *get the worst of it, ma'am.*"

"Get the worst of it!" I said; "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

What a lesson for us, dear children! This poor little boy, so tired and warm from picking berries all day in the sun, trudging miles with his heavy pail of fruit, felt if he had lost them all, he would not have been so badly off as the one who would cheat him! Little children, will you just think of this, when you are tempted in any way to defraud a playmate? Just think you get the worst of it, not the loser, by the fraud. How often do we hear persons express great pity when any one has had property stolen from him. But he does not get the worst of it. Though a man lose all he has, and

retains his integrity and honesty, he is rich compared with the man who has robbed him.

Yes, little children, if you disobey your parents—if you abuse your schoolmates—if you are guilty of lying or stealing, *you would get the worst of it*; far more than those whom you may deceive, or injure, or disobey. The suffering may be theirs, but the sin is yours; God marks the sin; and though the sinner may awhile go unpunished, still there is a great day of accounts when all these little sins will appear in fearful array against you. Just think of this little boy, when you are tempted to deceive. He seemed to have no fear of being cheated; he only felt it would be great injustice, and though he might be the loser, he would not exchange situations with one who might deceive him. I have often thought of this boy since, and when he comes with berries, I always buy them, and pay him well, knowing that he must be an honest faithful child.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—No. IX.

STEALING—HONESTY.

WELL, my little reader, so here you are again! I see you look at the top of the paper and say, "Why, it is all about *stealing* this time!" And so it is. Perhaps you also think, "If it is about stealing, it is not meant for *me*, for I do not steal." Just listen

to me, my child, and we will talk about the sad *weed of stealing*. Some little children would not dare to steal *big* things, and yet they often steal *little* things. I have seen a little child go to a cupboard, and pop its fingers into the sugar basin, pull out a pinch of sugar, and put it into its mouth. This little thief thought no one saw her. I knew another little boy who often popped his fingers into a pot of jam, and thought no one saw him. But God saw this little thief. I have often seen little children alone in a garden. There was one little girl walking there alone, and she was a *very little* child, but yet not too little to steal. She ran to a gooseberry bush, and popped a gooseberry in her mouth, and when she saw her mother looking at her, she was very unhappy. This child forgot that little verse which says, "Thou, God, seest me." I knew another little girl; she was only three years old; she thought she was alone, but her mother was behind her; she went along, and saw a cherry lying under a tree; she stopped, and looked, and picked up the cherry; she then put it in her little mouth, but before she had time to taste it, she spit it out in a great hurry. Her mother thought a wasp had stung her, for she cried so; she ran to her mother and said, "O, me a naughty girl, me going to eat that cherry." This was a little girl who was afraid of displeasing God; she was an honest child. Little reader, do you ever steal? Do you ever take what does not

and so did worse when he grew up to man. There was a man who did not taking other people's things; one day he told his little boy to come along with him through a corn-field; he gave him a bag to carry; they walked along, and the boy plucked some ears of corn, and told his father to hold the bag open while he put them in. The boy was only eight years old; the father looked very much frightened. The boy began to steal the corn, and fill his bag. He looked all around to see if any one was watching. He peeped through the rows of corn, but could see no one. The little boy called out, "Father, you forgot to look some other place." "O, where?" said the frightened father. "You forgot to look up to the sky to see if God saw you," said the boy. The father was so struck, that he left the boy and went home, and never stole any more.

Is any one reading this who is seeing wicked parents to steal sticks out of the fire, or anything which does not belong to them? Think of the little boy and the corn. It is better to disobey wicked parents than to disobey against God.

There was once a little honest boy who was only five years old. He went to the shop one day with his aunt; while she

he saw a sugar plum on the ground ;
 d like to have had it, so he went and
 l it, when he thought, "*God says,
 salt not steal.*" So he put it down,
 at and stood at the door till his aunt
 :bat he might not wish for it any
 This little boy, no doubt, grew up
 est man. Pray then that honesty
 rooted in your heart. *Child's Text,*
 God seest me."—EUNICE.

KHAN AND THE DERVISH.

upon a time a Tartar khan went out
 ; with a number of his followers.
 : way they were met by a dervish,*
 ed loudly, "Whoever gives me one
 l pence, to him will I give some
 it advice!" So the khan's curiosity
 aised, and he asked the dervish
 : his excellent advice consisted.

u shall hear, sire," said the dervish,
 I get my hundred pence."

upon the khan gave orders that the
 should be handed over to him ; and
 vish went his way, with these words,
 in a tone of warning, "Undertake
 ; without first counting the cost."

khan's followers laughed heartily
 e good advice of the dervish, and
 t it was purchased at a very dear
 But the khan thought otherwise.

ervish is a religious fanatic, who lives in
 countries, and pretends to be a holy, good
 ough he is only a poor, deluded creature.

"The dervish's advice," said he, "certainly only a piece of every-day wisdom, but, for the very reason that it is a simple thing, it is too seldom followed; perhaps this is why the dervish may be paid so dearly for the lesson. For the I will never forget it, and in order to



this impossible, I will have it inscribed on all the doors of my palace, on the wall of each apartment, and on every article of furniture."

Some time after this, a certain bey conceived a design to kill the khan, and take

sion of his throne. Accordingly he bribed the physician, the next time the khan wanted bleeding, to perform that operation with a poisoned lancet. The opportunity soon occurred. A silver basin was brought for the purpose ; but, as the physician read therein the words,—“Undertake nothing without first counting the cost,”—he faltered, and, with visible confusion, changed the poisoned lancet for another.

The khan observed this, and asked why he changed the lancet; and on being answered that it had a blunt edge, he desired to see it. The physician hesitating, the khan sprang up, and exclaimed, “I grant your life only on condition of a free confession. Your strange confusion reveals a secret which you are not yet ripe enough in sin to carry out.”

The physician fell on his knees before the khan, and discovered to him the design on his life, which the warning inscription had prevented him from putting into execution.

“Now,” said the khan, “have I paid too dearly for the dervish’s advice?”

The physician was pardoned, and the bey punished, as he well deserved to be. In the meantime, the khan ordered that inquiries should be made in all parts relative to the dervish. “A piece of advice,” said he, “which may save a king’s life cannot be too highly recompensed.”

LEARN WHILE YOU MAY.

A ROMISH priest, in Ireland, one day met a little boy coming across a field from the parish school, with a Bible in his hand.

"Do you go to that place?" said the priest, pointing to the Protestant school.

"Yes, your reverence," replied the boy.

"I thought so," said the priest, "by the book that you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's word," said the boy, "and it teaches us the way to love God, to be good, and to get to heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest.

The boy did so; and on entering his study, the priest took the poor boy's Bible, and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again," said the priest; "it is a bad book, and mind, I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The Bible was soon in flames, and the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more and more angry, and told him there was an end of it all now, the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the priest.

"I can't help it," said the boy.

"I insist upon your telling me why you laugh," said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence couldn't

burn those ten chapters I've got by heart."

Happy little boy!—he could say with good king David, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." And though that word may now be but as a grain of mustard-seed in his young heart, yet shall it not return unto the Lord void; it shall accomplish that unto which God hath sent it; and in spite of wicked men's designs, it shall spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

A LITTLE chimney-sweeper was once set to sweep a chimney in a large house. It was the chimney of a lady's dressing-room. The little boy went up the chimney, climbed to the top, scraping down the soot as he went; and when his job was done, came down again into the room. There was no one there when he came down, and he looked round the room before going down stairs. On the lady's table lay a gold watch, and the little boy went near to look at it. I think he took it into his hand, but I am not sure. But whether he did this or not, while he was looking at it, the thought came into his heart that he could steal it, and hide it in his soot-bag; and that when he got away, he could sell it for a great deal of money. But another thought came into his mind. He thought of those words, "Thou God seest me," and he burst into tears, and prayed aloud that God would forgive his

wicked thought, and keep him from being a thief. He then went down stairs. Ah, that was the turning point in that little life; for, though he did not know it, he had been seen and heard all the while. The lady was in the next room to the dressing room, and saw the boy look at the watch when he heard the words that he had prayed for. Had he taken the watch, the lady would likely have had him sent to prison as a thief. But as he did not take it, when he took it he could have done so unseen, and he had prayed to God for help in this trial, she felt kindly towards him, and she put him to a good trade, and he became a good man, and, what is better, grew up to be a man.

Now, I have only three short remarks to make about this story. The first is, that the little chimney-sweeper ought not to have gone to look at the watch. But so, he put himself into great danger of being a thief. The next thing is, that the turning points as this are not rare to us, only we do not often see them. The boy did not know, at the time, that it all depended upon how he bore that trial, whether he should be a wicked and lost man from that time, or an honest boy and a good man. The last remark is, that God suffers us to be tried, that we may see what is in our hearts, He is always ready to help us if we ask Him, as He was ready to help, this little boy. Will you pray for this?

Poetry.

FOR A CHILD IN SICKNESS.

LORD JESUS, I am very ill,
 In mercy look on me!
 Make me submissive to Thy will,
 Whatever it may be.

LET me not murmur or complain,
 But trust in Thee, O Lord;
 O give me grace to bear my pain
 Without a murmuring word.

What are my sufferings, dearest Lord,
 Compared with Thine for me?
 And shall I ever count it hard
 To suffer, Lord, for Thee?

DEAR JESUS, watch beside my bed,
 And sweetly smile on me
 O lay Thine hand beneath my head,
 And put Thine arm round me!

TEACH me Thy precious love to know,
 So great, so rich, so free;
 That love which caused Thy blood to flow
 For sinners such as me!

GIVE me Thy peace in life, in death,
 And make me wholly Thine;
 And may my last expiring breath
 Proclaim that Thou art mine.

IF Thou should'st raise me up again,
 Then make me live to Thee,
 And let my days which yet remain,
 Be spent in serving Thee.



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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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MONT BLANC.

“**WHAT** curious scene is this? “**Why,**”
say, “I never saw anything like *this*
before!” No, I dare say you never did,
less you have ever been up to the top of
Mont Blanc. And that is not very likely.
Mont Blanc is a very high mountain in

B

Switzerland. It is the highest in Europe. It is near fifteen thousand feet high; that is, almost three miles! Just fancy looking up at something three miles high. "Why!" you say, "Mont Blanc must be always in the clouds." Yes, and so it is very often. You don't often see its top; only on very fine clear, sunny days. And when you do see it, it is always covered with snow. It is always white. This is why it is called "*Blanc*;" because it is always white. And "*Mont*" means mountain.

Now all around Mont Blanc are a great many other mountains, also covered with snow. They are peaked and pointed, (as you see in the picture), and throw up their heads into the air, as if to say, "How proud we are of keeping company with the highest mountain in Europe."

Well, but what are those people doing there in the picture, sleeping on the ground? They are on their way up to the top of Mont Blanc. They have to sleep one night on the way, on the cold snow. So they take warm clothes with them; and sticks to make a good fire. They go up to see the sun rise in the morning. And oh! what a magnificent sight it is. It tints all the white mountains red and crimson, and all manner of beautiful colours. And you see such a long distance off; for miles and miles, all the country round.

But it is very difficult to climb up. They have to pass over ice and snow, and great

deep cracks in the ice, called "*crevasses*." Sometimes they have to jump over these deep chasms; sometimes they lay planks over them. But it is so dangerous; if they were to slip they would be dashed down hundreds of feet, and fall, and fall, and fall, and would never get up again. I once knew a man who went up to the top of *Mont Blanc*, and the white snow made his eyes so bad, he was nearly blind for many days after. Also, he could hardly breathe on the top; and he was so cold, he could hardly move his limbs. And so sleepy was he, that he was every now and then wishing to lie down and sleep. But his guides would not let him; for he would have slept, and slept, and never waked.

Now if people give themselves such trouble, and undergo such danger, in order to see the beautiful view from the top of *Mont Blanc*; what trouble should not we take, and what dangers we should be ready to go through, in order to reach *heaven*. What beautiful scenes will be there! Jesus Christ will be there on his white throne. Thousands of saints will be there, all clothed in white. There will be beautiful mansions, and streets of gold, and gates of pearl. And such beautiful music will be there. And every one will be so holy, and so happy. And all this will never come to an end. Oh! dear children, will you not try to go to *Heaven*? to such a beautiful place?

THE NEW YEAR.

A **HAPPY** and merry New Year to all my little readers! You may well begin it with the voice of praise and thanks to God; for indeed your mercies are great. It is not the least of them that you were born on British land, where streams of heavenly mercy flow, where you can read your Bibles and hear of Jesus, and pray to Him as you please, none making you afraid. I say this is a great mercy, and I want you to begin the new year with a full sense of it; for I am now in a land where they have not the mercies you enjoy: and oh! I could tell you much to make you very thankful for what God has done for you. Shall I tell you something? And if God will bless it, it may help to make you begin the new year with new desires to love and serve Him who has done so much for you.

In the first place, do you know when I first came into this country, Italy, they took away my Bible from me. I cannot tell you what I felt when I thought of my poor dear Bible gone to prison! I felt indeed sad to think how little I had prized it, and how little good use I had made of it; and I think it made me wish, if I got it again, to make a better use of it than I had done. Well, in a few days I had it once more, to be my guide, my comfort, and my all, in a far off land; and thankful I was, at all events, to feel that if my Bible went to

prison, they could not take away the Bible out of my memory and heart. Oh! what a blessed thing it is to have plenty of Scripture treasured up in the memory! I learnt many chapters by heart when I was a boy, and I have never forgot them. Dear readers, let me urge you all to do this. You do not know what use it may prove to you. Times may come when your Bibles may be taken from you! Oh, then to have the Bible within you!

And indeed I do think such times may be fast coming. I am sure there is every sign of them in France and Italy, and elsewhere; and I am also sure that if the Papists can get the upper hand, we shall soon have such times in happy England. They are trying hard for it, and are quite expecting it themselves. You have many of you heard, no doubt, of that good man and woman at Florence, who are now in gaol for four years for the great crime of reading the Bible. I saw Lord Roden lately, that good nobleman who went from England to Florence, to see if he could not get the Grand Duke to set them free. And he told me all about them. He saw them in prison,—such a sad place,—but they were happy, and full of peace and joy in Christ. They think it an honour to suffer for His sake, and only wish for his glory. Poor things! they will soon die and go to their blessed home, if they are not set at liberty. But the Grand Duke, so far from being sorry and relenting, is, I fear,

growing harder and harder. I have letters this week from Florence, and they say he has now made a law that all shall be put to death who do anything contrary to religion. And reading the Bible is considered such ! Well, my letter is dated Nov. 19th, and the night before a young banker's clerk was torn from his wife and little children in bed in the dead of the night by the police, and dragged off to prison ! And all this for reading his Bible, and nothing else. He had been very cautious. He had always sent his servant out of the house, when he wanted to read, lest she should tell the priests of him. It is feared that he will be put to death, for he is the first who has been caught since this new and severe law has come into force. Oh ! it is sad to think of.

But now, dear readers, begin this new year with thanks to God for all he has done for you ; with earnest desire to love and serve him better than you ever have done, and with daily prayer to God for these poor dear martyrs. He can restrain the wrath of man ; he will in his own good time ; and he can overrule all, as much for the good of His Church and the poor sufferers as for his own glory.

W.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

IN Germany, there are a great many Roman Catholics. It is a very pretty country, and many people go to see the high mountains,

and lovely scenery. A little while ago, some gentlemen were travelling, and seeing all that was to be seen. There was one thing which they wanted to see *very much*. What do you think that was? It was a Roman Catholic chapel, called "St. Peter's." Where do you think this chapel is built? At the top of one of these high mountains. Now, it is very difficult to climb up a mountain. There are often loose stones, and the sides are very steep, and some people turn dizzy as they go up. But these travellers thought they would not mind these difficulties, so they all set out together. Before they came to the mountain, they arrived at a little village, and presently (just outside the village), they came to a very curious little figure of the Virgin. It was put under a glass case, and dressed like a large doll, in very smart clothes. It looked just like a doll that children play with. Well, here stood this doll. The Roman Catholics had put it there for people to pray to. Sometimes some mischievous boys passed it, and if they had liked, they could have carried it off; for it was so small. But none of them dared to touch it, because they thought it would do them some harm.

Well, but how did the travellers get on? They came to the bottom of the mountain which they were to go up. The road up the hill wound round and round, to make it easier to climb. Every now and then they came to images, and crucifixes, and crosses.

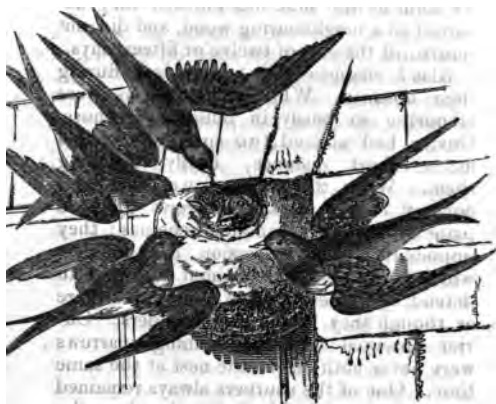
As they went on, whom do you think they met? An old woman, dressed in poor clothes, without any bonnet, only an old handkerchief tied round her head. Look at her in the picture. There she is, very weary, and stooping with age. She



finds it hard work. Poor creature! What was she doing there? She wanted to get to St. Peter's Chapel, for she thought, if she get there, it would be *one* good deed done, and it might help to take her to heaven. So on she walked, and as she passed the

travellers, she never looked up. She was very busy. She had a string of beads in her hand. Her fingers were on the beads, and she was counting her prayers. Her lips moved, she said a prayer and then moved a bead. (Look at the picture). Poor old woman! She was anxious to get to heaven, and did not know the *right* way. Some people who *do* know the way to heaven, will not take the pains about their souls that *this woman* did. Well, but our travellers went on. They often came to more figures of the Virgin Mary, and sometimes some pretty flowers were scattered at the feet of the figure, or beads were hung round her neck. They also met some little children, who were making some wreaths of flowers, to sell to the visitors, as they passed. What do you think the children did with the money they got for them? They gave it to the pictures of the Virgin Mary. At last they got to the top of the mountain. There they saw a little garden, a cottage, and St. Peter's Chapel. A great many Roman Catholics visit this chapel, and hope to merit heaven by suffering hardship as they go to it. They are called *Pilgrims*. Oh, that they knew about Jesus being the door to heaven! But their priests don't teach them, and will not allow them to read the Bible. You are not a *Roman Catholic*, my child. You are a little *Protestant*. Did you ever take as much trouble about your precious soul as this poor woman in the picture did?

EUNICE.



**THE SWALLOW'S NEST;
OR, THE PUNISHMENT OF DISHONESTY.**

THE celebrated Baron Cuvier, when a young man, was tutor in a nobleman's family. His own room overlooked the garden, and every morning at break of day, he opened his window to inhale the refreshing air. One morning he observed that two swallows had begun to build their nests in the very corner of his little window. The male bird brought the moistened clay in his beak, which the female kneaded, and with the addition of some chips of straw and hay, she built her little lodging with wonderful skill.

As soon as the nest was finished they departed to a neighbouring wood, and did not return till the end of twelve or fifteen days.

Alas! changes had taken place during their absence. While the swallows were labouring so busily in building a house, Cuvier had noticed two sparrows perched at a short distance, busily watching them. When the swallows went for their country excursion, the sparrows took no pains to conceal their odious schemes; they impudently took possession of the nest which was empty, and without an owner to defend it, and established themselves there as though they had been its builders. Cuvier observed that the cunning sparrows were never both out of the nest at the same time. One of the usurpers always remained as sentinel, with his head placed at the opening which served for a door, and with his large beak interdicted the entrance of any other bird except his companion.

The swallows returned in due time to their nest; and their surprise may be imagined, at finding the nest, on which they had bestowed so much care, occupied. The male, moved with indignation and anger, rushed upon the nest to chase away the usurpers, but he found himself met by the formidable beak of the sparrow, who at that moment guarded the stolen property. What could the slim beak of the swallow do against the powerful pincers of the sparrow, armed with a double and sharpened

point? Very soon the poor owner, dispossessed, and beaten back, retreated with his head covered with blood, and his neck nearly stripped of its feathers. He returned to the side of his wife, with whom he appeared for some minutes to hold counsel, after which they flew away into the air, and quickly disappeared.

The female sparrow came back soon after; the male recounted all that had passed, and both seemed highly delighted. Presently, the female went forth again, and collected in haste a much larger quantity of provisions than usual; and after having completed the supplies for a siege, two pointed beaks instead of one, defended the entrance to the nest.

Cries, however, began to fill the air, and an assemblage of swallows gathered together on a neighbouring roof. Cuvier distinctly recognized the dispossessed couple, who appeared to relate to each new-comer the robbery of the sparrow. In a little while, two hundred swallows had arrived at the scene of conflict. Whilst the little army was forming and deliberating, all at once a cry of distress came from an adjacent window. A young swallow, doubtless inexperienced, instead of taking part in the counsels of his brethren, was chasing some flies which were buzzing about a bunch of cast-away flowers before the window. The pupils of Cuvier had stretched a net there to catch sparrows, and one of the claws of the swal-

low was caught in it. At the cry which he made, a score of his brethren flew to the rescue; but all their efforts were in vain; the desperate struggles which the prisoner made to free himself from the fatal trap, only drew the ends tighter, and confined his foot more firmly. Suddenly, a detachment took wing, and, retiring about a hundred paces, returned rapidly, and, one by one, gave a peck at the snare, which, each time, owing to the determined manner of the attack, received a sharp twitch. Not one of the swallows missed its aim, so that after half-an-hour of this persevering and ingenious labour, the chafed string broke, and the captive rescued from the snare went joyously to mingle with his companions. Throughout this scene, the sparrows made not the slightest movement, but with their two large beaks steadily guarded the narrow entrance to the nest. The council of swallows, whilst a certain number of them were succouring their companions, had continued to deliberate gravely: as soon as all were united, they took flight, and Cuvier felt convinced they had given up the field, or rather the nest to the robbers, who had so fraudulently possessed themselves of it. Judge of his surprise, when in the course of a few seconds, he beheld a crowd of two or three hundred swallows arrive, and with the rapidity of thought throw themselves before the nest, discharge at it some mud which they had brought in their bills, and retire to

give place to another company, which repeated the same manœuvre. They fired at two or three inches from the nest, thus preventing the sparrows from giving them any blows with their beaks. The mud continued to thicken more and more on the nest, and although the sparrows made desperate efforts of self-defence, their enemies soon succeeded in perfectly closing up the nest. But they had not yet done. They continued to carry up moistened clay till they had built a *second* nest over the very opening of the besieged one; it was raised by a hundred beaks at once, and then occupied by the dispossessed swallows.

The dishonest sparrows paid for their theft with their lives. A sudden and a miserable end was theirs; teaching us—if we will be taught by this true and curious story about birds—that “honesty is always the best policy.”

JANE HALL, THE HONEST GIRL.

“Thou shalt not steal.”

JANE HALL was a very little girl when her father died. He was a poor man, but he was one who loved and feared God, and loved to read his Bible and to pray to God. When he was well, he used to work hard; and then Jane and her mother had good food to eat and clothes to wear; but one day he went out into the woods to cut down some trees, and the axe struck his leg and cut it to the bone. Some men took him

home, but his leg grew more and more sore, and at last it was cut off. Then he grew more sick every day; and when he was told that he could not live but a few days, he called his wife and little Jane to the side of his bed, and told them that he must die: "And then, who will take care of you when I am gone?" said he.

"God will take care of us," said Jane's mother.

"Yes, God will take care of you," said the poor man, "if you love and serve him; the will of the Lord be done." Soon after this, he bade them good-bye and died. Poor little Jane cried very much when she saw her dear father laid in the ground; but her mother told her that his soul was not there. His body was laid in the ground; but his soul had gone to be happy with God, and he would never be poor or sick, and never would suffer any more.

"Oh!" said little Jane, "I wish we could go there, too, for we shall always be poor, now father is gone."

"God will take care of us," said her mother, as she took little Jane's hand in hers, and led her from the grave.

Jane's mother found some work to do, but she had to work very hard to get money to buy food to eat, and clothes to wear, and wood to keep them warm—for it was very cold, and the snow was very deep, and the wind blew through the poor log-house in which Jane and her mother lived.

At last, one very cold day, when they had no food to eat, Jane's mother went to take home some work she had done for a lady. The snow was very deep, and Jane took a little spade, and tried to make a path from the door for her mother to get into the road. After she had gone, Jane found some chips and sticks, and tried to make a little fire to warm her mother when she came home.

When her mother came in, she said, "Jane, dear, I am very sick and very cold; help me to bed."

Jane did all that such a little girl could do for her mother, and then she said:

"Mother, you told me you would buy some bread and some tea with the money which the lady would pay you."

"She paid me no money, my poor child," said her mother; "the lady was not at home, and I had to leave my work."

"Oh dear! what shall we do?" cried little Jane.

"God will take care of us, my child," said her mother.

"Oh, mother! that is what you always say," said Jane; "but God does *not* take care of us. You are sick, and we are poor and cold, and I am so very, very hungry."

"Hush! Jane, hush!" said her mother; "you must not talk so. Has not God taken care of us so far? We still have a place to live in; and he has not yet left us to starve. Come here, my child, and kneel down by me, and we will pray to God to take care of

us, and to forgive you for the bad thoughts that are in your heart."

The tears ran down Jane's cheeks as she kneeled down by her mother, and then she got into bed, and they tried to keep each other warm. Soon little Jane cried herself to sleep; and forgot how cold and hungry she was till morning came.

When she awoke up, she found that her mother was much worse, and a poor woman who came in said all she wanted was some good food and warm tea, and she would soon be well. Then said little Jane, "Oh, mother! may I go to the lady who owes you the money, and ask her for it, and buy some bread and some tea?" Her mother said she might go, and told her how to find the lady's house. So little Jane put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to find the house of the lady. In about an hour she came back with some bread and some meat and some tea, and a little broth in a small tin vessel.

Her mother was lying with her eyes shut, and her face was so very pale that poor little Jane really thought she was dead. She ran up to the bed side, and said, "Open your eyes, dear mother! See! see! what nice things I have for you." But her mother did not move nor seem to hear her. Then little Jane put some of the broth on the fire, and as soon as it was warm, she took it to her mother, and put a little of the broth in her mouth. Soon her mother looked up,

and seemed to feel better. Then little Jane made some tea, which her mother drank, and then Jane showed her all the nice things she had brought.

"Then you got the money, did you, my child?" asked her mother, in a weak voice.

"No, mother, I got no money," said Jane.

"Then, where did you get all these things?" said her mother.

Little Jane had taken off her shoes, which were all wet and full of snow, and she said, "Now, mother, while I warm my clothes and hands, I will tell you all. The land was gone out of town, and the cross man who came to the door would not even let me in to get warm, but shut the door in my face. Then I cried, for I could not help it. I was so cold and hungry. As I came home, I had to pass the shop of a baker, and there, on a stand by the door, was a loaf of fresh bread, and I thought how good it would taste, I was so hungry. I then called to mind the words you had taught me from God's holy book, 'thou shalt not steal;' and I did not look at the loaf again, but came away."

"Thank God for that, my child," said her mother.

"By-and-by," said Jane, "a little while ago I went by me, who was taking a walk with her nurse. She had on fine clothes, and was eating a piece of nice cake; and then my thoughts came into my head, and I

‘God is good to that little girl, but he is not good to me. She has nice clothes to wear, and good things to eat, and I am cold and hungry, and my poor mother is so sick at home!’ Just then, a bright piece of money fell out of the little girl’s hand, and I saw it sink in the snow. The child did not stop to look for it, but I did; and I found it, and when I looked at the bright money, I thought this would buy good food for us, and some tea for my poor mother.”

“My child, my child!” said the sick woman, “you did not keep the money?”

“No, mother, I did not,” said little Jane.

“Thank God—thank God!” said her mother.

“When I picked up the bright money,” said Jane, “I saw the child and her nurse go into a fine large house and shut the door; and then I went up the steps of that house and pulled the bell. A man came to the door, and when it was open, I saw a sweet lady in the hall, and she had in her arms the little girl who had lost the money! Then I said to the man, ‘Here is a piece of money which the little girl lost in the street.’ The man took the money, and shut the door; but before I got off the steps, he came after me, and told me to come back; for the lady wanted to speak to me. So I went back, and the kind lady talked to me, and she took hold of my poor cold hands, and made me go into a warm room, and when she heard how sick my mother was,

and how poor we were, she sent for some food which she gave me to eat ; and then she gave me all these things, and said she would come and see us to-day."

"Jane, Jane! has not God taken care of us?" said the poor woman.

"Oh, yes, he has mother," said Jane. "It was very sinful in me to have such bad thoughts in my heart."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and in came the good, kind lady. She had brought such nice things for the poor woman, that she was soon well and strong again; and then she sent them a load of wood, and gave Jane's mother work to do; and when Jane was old enough, the lady took her to live in her house, to work for her; for she said she was glad to have one to work for her who would not take what was not her own.

So you see how God takes care of those who trust in him. If Jane had kept that money, it would soon have been spent, and she would never have found the kind lady, who took such good care of her and her mother. It would have made her poor mother's heart very sad; it would have made it more easy for her to sin again, and God would have been very angry with her.

My dear child, no matter how poor you may be, never forget that God says to you, "Thou shalt not steal; and never forget, that he will take care of those who put their trust in him."

THE ROARING LION.

“BE sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil as a *roaring lion* walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.”

Have any of my little readers ever been to a wild beast show? I dare say they have; and if so, no doubt they have seen a lion. Is he not a large animal? And does he not look very savage when the keeper goes to feed him? He [is kept in a strong cage, that he may not get loose; for if he were to do so, he would probably kill or hurt many people, because he is not only powerful, but he has sharp teeth and large claws, which he fixes into his prey. Every one takes great care not to get too near him, lest he might do them some harm. I dare say none of you, my dear little readers, would like to play with a roaring lion; you would rather walk many miles out of your way than go near his den, would you not? Perhaps you will all be rather astonished when I tell you that there is a roaring lion continually close to every one of *you*. I fancy I hear some little girl say, “Oh! dear, I am sure I never saw him.” Perhaps not; but although you have never seen him with your eyes, yet he is very near you, and very anxious to do you as much harm as possible. And who can this roaring lion be? He is *the Devil*. The Bible tells you he is “your adversary,” your enemy, “walking about seeking whom he may devour.” He wishes to have us

all in hell with him, in that dreadful place where our bodies will be suffering, and our souls in torment. He is much more to be feared than any lion you see at a wild beast show, because a lion can only hurt your body; Satan can hurt your body and soul; and if once he gets you into hell with him, you can never get out again. Now, my dear children, since the Bible tells you that the Devil is like a roaring lion, walking about, you must be very watchful and careful that he does you no harm. And what must you do to keep out of his way? Why, you must pray to God that He will give you His Holy Spirit to help you to resist him. The Devil will try to put naughty tempers into your hearts, and naughty thoughts into your minds; but if you pray to God, He will enable you to conquer your bad tempers, and He will put good thoughts into your minds, and make you holy, happy children. M.

Psalm.

WHEN, for some little insult given,
 My angry passions rise,
 I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
 And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
 Though all his words were kind;
 But nothing men could do or say
 Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
 Against the truths he taught,
 Excited one reviling word,
 Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
 With all his foes in view,
 "Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
 "They know not what they do."

Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee
 My temper to amend;
 But speak that pardoning word for me
 Whenever I offend.

LOOK ABOVE!

CHRISTIAN mourner, look above;
 Trust in God, for "God is love."
 See the rainbow round His throne,
 And His truth and mercy own.

Yes, He is a faithful God,
 Therefore does He send the rod,—
 Not in anger, but in love,
 To raise thy heart to joys above.

Christian mourner, dry thy tears;
 Behind the cloud the sun appears.
 Jesus shows His glorious face,
 Beaming with the richest grace.

Listen to His gracious voice,
 For it bids thee to rejoice.
 Jesus lives,—He pleads for thee;
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Soon thy trials will be o'er,
 And thy tears will fall no more,
 Wiped by God's own hand away,
 Changed thy night to endless day.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 1. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."
2. How was Jericho taken? and what was it that St. Paul says brought down its walls? |
| 2nd Week | { | 3. "Be ye also patient."
4. How many of the Israelites who left Egypt were allowed to enter the promised land? and what were their names? |
| 3rd Week | { | 5. "I die, but God shall be with you."
6. On what occasion did two bears kill forty-two people in one day? |
| 4th Week | { | 7. "Add to your faith virtue."
8. Why ought we to love God? |
| 5th Week | { | 9. "This is not your rest."
10. Who is called a "preacher of righteousness?" |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR LAST MONTH.

- (97.) 2 Tim. ii. 12. (98.) Jeroboam; 1 Kings, xiii. 4. (99.) Jonah ii. 9. (100.) Bethesda; John v. 2—4. (101.) John xiv. 15. (102.) Peter; Matt. xvii. 27. (103.) Psa. cxxxix. 7. (104.) Saul; 1 Sam. ix. 3. &c.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEYS, 54, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C. CARUS WILSON, Thanet-house, Ramsgate.

Bound volumes of the **CHILDREN'S FRIEND** and **FRIENDLY VISITOR** for last year, suitable for *School Prizes* and *Village Libraries*, to be had of the Publishers, through all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

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AN INFANT'S PERIL.

AN event which occurred near Briançon will give some notion of the perils of mountain life and field sports in these regions (the French and Italian Alps). A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken

up his summer quarters in a châlet,* and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps† which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age; the second was five years old, and dumb, and the youngest an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in the charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled some distance from the châlet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no trace of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant; the antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, whilst the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was some slight comfort to the poor mother, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children and had taken away the infant. But

* A small cabin or shed, for the summer.

† Alp, in its original acceptance, does not signify mountain height, but mountain herbage, fed off by flocks and herds.

the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey, and that the half-witted boy was delighted at the riddance of an object of which he was jealous. On the morning on which the accident happened, an Alpine hunter,

“Whose joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain-top,”

had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to the eyrie. After waiting with all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon a nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon the nest, and rather to kill the child than allow it to be torn in pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim the mountaineer fired his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the

eagle, and in a minute afterwards the gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally, and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of returning it to its mother's arms.

A LETTER

To the Young Readers of the "Children's Friend."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—There are some things I want to speak to you about in this my yearly letter to you.

What are your *thoughts*, dear children? You think of many things; of your lessons, your work, your play, but do you like to think of *God*, and what is written in the Bible for our instruction and benefit? Are thoughts of Jesus sweet and pleasant to you? Or do you indulge in thoughts of folly, vanity, and sin? Not a single thought passes through your mind but it is known to God: "O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me!" His eye looks down into the secrets of your soul; nothing passes there unobserved by Him. This should lead you to offer up the little prayer which is taught us in the two last verses of the 139th Psalm, and to add to it the peti-

tion of David in the 12th verse of the 19th Psalm: "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." Every unholy thought, every angry feeling, every covetous desire, every proud emotion swelling the heart; these are the things which defile us in God's sight, and which will bring down His curse at last, unless they are blotted out in the blood of the Lamb.

I will now say a little about your *words*; God *sees* your thoughts, He *hears* your words. "There is not a word in my tongue but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether!" Do not suppose that because He is so great and glorious, that therefore He is inattentive to what is uttered by a little child on earth. It is not so. Though He listens to the hallelujahs of ten thousand times ten thousand angels, His ear is always open to receive every word you say. How careful should you be lest you make Him angry by uttering sinful words. Beware of *lying*; "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord;" and, oh! how grieved and angry He is when children are heard telling lies. Take care that you do not speak in a rude disrespectful manner about those who are placed over you, and whom you ought to obey. Remember the little children who mocked Elisha, the prophet of the Lord, saying to him, "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." Those children forgot that God was listening to them; and what did He do? He sent two bears out of

the wood, and they tore forty and two children of them. When the day of judgment comes, men will have to give an account of of every idle word that they have spoken. Think of this, dear children, and set a watch upon your lips.

Now let me ask you about your *prayers*? I do not ask what prayers you *say*, but whether you *pray* your prayers; that is, whether your heart goes along with the words uttered by your lips. In prayer we speak to God, and it is a very solemn, important thing. But the mere repetition of words is not prayer. Prayer is the desire of the heart, made known to God. When we pray for anything, we must really wish to have it, or we shall only mock God; and what an awful thought is *that*! It is possible for the lips to be busy going over a daily form of words, and at the same time the heart to be full of other thoughts. This is not prayer; it will bring down no blessings from heaven. You must be earnest and attentive, dear children, if you would have God hear your prayers, and answer them for his dear Son's sake. What I have been saying applies to public prayer at church, as well as private prayer at home. Little children go to church to pray: God is waiting there to listen to their prayers. It is very sad when they are careless and inattentive, looking about the church, and minding anything but the service, in which they ought to engage in a quiet, earnest

manner. Children have much to encourage them when they pray to their Father in heaven; for that dear Saviour who is at God's right hand to present their prayers, is one who remembers them with pity and with kindness, and who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." When He was on earth He folded His arms around them, and blessed them, bending on them His looks of love. Beloved children, it is my heart's desire for you, that you may be kept from all evil in the fold of this gracious Saviour, and be led by His gentle hand to the bright world beyond the grave.

Ever your affectionate Friend,

J. H.

THE BURNT CHILD.

THE little girl about whom my young friends are now going to read, lived, nearly five years ago, in a pretty village in Somersetshire. She had a sister much younger than herself, of whom she was very fond; and she used to sit by her cradle and rock it whilst she was asleep; and sometimes she would read to amuse herself whilst she rocked baby's cradle. Well, one evening Mary thought she would go and look at her little sister; so she took her book with her, and also a candle, and went to the cradle. Now Mary was very thoughtless, and she forgot that if she held her head too near the candle, she would set her cap on fire. I hope none

of my little readers would be so forgetful, for if so, they might do themselves as much harm as Mary did. Well, Mary's book was very interesting, and she was reading it diligently, when presently she felt something warm and uncomfortable creeping over her head. She was very much frightened, as you may well suppose, and she put her hand to her head to feel what this could be. Soon she found that her cap was on fire; she tried to untie it, but in her haste she drew the string into a knot. Then she ran out of the nursery, and screamed "Fire, fire!"—and as soon as her friends heard her, they came running up to see what was the matter. But before the fire was put out, poor Mary was much burned—her head, her neck, and her hands, and she was in a great deal of pain. The doctor was sent for, and he came and dressed the wounds, and she was put to bed, and there she remained for several days.

"Oh!" thought Mary, as she was lying in bed, crying sometimes with pain, "what a dreadful thing a burn is! How I wish I had not been so silly as to put the candle so near my head. I think," said Mary to herself, "that I have read in the Bible that there is a lake that burns with fire and brimstone, and that all wicked children will have their portion in it. I dare say the fire there will burn much worse than the candle which burnt me; and if so, how dreadful the pain will be; I am sure I should never be able to bear it. Oh, I will pray to God to

me good, and not send me to that dreadful place!" Now, my dear little readers, perhaps some of you—indeed, no doubt some of you, are very much afraid of fire; because you know very well it will hurt you if it touches you. But have you ever thought, as poor Mary did, that there is a place which burns with everlasting fire, to which all wicked persons and children will be sent? Kind friends soon came and put out the fire which was hurting Mary; but our Lord tells us that the fire in this lake is *never* quenched, it is *never* put out. Do you remember what Dives, the rich man, said about this fire? He said it tormented him; and he prayed Abraham to send Lazarus with one drop of water to cool his tongue. Think, dear children, how dreadful this fire must be! It will be always burning you, and yet you will never be burnt up. Would it not make you miserable to think that you were going to such a dreadful place as hell? And yet do you know that every one of us would go to hell when we die, unless Christ had died to save us? Yes, He died to save us from going to hell, where everlasting fire burns, and to make us holy and good. Well, now what must we each do? Why, we must be very grateful and thankful to Jesus for having died to save us from going to this dreadful place. We must say to him, O Lord Jesus, make me indeed thy child! Make me to love Thee, and hate sin; and when I die, take me to heaven, to that happy

place where there is no sorrow, no crying,
no pain, to dwell with Thee for ever and
ever. M.

ENCOUNTER WITH AN AMERICAN "SOOS," OR PANTHER.

SMITH had nearly reached the place of encampment, when he came suddenly upon one of these ferocious animals. There was no chance for retreat, neither had he time for reflection on the best method of defence; the first impulse, in this truly fearful position, unfortunately, perhaps, was to spring into a tree close by; but he had scarcely ascended his length when the desperate creature, probably rendered more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clenched in the creature's teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, upon which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus, until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of the flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he



bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonizing operation, Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap. He succeeded thus in wounding him so badly, that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest. During the encounter, Smith had exerted his voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who, he hoped, might be within hail. He was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the dread-

ful encounter. The sight was truly appalling. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made his descent from the tree. Exhausted by loss of blood, and overcome by fright and exertion, he sunk upon the ground and immediately fainted; but the application of snow restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and, as soon as possible, removed him to the settlement, where medical aid was secured. After a long period of confinement, he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent. — *Springer's Forest Life and Forest Trees.*

THE YOUNG BRAHMIN WHO WANTED TO SEE GOD.

IF you could travel far away to the south-east, thousands of miles, straight as a bird can fly, you would come to the vast country of India. You would be very much pleased with the beautiful birds, and splendid flowers, and delicious fruits; the gold and gems, the

lofty palm-trees, and wide and gently-flowing rivers of that distant land. But, alas! there are millions of people in India who are heathen. They worship gods without number—ugly idols, made of wood and stone. These gods are said to have done all kinds of wicked things, and the people imitate their gods, and are as wicked. Yet many of them are unhappy about their sins; and they wash in the river Ganges, and fast, and make many prayers, and put themselves to much pain, to get rid of their sins. They never heard of Him who “was once offered to bear the sins of many,” and “who taketh away the sins of the world.”

I shall tell you about one of them, a Hindu boy, who wanted to see God, and to have his sins forgiven, and how, for many years, he tried, and tried in vain, to obtain mercy from his false god. Oh! if English children were but half as anxious to know the true and living Saviour, what a happy land this would be!

Little Shesh Achurjya was born at Punah, in the west of India, nearly forty years ago. He was a Brahmin boy; that is, he was of the highest caste or rank. When he was seven years old, his father sent him to a guru, or religious teacher, at Nagpur, who taught him to read and write, and to study the Hindu sacred books. These are full of false and foolish tales, and stories of the wicked things the gods have done; very bad books for the little boy to read, so different

from the true and beautiful stories in the Bible.

When this boy was fourteen years old, he wished very much to see God. The god he wanted to see was Vishnu, the chief god, or god of gods, among the Hindus. Was this a good wish? Yes, I think it was, if Vishnu had been the true God, as the young Brahmin thought he was. Moses wished to see God; and there were some Greeks who, when the Lord Jesus was upon earth, went all the way to Jerusalem, saying, "We would see Jesus." We cannot see Him now with the eyes of our body; but if we believe in Him we shall see Him now with the eyes of our mind, and shall see Him hereafter face to face.

The gura taught this boy a sort of prayer, and told him that if he repeated it 800,000 times Vishnu would appear to him. He repeated his prayer over and over every day with all his might, and in three months he had said it over, he was quite sure, 800,000 times. But Vishnu did not come. Then he began to say it over again. He only allowed himself three hours' sleep in the night, and slept on the bare ground. He only took a little food once a day, and, by the time he had gone through his long task, he had made himself ill. But, after all, Vishnu did not appear.

The poor boy was very much disappointed, but he was not willing to give up. He was going to begin his wearisome task over again,

when he was taken very ill, and obliged for some time to leave off. When he was about sixteen, his father went to live at Benares. 'This is the sacred city of India, and many thousands of Brahmins, or priests, live there. Here he met with another guru, who promised, if he would give him a large sum of money, to teach him the highest form of prayer which mortals could learn. He repeated the prayer in the guru's house with many ceremonies. For twelve days he sat up to his chest in water while he said it 165 times every day, which took seven hours, and he scarcely ate enough food to keep him alive. But still, after all, Vishnu did not appear.

His father heard about it, and took him away, and punished him severely for wasting so much money. The poor boy was so bent upon obtaining his heart's desire, that he went to a distant part of the country to repeat his prayer in peace; but his father found out where he was, and had him brought home again.

His father now persuaded him to marry. In a short time his wife died. He married again; and soon after, this second wife was drowned. Perhaps he thought this was a punishment for giving up his prayers: at any rate he would not marry again. He resolved to become a devotee, that is, to devote himself to the idol, and go on a pilgrimage to the idol's temples. He was now about twenty-one years old.

On foot, without attendant, many a weary step, and over many a scorching plain, he travelled. During six or seven years he journeyed through almost the whole length of India, from the Himalaya Mountains, in the north, to Cape Comorin in the south, visiting almost every place thought to be sacred by the Hindus, especially the temples of Vishnu.

In his first journey, which lasted many months, he went to the source of the Ganges, obtained some of the sacred water to present to an idol, and, at last, returned to Benares. But still Vishnu did not appear.

Then he set out on pilgrimage a second time, and travelled into Nepaul, the Punjab, Kashmir, and down the western coast. He stayed at Lahore two years, and spent his time in performing pujah for the Rajah Runjit Singh. "Performing pujah!" you say. "What is that?" Pujah means worship, and there are many kinds among the Hindus. A Brahmin sometimes performs pujah before the image of a deadly snake, the cobra di capello, one of which killed the poor man in the Regent's-park gardens a short time ago. Not only do the Hindus worship the image, but the snake itself, alive or dead. A gentleman once killed one of them, and hung it over his fence. Some time after, one of his native servants saw it there, and actually began to worship it. So dark and foolish are they!

you would like to know why the cobra di capello by the Port and the words mean, a covering head. The reason is this. When it is angry, it arches its neck, and out over its head something like a hood. Sometimes it is called the hooded snake, and is also named the spectacle snake, because the back of the hood is a mark like a pair of spectacles.

are forgetting Shesh. The pujah Singh was rather different from the others. He consisted in making up a thousand clay figures every day, in the shape of a snake, and dedicating them to the god Siva, and worshipping—worshipping every day a thousand figures made with his own hands! How

sitting more places than I can tell. He went round the southern point of the island, and then went up the eastern coast, till he reached Madras. At Kantchi, a little further, he went to a guru, who taught him the name, or prayer, of the god Siva, which is Vá-Já. He repeated this many times, nearly eighteen long months, fasted, and watching by night. After that he went to Memang, to bathe in the river; for the Hindu shasters said that if a man washed the sins of twelve years in the river, then he went to Tripoti, and drank of what was said to be one of the three rivers, to wash the sins of two

years away. He performed pujah at many other temples, and returned to Benares. But still Vishnu did not appear.

Poor Achurjya! he was now twenty-eight years of age, and half his life had been spent in wearisome and useless pilgrimages, in fastings, and prayers to a god who could not hear, who could not save. He was still unhappy and dissatisfied. His sins pressed heavily upon him, and he could find no peace. He set out on pilgrimage a third time, and it was a happy thing for him that he did do so. As he was on his way from Juggernaut to Calcutta, he fell in with another traveller who was going the same road. They travelled together for five days, and Achurjya told him what he had been doing, and what it was he wanted. This man was a native Christian, and he told Achurjya, with great earnestness, that all his pilgrimages, pujahs, offerings, and prayers, would be of no use. He made known to him the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom God had sent to be the Saviour of men, and who had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." He told him much of what Jesus did and said, His wonderful works, and His pure and holy life. When he told how Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead, Achurjya thought that He must indeed be Divine.

Were not these two fellow-travellers like the disciples going to Emmaus, and was not Jesus Himself near to them while the

of Him by the way? The heart of Achurjya did indeed burn within him when he heard these new and joyful tidings. He found that there was a Christian church at Burdwan, about sixty miles from Calcutta, and he sought out our Missionary there, the Rev. J. G. Lincké. A New Testament was given him, and he took it to his lodgings, and read it much. Then he began really to see Jesus. His heathen fellow-travellers were very angry with him, and wanted to hurry him away from Burdwan, lest he should become a Christian; but while they were busy he slipped off, without being seen, and in the evening went to the Mission-house.

Shesh Achurjya went no more on pilgrimages. He had found what he wanted. He renounced his false gods. He had tried to see Vishnu, but Vishnu had not appeared. Now his heart and mind saw Jesus. He remained under the teaching of the Missionary, and on the 6th of August 1843 he was baptised at Burdwan, and then received the name of Timothy. His great delight now is to tell his fellow-countrymen that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He prays to be among "the pure in heart," knowing that "they shall see God;" and he looks forward to the time when, perfectly like his Saviour, he shall see Him as He is, in all His glory.

Let our readers inquire whether they have any such desires as this Brahmin youth.

- ‘ Each one is, like him, undoubtedly a sinner, guilty before God, and can only obtain peace within by “looking unto Jesus.”—*Missionary Juvenile Instructor*.
-



**WHERE THERE 'S A WILL, THERE 'S
A WAY,**

IS AN OLD AND VERY TRUE SAYING.

As I was walking along the street one day, I was much amused by the novel way employed by a lad, of obtaining a draught of water to quench his thirst. He took off his cap, and having made a dent in the top, so as to hold the water, he ran after a water-

ing cart, and, stooping down, put his cap underneath it, and having filled the top, put it to his mouth and drank it off, apparently enjoying it as much, or perhaps more, than a glass of the rarest wine.

Oh! that we were as anxious to *come to Jesus*, and drink of the *water of life*, as this poor boy was to drink of the water from that watering-cart; then the Sunday-school teacher would not so often hear the excuse, "I have not had *time* to learn anything!" Surely we all might find time to learn at least *one verse* out of the Bible *every day*. A boy, while waiting at the door of a house for orders, was observed intently studying something at the back of his book, it proved to be a *leaf of the Bible*; he probably had no other time for learning God's Word; but you see that "Where there's a will, there's a way." I heard, not very long since, of a blind girl, who, when she left the Blind Asylum, was presented with a copy of the Psalms in raised letters; but she begged to be permitted to have a New Testament instead, saying that she knew the *whole* of the *Psalms*. Will not, then, every one of my dear young readers try and learn at least *one verse every day*; and as you learn it, remember always to ask God to give you his Holy Spirit for Christ's sake, to teach you? for without the teaching of the Holy Spirit, the wisest man in the world can never rightly understand God's Word. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

HOW WE MAY BE USEFUL.

A little boy went into the Religious Tract Depository at R—— to get some tracts to give away; in his walk he saw a *very rough-looking* man. He hardly knew whether to give him a tract or not; but at last he went up to him and offered him one; the title of it was "Do you ever pray?" The man took the tract, and the little boy continued his walk; but as he returned, he saw the same man with *tears* in his eyes, who said to him, "Are you the little boy who gave me a tract?" And then he went on to say, that that tract had, by God's blessing, been the means of showing him what he really was; it had shown him that he had not only neglected his own soul, but that he had neglected his family; it had shown him that he had never *really prayed*; but he said that he hoped, by God's grace, from that time to lead a new life.

How happy the little boy must have been to find God had so blessed the tract to that poor man, and how encouraged to try and do everything he could to bring poor sinners to Jesus!

What are you doing, my dear you readers, for the salvation of those around you, who know not the Lord, and for poor heathen? If you can do nothing at least you can pray that Jesus would them and save their souls.

Do you ever pray?

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

WHETHER I am at *home*, at *school*,
Or walking out *abroad*,
I never should forget this *Rule*
Of Jesus Christ, the *Lord* :

“ To do to others as I would
That they should do to me;”
For this will make me kind and good,
As children taught to be.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 11. “Let the fear of the Lord be upon
you.” |
| | | 12. Who was three days and three nights
under water without being drowned? |
| 2nd Week | { | 13. “The hand of our God was upon
us.” |
| | | 14. Who were put into a great fire, and
never were burnt? |
| 3rd Week | { | 15. “Who teacheth like Him?” |
| | | 16. What two holy men asked God to
spare their lives, when they were
in danger of dying? |
| 4th Week | { | 17. “There is hope in thine end.” |
| | | 18. Who slept during a sermon, fell
down, and was taken up dead? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR LAST MONTH.

(1.) Col. iii. 23. (2.) Josh. vi.; Heb. xi. 30; By Faith. (3.) James v. 8. (4.) Caleb and Joshua: Numb. xxxii. 11, 12. (5.) Gen. xlviii. 21. (6.) When the children mocked the prophet: 2 Kings ii. 24. (7.) 2 Pet. i. 5. (8.) Because He first loved us: 1 John iv. 19. (9.) Micah ii. 10. (10.) 2 Pet. ii. 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Bound volumes of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND and FRIENDLY VISITOR for last year, suitable for *School Prizes* and *Village Libraries*, to be had of the Publishers, through all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR;

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Devoted to Religious Instruction, Edification, and
Intelligence.

BY THE REV. C. CARUS WILSON.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 351.

MARCH, 1853.

Vol. 30.



THE SILVER DOLLAR;

OR, HOW GOD PROVIDES.

It was a season of great scarcity on the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman, who lived in a hut by the woods, had no bread for her little family. She was sick, without either friends or money. There was no helper but God, and she betook her-

D .

self to prayer. She prayed long—she prayed in earnest, for she believed that He who fed the young ravens would feed her. On rising from her knees, one morning, her little bare-footed girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar! She ran and took it to her mother. It really *was* a new, round, bright silver dollar! They looked up and down the road: not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps or wagon-wheels were to be heard. Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from His hand; but *how* did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did He throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has ways and means for answering prayer without sending *special* messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence, without in the least disturbing its regularity, and help comes. Sometimes we do not *see exactly how*, as this poor woman did not: then it seems to come more directly from Him; while, in fact, *our all being taken care of* ever since we were born, comes just as directly from Him, only He employs so many people to do it—fathers, mothers, servants, shopkeepers—that we are apt to lose sight of Him, and fix our eye only on them. But how *did* the silver dollar get on the door-sill? some boy may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going

down to the seaboard in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage-coach; so, instead of going in the wagon which carried his chest, he said he would walk. "Come, ride," they said; "it will be hot and dusty." He kept answering, "No," to all his friends urged; "I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines;" and off he started, with a stout walking-stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of the wood, he heard a voice from a little lonely hut by the roadside. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it on tiptoe; then he stopped and listened, and found it was the voice of prayer, and he gathered from the prayer that she who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless. "What can I do to help this poor woman?" thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He clapped his hand into his pocket, and drew out a dollar—the first silver dollar he ever had,—and a dollar was a big sum for him to give, for he was not as rich then as he is now. But no matter, he felt that the poor woman *must* have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was open, he concluded to lay it on the sill, and go away, but not far; for he hid behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and seize the prize,—when he went on his way, rejoicing. The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for *this very purpose*; for you see a paper

dollar might have blown away. And he was led to *walk* instead of ride,—*Why?* he did not exactly know; but God, who directed his steps, *did* know. So God plans, and we are the instruments to carry on his plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business when we are about His,—answering, it may be, the prayers of His people. The young blacksmith is now in middle life. He has been greatly prospered, and given away his hundreds since then; but perhaps he never enjoyed giving more than when he gave his first silver dollar.

RAGGED-SCHOOL FRUITS.

I.

A little boy, in consequence of his father's being out of employ, was taken into the Ragged School at Birmingham, a few weeks ago, where, from the account I received of his parents, he obtained much spiritual good. He was taken ill, and then would frequently, as well as he was able, sing his little favourite hymns that he had learnt at school. Upon one occasion, a few days before his death, he saw his mother in tears. He said, "Oh, mother, I thought you loved me!" She replied, "I *do* love you, my dear child." He said, "Do you?—then why do you cry, as if you wished me to stay in this wicked, naughty world with you? I want to go to that happy land we used to sing about at school;—I want to go to Jesus Christ. So don't cry, mother, and I will tell you

something that I was told at school. If you and father are good, you'll come too; and then we shall be happy, shan't we?" He spoke to his father in a similar manner, and warned his little brothers and sisters against telling stories, or else they would never go to God. His last dying words were to this effect: "I'm going to Jesus! I'm going home! I'm going to that happy land!"

II.

As I was going to my work to-day, I met a poor man, who began to tell me the loss he had sustained in the death of one of his children, a boy about seven years of age, who came to the Ragged School. He began to give me a very interesting account of him. He said that all he had learnt at school he used to go home and tell it to them, and he was never easy but when he was there. He was only once at the catechising in Church, and then he told them the subject. The next time he was very ill, but he wanted to be let go. He was very fond of the hymns that the schoolmaster taught the children, and during his illness, which was very short, he used them. His parents said that he was quite sensible of death, and he perfectly knew he was going to leave them, but it did not distress him.

For some months past a poor girl had been suffering under consumption; but no very serious symptoms appeared till about a month ago, when the mother sent

for me. I found her very ill. Her mother informed me that the doctor had given up all hopes of her getting better, even for a short time. I asked her whether she had any desire to live, and I found that to her the world was vanity; that she was looking forward to eternity without fear; death had no terrors for her. The secret of it all was, she loved her Saviour, and was resting on Him for salvation, and hoped soon to be with Him. She died with a smile upon her face, and her lips moving in prayer. At twelve years old she was admitted into the Ragged School, where she made great progress, and gained the esteem of all who knew her. She was serious, yet cheerful. As long as she was able, took great delight in going to the Sunday-school. She died, —, aged fourteen years. And although the widowed mother sorrows for her child, it is not as those who have no hope.—*From a little Tract with the above title.*

THE PASCHAL LAMB.

WHEN none of the dreadful plagues with which God visited the land of Egypt had moved the cruel heart of King Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go, the Lord said that he would bring yet one more plague upon him and upon his people; and that plague should be the death of all the firstborn in Egypt. But in the midst of this destructive slaughter, He provided a way for the

escape of His own people Israel. They were to take the blood of lambs and strike it on the two side-posts, and on the upper door-post of their houses, in order that when the Lord passed through the land of Egypt by night to smite the first-born, He might *pass over* the houses upon which he saw that blood. The passover lambs were types of Christ. Types are figures or representations of things coming after, which are by them presented to the mind. The antitype is the thing prefigured by the type. Christ was the antitype of the paschal lambs which were slain for the salvation of Israel. He is called by St. John, the "Lamb of God,"—the lamb of God's own providing. There are several points of resemblance between the type and antitype. The paschal lamb was to be without blemish: God would accept of nothing maimed or imperfect in any way. And what does St. Peter say of Christ? He calls him a Lamb, without blemish and without spot, 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter, 19th verse. "He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." He was a spotless, holy, perfect Lamb. Not only were the children of Israel to be careful that their lamb was without blemish, it was also to be a male of the first year,—a lamb in its prime. Here again the antitype answers to the type; for Jesus Christ was in the prime of his manhood, thirty-three years of age, when he died upon the cross. None of his bones were



of the passover, com-
break any bones thereof
lamb was poured forth
that blood deliverance
Israel,—deliverance of
death. The same way of
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world. All men are sinn
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of blood is no remission
from the many sacrifice
their altars ; this we
offering for sin which

orn. Who are those who will be accepted by Him, and crowned with glory, honour and eternal life? Every one whose soul is cleansed by the blood of the Lamb. Bless the God, who has given the Saviour to us, that by His precious blood-shedding we may be restored to His favour; and after enjoying His blessing in this world, be admitted to His presence, there to give praise and glory to Him who was slain, and has redeemed us unto God by His blood! J. H.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE SERPENT.

THE fishermen of India are like no other of the people. They have superstitions entirely of their own; and, while they have often the name of God on their tongues, their hearts are far from Him. They speak of His protection, while they trust to lying vanities.

A missionary tells us, that he lately met a fisherman travelling to Callicut to see the doctor, as he had slept on the sand, and something had bit his foot. He thought, he said, it was a rat; but when the wound was examined, he was told that it was the bite of a serpent. "Oh, no," he replied, "I am sure it was not a serpent; for, in the next place, my family, through the blessing of the old serpent, have the privilege that other people have not, that no serpent will bite them; and, in the next place, if any of them should be bitten, the wound would imme-

diately heal.”—“What mean you, fisherman,” I asked, “about the blessing of an old serpent? Can a reptile give a blessing? Does not every blessing come from God, the Father of mercies?” The man answered, “It is quite right what you say; but I am convinced in *my* case, that no serpent will injure me.” Hereupon he told the follow-



ing story:—“My great-grandfather, a very great fisherman of Coilandy, was once going to Annatsherry to visit an old friend of his, when he saw a spectacle snake (the dreadful *cobra capella*) under a tree, writhing about in very great pain. After he had learnt from the snake the cause of her misery, he put some balsam to her wounds, and went on his way. When, on returning

from his visit, he reached the tree again, behold the old snake crept out of her hole, and with many bends of her body, thanked my great-grandfather for his kindness, gave him her blessing, and also promised, that no bite of any serpent should ever harm him or any of his posterity. Filled with joy at having obtained so great a benefit, he invited the old serpent to a feast in his house; and she came very willingly, bringing with her a thousand of her companions, who were all well fed with eggs and milk. The blessing was then repeated; and it has been held good to the present day." I told the fisherman, that it was the greatest folly in the world to believe such a silly story as this; for that there was only One who could heal the bite of the old serpent, and that was Jesus, the sinner's friend. He was the destroyer of that old serpent the devil, who had bitten all the human race. None but he could take away the poison of sin, either from soul or body; and this He did by His own death on the cross. Whosoever looked to Him by faith, would be healed from the wounds of sin, and have the blessing of eternal life in the world to come. Alas! I was speaking to the wind; for the poor deceived fisherman made the following reply:—"It may be all very right what you say. With another world, however, I am not acquainted; and I am contented enough to have the blessing of the old serpent in this life!" He then went on his journey.

THE STRONG TOWER.

WALTER FARLEY always read to his mother every morning in the Bible, before he went to school. His teacher was in the habit of reading it also at the beginning of study hours; but his mother never thought that a sufficient reason why he should omit it at home.

On the morning of the day about which I am going to tell you, Walter had read the 18th chapter of Proverbs, and this verse he had taken for his guide through the day, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower." He meant to think of this through the day; and whenever he was tempted or tried, he felt that thoughts of God would aid him. It used to make him feel better, he said, just to say, "Our Father," even if he had said nothing more. On this morning, as he was going to school, he passed a neighbour's orchard, where the peaches hung very low down, over the wall, into the road. The gentleman who owned them was very kind, he knew, and would willingly have given him as many as he could eat; but he was absent then from home, and Walter could not ask him.

His inclination said to him, "Take a few, and run on;" but conscience said, "They are not yours." Then he recollected that Mr. Slater, the owner, would not return for a week or two, and that then these ripe peaches would all be decayed; but still it did not

seem right to him to take anything which belonged to another without permission. He could not but think it was stealing. At this moment his verse came to his mind, and he tried to think of some other that had the *name of the Lord*; and this occurred to him, "Thou God seest me." He went straight on, without turning to the right hand or to the left, and felt happy. An hour or two afterwards, when the roll of his Latin class was called, George Banks did not answer to his name.

"Does any boy know why George Banks is not here?" said the teacher.

There was a silence of a few moments, when one boy timidly answered, "He is hurt, sir."

"How so? When did it happen?"

"When he was coming to school, he got over into Mr. Slater's orchard, and, in jumping down from the wall, sprung a trap, which hurt his foot very badly."

"Ha!" said his master, "George was going to steal peaches, then?"

Walter Farley said nothing; but he thought what would have been the difference between his taking what hung over the wall, and George's going inside for some of another kind he liked better. Indeed there was no difference.

When Walter was returning home at noon, he had to pass over a wide common, which was bordered on each side by a high, close hedge, but was open at the top and

bottom. When he was half way across it, he spied a mad bull rushing along the road. He was not far from one of the hedges, but he did not dare to run, for fear it might excite the animal to pursue him. But this was needless, for the creature soon saw him, and made towards him with all speed.

Walter thought himself lost. He almost felt the goading of the horns in his tender flesh. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower," flashed upon his memory;—and what follows? "The righteous runneth into it, and is safe." "What can save me?" exclaimed the boy; "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me."

It was not a miracle that saved him; but, because he looked to God to defend him, God rewarded him, in making him keen to discern an avenue by which he might escape. Just as he reached the hedge, by going sideways up to it, he saw, low down by the ground, a hole, which some boys, probably for mischief, had cut away, just large enough for him to thrust himself through head-foremost. He threw himself down, and had just pushed his body through the opening, when the infuriated animal reached the gap. Disappointed of his prey, he tore the ground, and bellowed with rage. Walter never forgot this deliverance from great danger. It was one of many things which combined to make him a Christian.

Not long after this, as Walter was reproofing one of his schoolfellows for something

which he thought contrary to the word of God, his companion became angry for what he called "his interference," and threw a piece of broken slate at him. The sharp corner struck Walter's eye, so as to cause suppuration, which entirely destroyed his sight in that eye. The other became diseased from sympathy, and, after much suffering, Walter was wholly blind! That open, honest look, which had given his mother so much comfort, was to meet hers no more! That noble, manly boy, who had studied every evening by her side, was to bend over his books no more!

The affliction was almost too much for them to bear; but ever and anon the thought of "the strong tower" would come to support him.

"Yes," he would exclaim, "the Lord is my light; and shall I complain of outward darkness while He reigns in my soul?"

His schoolmate who had inflicted this sad calamity came constantly to do something for his comfort. He would read to him for hours together, and tell him of the employments of his old companions, and tried in every way to amuse him. The blind youth felt grateful to him, and forgave him. But the confinement, and want of active exercise, soon sensibly affected his health. In the long mild spring days, he would sit in the porch, feel the warm sun, hear the birds sing, and talk with his loved and loving mother. Her voice cheered his shadowed way, and was like sweet music to his soul.

Often the minister would come to see and speak with him, after he became too weak to go out; and then, oh, then, how deeply he felt the power of *the name of the Lord*, the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom alone he could be saved! This was the "strong tower" to which he had fled, and he was safe. When he thought of the broad, bright light of heaven, in which he should see the unveiled Redeemer as He is, he was no more sad, but only longed to be released.

It was not late in coming. The summer heat still more diminished his strength, and through the warm days he would lie on his bed, and ask his mother to sing his favourite hymns, in her low, gentle voice. One day she had been singing "The Star of Zion" to him, and when she finished he did not speak for some time,

"Mother!" he exclaimed at length, "it seems as if I heard them!—the angels seem to have been singing to me, and will soon come for my soul. And what a beautiful hymn you sang! I heard that too; and I thought of all that the Lord Jesus is to me—my star, my light, my salvation, my strong tower!"

"O! blest with faith's unchanging gaze,
That Star alone to see,
And so, through this life's varied maze,
Press forward stedfastly;
Until upon the strengthen'd sight
Bursts forth, in heaven, the Lamb,—the Light!"

That day Walter Farley's gentle spirit, renewed and sanctified, passed into the heavens, to be for ever happy with the Lord.



A BOY OF COURAGE.

heard with deep interest, a few days
 ince, the following touching account of the
 trong faith and noble Christian courage of
 little boy in Ireland, a convert from Popery.
 The father of this little boy, a very bigoted
 nd cruel man, was exceedingly angry at his
 on's leaving holy mother church, as the
 loman Catholics call their church, and turn-
 ing Protestant. In a great rage, he com-
 manded him to kneel down and worship the
 Virgin, but the little boy refused; and re-
 spectfully, but firmly replied, "Thou shalt
 orship the Lord thy God, and Him *only*
 halt thou serve." The enraged father, un-
 ble to incline him to worship the Virgin,
 eat him in the most cruel and unmerciful

manner; but the child's faith remained shaken, and meekly suffering the pain caused by the blows inflicted by his cruel father cried out, "Father, you may cut me thro but I will *never* worship the Virgin!"

Remember, dear children, that Jesus said, "Whosoever shall *confess* me before him will I also confess before the angels of God; but whoso *denieth* me before him shall be denied before the angels of God."

LITTLE CATHERINE.

(A TRUE STORY.)

LITTLE Catherine had a very good father and mother. They loved her body dearly, but they loved her soul still more dearly. They used often to pray for their dear child, that God would make her his own lamb. Catherine had brothers and sisters, and they often played happily together. Their mother often read to them and talked to them about their Saviour and their own naughty hearts. But dear Catherine seemed to make her parents anxious. Why did she? Because she was a delicate child, and they thought, "perhaps our darling may soon die, and oh! she is not ready to die. She has still got a naughty heart." So they prayed for her child, and talked to her about her soul. Still little Catherine's heart remained lonely. She did not feel sin to be a burden, nor was she unhappy about her soul. She loved

reading Bible stories, and good and interesting little books, but she only did so to amuse herself. She liked learning hymns, and often learned them of her own accord. Well, and how old was little Catherine now? She was just *five* years old. One Sunday evening her little sister asked some one to tell her what it meant "*to be born again.*" Little Catherine called out, "*it means to get a new heart from God.*"

Her mother, who was in the room, called Catherine, and said, "Ah! my child, I fear you do not know what a new heart is; I fear you are not ready to die." This made Catherine very unhappy. It was soon her bedtime, and she kept thinking of what her mother had said; and when she was in bed, she said to her nurse, "I am thinking so of that verse, 'the soul that sinneth, shall die.'" From this time Catherine became a changed child. She began to hate naughty ways and tempers; she grew gentle and obedient. And how did her little body get on? Ah! that grew sick, and pale, and thin; but her parents were so pleased to see their child getting ready for heaven, that it helped to comfort them. Little Catherine now loved prayer and reading God's book, because it told her the way to heaven. There was one thing she now gave up doing; that was, *playing on Sunday*. O, that would give her pain, for she knew it was God's day. So she kept Sunday holy, and was gentle and quiet on that day. She sometimes prayed to God to make her well if it was His

will, and if not, to prepare her for heaven. Whenever she had anything given her to eat, she thanked God for it first. She could not bear being called a *good* child, for she felt herself a great sinner. She often took her naughty heart in prayer to Jesus. She was once asked, "Why she was not afraid to die?" She answered, "Because I have a good Saviour. She loved this little hymn,

"He takes young children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven"

One day, while her nurse read her this hymn, she began to cry. She said, "Do fetch papa." Papa went and talked to her, and prayed. She said, she was so sorry for her sins; and that she did love Jesus. Once she sent for her sister; she put her arms round her neck, and said, "Love your Saviour, I am happy." She then sent for her little sister, and put her arms round her, and begged her to love Jesus. This dear sick child used to beg them to carry her downstairs to family prayer. She listened attentively, and one day said to her nurse, "that was a pretty chapter papa read this morning, 'that there will be no need of candlelight in heaven.'" And now dear little Catherine grew worse and worse, and must soon die. But her soul was safe, for she had made Jesus *her* Saviour. Shortly before she died, she said to her nurse, "I have been thinking how happy I shall be when papa, mamma, and sisters meet me in heaven." And soon the dear child was too ill to get up, and her little body got weaker

and weaker. She was very patient when she was ill, and often put her hand up saying, "My head, my head." And now the time came for her to die. The last words she spoke were,

"Jesus, I love thy charming name."

And then her happy spirit flew up to her Saviour in heaven. Angels were ready to receive little Catherine, a crown and harp were waiting for her, and Jesus was waiting to take her into His bosom. Oh! happy little Catherine! Happy parents to have their child safe in heaven!

Dear little reader, will *you* ever see little Catherine in heaven? Tell me. Are *you* preparing for heaven, as she did? Will *you* make your parents happy by showing them that you are now seeking a new heart? Or do you love sin and your naughty ways better than you do your precious soul?

Remember, little Catherine got a new heart, *before* she was called to die. You may soon die. Go, then, and pray earnestly to be made ready for heaven. EUNICE.

A PENNY FOR MISSIONS.

As I was walking down the street, one day not long since, with two little boys, one ten and the other about twelve years of age, after looking at the pretty things in the toy-shop windows, we came to a confectioner's, when John said :

But Jammie said he could spend three pence, he must for two; so he chose a small pence.

I was a little curious to know one penny, as I knew he had pocket. I said,

"Then you don't love cream Jammie?"

"Yes, I do very much, very promptly; but if I do not have no penny to put into box, at Sunday-school, to make save one every week."

Here we have the true nature Jammie has commenced saving and we may hope to see him a friend to missions; and who may yet be a missionary himself.

A penny is a small sum but it will make pounds, and a little will begin with giving a penny.

Poetry.

A PENNY.

A PENNY is a little thing
 Which e'en the poor man's child may fling
 Into the treasury of Heaven,
 And make it worth as much as seven,—
 As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
 And that increased a million-fold.
 For lo! a penny tract, if well
 Applied, may save a soul from hell:
 That soul can scarce be saved alone—
 It must, it will, its bliss make known;
 "Come," it will cry, "and you shall see
 What great things God hath done for me."
 Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—
 Hear with their heart as well as ear;
 And these to thousands more proclaim
 Salvation in the "Only Name."
 That "Only Name," above, below,
 Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know;
 Till every tongue and tribe shall call
 On "Jesus," as the Lord of all!

A PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

JESUS, hide me in Thy breast,
 Keep me safe, and make me blest;
 Wash me in Thy precious blood,
 Let me be a child of God.
 While I live Thy grace supply,
 And receive me when I die. J. H.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|---|
| 1st Week | { | 19. "He is in the way of life th
instruction."
20. Who was it that was told
not come down from h
which he had gone up i |
| 2nd Week | { | 21. "One is your Master, even
22. Why was not our Lord's b
at His crucifixion, as th
thieves were? |
| 3rd Week | { | 23. "How pleasant is it for b
dwell together in unity!
24. What wood was Solomo
built of? |
| 4th Week | { | 25. "Let all your things be
charity."
26. Who was it that built his se
a conspicuous place for
to see, and was severe
for it by a prophet? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS LAST MONTH.

(11.) 2 Chron. xix. 7. (12.) Jonah. (13.) Es
(14.) Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego:
(15.) Job xxxvi. 28. (16.) David: Ps. xxxi:
jah: 1 Kings xix. 4. (17.) Jer. xxxi. 17. (18.)
chus: Acts xx. 9.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

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THE JUNGLE BOY.

A MISSIONARY STORY.

MANY years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her house in Burmah, endeavouring to make out the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book which lay upon the table before her. A beautiful beetle, with just

gold enough on his bright green wings to distinguish him from the glossy leaves of the Cape jasmine, which grew close by the balustrade, was balancing himself upon one of the rich white blossoms that filled the whole air with their fragrance; while a gay plumaged bird, with a strange sort of a feathery crown on his head, was making himself busy among the rank grass beyond. Still further on, a long-necked chameleon clung to the trunk of a guava tree, throwing back its snake-like head, and darting his inquisitive little eyes about very suspiciously; a green-coated robber of a parrot nestled among the fruit and foliage above; and below, and all around, a whole school of crows flapped their black wings and wheeled and fluttered with great industry. It is in vain to try to name all the lady's strange visitors, but they were such as any of you might see of a bright morning in Burmah; and very attractive you would find them—much more attractive, I have no doubt, than the long palm-leaf books, all smeared with oil to make their circular scratches legible. From a little bamboo shelter—a curious thatched roof set upon poles, just beyond the high uncropped hedge, and dignified by the name of school-house,—came a sound of mingled voices, very cheerful, very earnest, and, to strange ears, about as intelligible as the cawing of the crows. But the lady understood it all; and it told her that her native schoolmaster was doing his duty, and

his tawny pupils making some proficiency in the *them-bong gyee*, or "a, b, ab," talk. "*Kah gyee ya, ka—kah gyee ya kya, kah—kah gyee ya long gyee ten, ke—kah gyee ya long gyee ten san cat, kee,*" came the confused sounds, a very round-about way of saying, k-a, ka, k-e, ke—don't you think so?

As the lady bent over her book, a strange-looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge, which served as a gateway, and rushing towards her, with great earnestness inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth; and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton, disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he inquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" she asked.

"I want to see Him—I want to confess to Him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"*Does He live here?*"—with great emphasis; "I want to know *that*. Doing? why I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad: I am afraid of going to hell and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees (Missionaries) say, that He can save us from

hell. Does He live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!"

"But He does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly, but can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deed come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing, but to come to Christ, poo boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured, but she spoke this last in English so the boy only raised his head with a vacant "B'ha-lai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now—"

She was interrupted by a sharp, quick cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower. The face of the listener brightened a little. "And He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell, how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poo boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me, oh, tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved!"

The lady, you will readily believe, was no likely to be angry. Even the person who told me the story many years after, was more than once interrupted by his own tears.

The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the bamboo school-house, in the person of

the wild Karen boy ; for no Missionary having yet been sent especially to that people, they received all their religious instruction through the Burmese language. And oh, *such* an earnest seeker after truth and holiness ! Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus Christ and the way of salvation ; and every day his mind seemed to open, his feelings to enlarge, and his face to lose some portion of that indescribable look of stupidity which characterises the uncultivated native.

In due time a quiet band of worshippers gathered to witness a solemn baptism ; then a new face was seen among those who came to commemorate the love of the Lord Jesus ; and a new name was written on the Church records.

Years passed away. Death had laid his hand upon the gentle lady, and she had gone up to that sweet home where pain and sorrow are unknown, and where "the weary are at rest." On earth, another death scene was taking place. A strong, dark-browed man, tossed wildly on his fevered couch in an agony of suffering ; but even then his unconscious lips murmured continually those precious fragments of Scripture which he had treasured up in days of health. Suddenly his countenance was lighted with a heavenly radiance, his lips parted with a smile, his eye gave forth a single joyful flash before it turned cold and motionless for ever, and

then the wild boy of the jungle was welcomed by his waiting angel guide to the presence of that Saviour whom he had sought with so much eagerness.

Dear young readers! have you sought the Saviour? With clearer light and better opportunities than that little Karen boy possessed, have you manifested equal anxiety to know Jesus Christ, and to share in his great salvation?

THE HINDOO SCAPE-GOAT.

My young readers will have often read of the great Jewish festivals, when the multitudes of Israel assembled in the temple's courts to offer sacrifices and engage in solemn worship. Three times every year did all the tribes go up for this, and holy, happy, solemn days they were when thus they met. Besides these three great feasts, there were others where only such as surrounded Jerusalem were required to attend. Of these the morning and the evening sacrifices every day, and the annual atonement-day, were most interesting.

All these feasts were what we call *types*, or figures of gospel truths and Christian privileges. The Jews were like children at school. God taught them, by pictures, of great and abiding blessings he has brought on us. In the wilderness their manna was only a type of Christ, the true bread from heaven; the water from the rock, of the

spiritual blessings flowing to us from Christ our rock; and the brazen serpent, of Jesus lifted up for guilty, dying men to look at and live for ever. In Canaan, the land itself was a type of the glorious land of heaven; the temple, of many precious things in the gospel church, and all the services at it, of great Christian truths.

I shall tell you a little to-day about some of these solemn services. They are those which stand connected with "the day of atonement." On that day, which came round once every year, the high priest got up very early in the morning, and after washing himself from head to foot, put on his plain white garments that he wore on common days, and on his head he placed a tiara, a sort of crown, on the front of which was a plate of gold with the words upon it, "Holiness to the Lord." He then offered sacrifices for his own sins, and sought God's forgiveness for himself. This done, he took two goats, one of which he slew and offered on the altar, and filling a basin with its blood, he lifted up the great veil that hung before "the holy of holies," and passing behind it sprinkled the blood upon the mercy-seat, fell prostrate before God, confessed the people's sins, and sought their pardon. He then returned to the outer court, and taking the other goat, still alive, laid both his hands upon its head, confessed over it all the people's sins, and then sent it away into the wilderness by some trusty

person, where it was set free. This was the Jewish scape-goat.



All this was to typify the atonement of Christ, and its effects on us when we avail ourselves of it. The high-priest putting on plain garments was like Christ taking our nature; the offering of one goat was like Christ dying for sin; the passing behind the veil like Christ going into heaven to plead for sinners, bearing with him the merit of his blood; and the sending away the living goat, like Christ bearing away all our sins, when they are confessed by faith, upon His head.

I have been reminded of all this by reading a singular ceremony that is performed

sometimes in India, and which seems to have first begun in some way or other from the people learning about the scape-goat of the Jews. The account is given by a British officer, when serving with his regiment in India. He says, "Our small camp consisted only of my own regiment and a detachment of native foot artillery, and we had been for some weeks marching through the jungle districts, when we found we had a worse enemy than either Coles or Chavars amongst us; for that mysterious disease, the cholera, broke out in the camp. Its ravages were not confined to the natives, but the havoc it committed amongst the soldiers and camp followers was dreadful; and the jackals and vultures had a plenteous feast on the bodies we left behind. The scenes in the hospital tent were most fearful to witness, and constantly was the word passed through camp for the litter to convey a fresh patient to the doctor. At length men's hearts began to fail them, and a general gloom was cast over us; when a deputation of the native officers waited on the commandant, and requested his permission for the performance of one of their sacred rites. As any interference with the religious prejudices of our men is studiously avoided in the Bengal army, and any means of restoring confidence in them seemed desirable, the colonel gave his assent, and the ceremony I shall attempt to describe, took place. A fine goat was selected from those in camp,

and after being decorated with garlands, he was placed in a circle of the highest caste men, who were employed burning incense, and in many unnecessary or unintelligible ceremonies, while the *garoos*, or priests, chaunted, in a sing-song tone, selections from their sacred *shasters* or *puranas*. The poor goat was then led three times round the circle of the camp, preparatory to being taken out some distance into the surrounding jungle, and there left a prey to the numerous wild beasts, and a propitiatory sacrifice to Kallee, the goddess of destruction."

The darkness of heathen ignorance is seen in all this ceremony; but, as I said before, it seems taken from the Jewish customs. It is yours to send them word that both Jewish and Hindoo "scape-goats" are of no avail to take our sins away; that Jesus is the world's great "scape-goat," and that on Him—but on Him alone—can the sins be laid to be borne away into the land of forgetfulness for ever.

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Nor wash away its stain.
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away—
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they."

THE LOST GUINEA.

THE story of the golden guinea, as related by Judge N—, a gentleman of wealth and

influence in western New York, conveys an admirable lesson to young persons commencing life.

“When I was only eight years old,” said Judge N—, “my father and my mother, being poor, with half a dozen children besides myself to take care of, I was sent to a farmer in a neighbouring town, who designed making a ploughboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

“Well, I had not a very gay time in farmer Webb’s service; for although he was a tolerably kind man in his family, he was an advocate for making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence. So I had plenty of work to do, and not many pleasant indulgences to enjoy. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the great sum of one or two pennies into my possession—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that, at the age of eleven, I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favoured few.

“I had lived with farmer Webb three years before I knew the colour of any coin, except copper. By an accident I learned the colour of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

“One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village shop, on some errand; and on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road side. I picked

it up to examine its contents, without the least suspicion of the treasure within. It was light, and incased in a quantity of brown paper. I tore open the folds of the paper; and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it with astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny. I felt it, I squeezed it in my fingers, I spelled out the inscriptions; then something whispered me that it was a gold coin of great value, and that if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it did not rest there. Every two or three minutes I took it out to look at it. But, whenever I met anybody, I was careful to put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner to the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with the gold in my pocket. I would not have had the farmer folks know what I had found for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my precious treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my

secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous. When farmer Webb, at the breakfast table, said, 'William!' I started and trembled, thinking the next word would be—'Where is that piece of gold you have found and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?' But he only said, 'I want you to go to Job Baldwin's this morning, and ask if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow.'

"I felt quite relieved. Leaving the house, I got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket and gazed on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the piece of gold. Should I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself—Why, if I do not know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid farmer Webb will take it away from me that I conceal it; that's all. I would not *steal* gold; and if the loser should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I

apologized thus to myself all the way to Job Baldwin's house ; but, after all, it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone bound to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking that I was not half so well pleased with my great riches, as I had been with a piece of copper, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret ; and I had been happy as a king—or, as a king is commonly supposed to be.

"Job Baldwin was not at home, and I returned to the farmer's house. I saw Mr. Wardley's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardley was a constable ; and I knew he had come to take me to gaol. So I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The farmer looked angrily at me.

"Now, thought I, feeling faint, he is going to accuse me of finding the gold. But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet—I had expected something so much more terrible.

"I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder farmer Webb did not suspect something, for I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there—for, much

as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was not happy. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the roadside; again I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it, but placed it once more in my pocket. I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

“At night I was sent again to Job Baldwin’s, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at farmer Webb’s on the following day. It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not mine. I got home, and went tremblingly to bed.

“Job Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest, poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and besides making good wages for his labour, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

“Well, at the breakfast table, after farmer Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the ‘news.’ ‘I suppose you have heard about my misfor-

tune?' said Job Baldwin. 'Your misfortune?' 'Yes.' 'Why, what has happened to you?' asked the farmer. 'I thought everybody had heard of it,' replied Baldwin. 'You see, the other night, when Mr. Woodley paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, and my confusion was not observed.

" 'A guinea,' said Baldwin. 'It seemed to me that if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or a half dollar, I should lose it; so, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and placed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin on taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.'

" 'Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?' asked the farmer.

"I felt as if I were sinking through the floor.

" 'I do not know,' replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly. 'I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though I know this, that I sadly miss my honest earnings.'

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean

breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said, 'Is *this* yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment; and the farmer demanded where and when I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the farmer would whip me almost to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his habit, 'Do not cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son; and if you do not grow rich, you will be happy, with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still—for joy. I laughed, too; the farmer had touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Job Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time, and I did—I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the farmer's favourite after this. He was very kind to me and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candour and good faith; and *that*, with God's

blessing, has made me what I am. When he died, he left me in his will five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many guineas. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told ; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's guinea."—*The Rosebud*.

THE TODAS.

THE Todas! I dare say you never heard of these people before ; and you ask, who are they ; and where do they live ?

There is in India a beautiful range of high mountains, quite flat on the top, near Bombay, called the *Nilgherries*. On these, the air is cool and pleasant, while the hot sun is scorching every one in the plains below. Here, Englishmen who live in India, sometimes go, when they are poorly, and wish to get out of the great heat. And here live the *Todas*.

The *Todas* are a tribe of people in India. There are not many of them ; only about 600. And they are gradually decreasing, and in a few years, will probably be no more heard of.

They are heathen and idolaters. I could tell you a great deal of their gods, and their worship ; and how they kneel down, and adore their buffaloes, when they drive them home in an evening. But what I wish now

to tell you, is of their *funerals*. When a person dies, all his relations cut some of their hair off; the near relations a great deal; the distant ones only a little. And then instead of *burying* their poor friend, as we do, they wrap his body up in a cloth, put it on a pile of dry wood, and *burn* it.

But before they burn it, they cut off some



locks of his hair, which they keep as precious relics. Then they assemble in a deep dell, and numbers of people of the neighbouring villages issue from the surrounding valleys. Then they drive a herd of buffaloes in amongst them; and they set upon them, and kill them,—some with hatchets, others with clubs. The poor creatures cannot possibly get away, for they are quite overpow-

ered by the men, who hold them down to the earth by their horns and tails. And while the poor animals are dying, they beseech them to intercede with God for them, that their sins may be forgiven. Poor ignorant Todas! And the buffaloes groan, and the men shout, and the women sit on the ground and shriek, and beat their breasts. You never saw such a spectacle of woe and lamentation.

Now this is a specimen of heathenism. This is the sort of people to whom we send missionaries; that they may learn of Jesus Christ, and of the real way of salvation. O! dear children, will you not help to save these poor creatures?

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

SOME children live in a palace, some in fine mansions, some in little houses, some in huts, and I have known some who lived in a *ship* the greater part of their lives. A few years hence, when they have all left this world, it will not matter where they have lived,—they will then live either in *heaven* or in *hell*.

I am now going to speak to you of some children who live in a *palace*. They are the children of our *Queen*—our good and gracious Queen, whom we all love and revere so much. And I am going to tell you how these children pass their day. They rise very early in the morning, so as to have plenty

of time for dressing and for their prayers before breakfast; and they breakfast at eight o'clock.

Then they set to work at their studies. For one hour they study Latin and Greek; for another hour they study French and German, or other modern languages; then they work at music and drawing; and then comes dinner at two o'clock.

After this they assemble in the riding-school and learn how to ride; and the young princes are also trained in military exercises. They also have a lathe, where they learn turning; and a laboratory, where they learn chemistry; and carpenter's tools; and small percussion guns; and bows and arrows to shoot birds in the royal gardens.

Our good Queen takes great care of these little princes and princesses, that they may be brought up well, and may turn out good and useful when they grow up. We also should pray that God would bless them. When they grow up they may be of very great importance in our country; and if they are good and fear and love God, they may do a great deal of good for us. Dear children, in your prayers every day do not forget them.

BE THANKFUL FOR WHAT YOU HAVE.

THE sun was shining out of doors, and the right fire was burning in the parlour, when Mrs. Green and her son began to take their morning meal.

"Is this *all* we are going to have for breakfast?" said James, as he seated himself at the table.

"Yes," said his mother, "the bread and butter are fresh, and the potatoes are baked very nicely; many poor children would be very thankful for them, this cold morning."

James said nothing more, but began to eat very slowly, and rather sullenly. He knew that he must eat what was set before him, or go without food till dinner.

"Mrs. Green!" said a woman, running into the room, "Mrs. Johnson's two little girls are in the kitchen; they are almost frozen, and are very hungry; they have not had anything to eat since yesterday. Have you got anything you could give them?"

"Poor little things!" said Mrs. Green, "I will come out and see them. James, you may come with me, and see if they will eat what you are so strongly inclined to refuse."

James hung down his head and followed his mother into the kitchen.

Mrs. Green gave the little girls some bread and butter, and some baked potatoes, which they ate with an appetite which showed they told the truth when they said they were very hungry.

"Oh, how nice," said the youngest, a little girl, six years of age; "how I do wish mother was here."

Mrs. Green gave them a number of good

things suitable for their poor widowed mother in her poverty, and they left the house very happy.

As Mrs. Green returned to the breakfast-room, James put his arms round his mother's neck, and bursting into tears, said, "Mother, I will never complain again."

Poetry.

THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

I love to think of pleasant meads,
Beside a gentle river,
Where His redeemed, Jesus leads,
For ever and for ever.

I love to image to my sight
That countless congregation,
Where angel-voices, day and night,
Are singing of salvation.

The jasper walls, the pearly gates,
The golden streets of Heaven,—
The harp, the palm, the bliss that waits
Upon the sin forgiven.

My heart is fain to join that band,
And the song that no man knoweth;
To follow, through the sinless land,
The Lamb, where'er He goeth.

Then welcome Death, thou hast no sting,
Nor earth the power to harm,
For o'er me is my Father's wing,
And underneath His arm.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|---|
| 1st Week | { | 27. "To whom will ye liken God?" |
| | | 28. Who fed David, when he was hungry and thirsty in the wilderness, fleeing away from Absalom? |
| 2nd Week | { | 29. "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help." |
| | | 30. What king was struck with leprosy at the incense-altar, and why? |
| 3rd Week | { | 31. "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven?" |
| | | 32. Who said to Jeremiah, "Thou shalt surely die?" |
| 4th Week | { | 33. "What shall I do, Lord?" |
| | | 34. Who was cured of a bad disease by touching our Lord's garment? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR LAST MONTH.

(19.) Prov. x. 17. (20.) Ahaziah: 2 Kings i. 4. (21.) Matt. xxiii. 8. (22.) Because of the prophecy: John xix. 33, 36. (23.) Ps. cxxxiii. 1. (24.) Cedar: 2 Chron. ii. 1—8. (25.) 1 Cor. xvi. 14. (26.) Shebna: Isaiah xxii. 15, 16.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEYS, 54, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C. CARUS WILSON, Thanet-house, Ramsgate.

Bound volumes of the **CHILDREN'S FRIEND** and **FRIENDLY VISITOR** for last year, suitable for *School Prizes* and *Village Libraries*, to be had of the Publishers, through all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 353.

MAY, 1853.

Vol. 30.



LITTLE BILL AT THE PUMP.

A good pastor thought it to be both his privilege and his duty to superintend the Sunday-school connected with his own congregation. He always endeavoured to make

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it what, in his judgment, every Sunday-school should be—that is, the kind and faithful hand that should gather in from the paths of the destroyer, the outcast, the neglected, and the friendless, and lead them to the fold of God. He frequently took long walks about the town to accomplish this important duty.

On one occasion, as he was passing to the house of prayer on a Sunday morning, he discovered, near a public pump, a group of some half-dozen boys, vigorously playing a game of marbles. He approached the spot where they were, without seeming to go out of his way, and thus came quite near them before they were aware of it, and in a pleasant tone addressed them :

“ Good morning, boys. Is there anything here by which a person can get a drink of water at this pump ? ”

Notwithstanding the gentleness of the salutation, they were all aroused at once, and showed no small surprise at my presence and unexpected question. Standing for a brief moment in silence, they suddenly wheeled, and ran off at the top of their speed,—all save one, who commenced a slow, backward step, desiring to get away, but to do so at the same time with a little more self-possession than his companions had exhibited.

The manner in which he eyed me while endeavouring to accomplish his retreat, and indeed his entire demeanour, pleased and interested me much, and deeply engaged my

attention; and I felt impressed with the thought that a prize was before me.

He evidently wished, before leaving, to get some marbles that, in the confusion of the flight of the other boys, had been left on the ground. I therefore gathered them up, and, reaching them out to him, said—

“These, I think, fairly belong to you.”

I then held up one in particular, between my thumb and finger, and added,

“This one must be better than the rest. It is larger, and has several colours. What do you call it?”

Advancing, for the first time, a step towards me, he replied,

“Yes, that is the best; it is the king. I call it Napoleon; it is the very best of the bunch.”

“It is certainly a fine one,” I continued. “I like it much. When I was a boy I loved to play marbles. I had a little bag full of them.”

“What! *you* used to play marbles?”

“Yes, when I was a boy I did; and I think, too, I have seen the day when I could pretty nigh beat you.”

Drawing a step nearer to me, with a smile, a nod, and a wink, harmoniously combined, and a good deal of emphasis withal, he said,

“I tell you what; I can play pretty well; and you would have to throw first-rate to beat me. Why, I have won all these,” (pulling out of his pocket a handful of marbles), “and yesterday I sold twenty for three-pence. Did *you* use to win many?”

"Oh, I never played to win."

"For what, then?"

"For the fun of it."

"Well, I know there is fun in it; but I like to win. I suppose you do not play marbles now, because you are a man."

Finding myself on quite good terms with my new pupil, I thought it best to take another tack, and come a little closer to him. Said I,

"You seem to be rather a friendly little fellow, and I should like to know your name, where you live, and what you do for a living?"

"My name is William, but people generally call me Bill. I live down town, and I don't do much of anything but play marbles."

"I should like to see you often," said I.

"Well, as to that, I am here about every Sunday, unless when I go sailing."

"You must come and see me."

"Come and see *you*!"

"Yes; why not?"

"Oh, you don't want me to come and see you."

"Yes, I do; and I have some beautiful picture-books which I will show you, and tell you all about them; and I have a large yard where you can play; and if you will come and see me, I will make you a present of something that will please you."

His countenance plainly disclosed the surprise with which he heard these things, and

how really, too, his little mind was hanging between doubt and confidence. Rocking his body, first on one foot, then on the other, and casting a look thoughtfully around him for a moment, he calmly inquired,

“Where do *you* live?”

I informed him.

“Why, somebody told me that the minister lived there.”

“So he does, and I am he.”

“You the minister!”

“Yes.”

“And you want me to come and see you?”

“Yes, indeed I do. Come, and then you will know if I am glad to see you.”

“Well, I must come some time.”

I then made an effort to bring him nearer still to the object I had in view from the beginning of our conversation. I inquired,

“Do you know where —— church is?”

“Oh, yes; it is in —— street.”

“There is a Sunday-school in that church, and I am going to it. Will you go with me?”

“I go with you to the Sunday-school! Oh, I cannot go now.”

And he cast a careful glance over his person, evidently impressed with a sense of shame at his dirty and ragged condition.

“Why not go now?”

“Oh, I never went to Sunday-school in my life, and I cannot go now anyhow.”

“Do not say you cannot. You can. Come with me; I will take care of you.”

"I am too dirty and ragged ; it will not do ;"—taking, at the same time, a still narrower look at his hands, and then pulling the fag-ends of a rent in his trousers over his naked limb.

"Never mind. Just stop here. I will pump the water, and you can wash your hands and face, and that will do."

"You pump water for me to wash !"

"Yes, certainly, I will."

Again he hesitated, but finally said,

"Well, I will ;" and at once laid off an old half-brimmed hat from his head, made bare his arms, and, by our united labours, there were soon presented to view a clean face and a clean pair of hands for him.

I took from my pocket a white handkerchief, and, shaking out its folds, presented it to him, saying,

"Take this, and wipe your face and hands with it."

"Oh, no ! it is so white ; no, not with that."

"Yes, yes, with this. I do so sometimes when I am out of doors and want to wash, and can get nothing else to wipe with. It will not hurt it."

He complied, and, on returning the handkerchief, asked, with a tone and manner that could not be misunderstood,

"Do you like me ?"

The question went to my very heart. I knew what feeling prompted it ; I knew its import, and felt its force.

"Yes, I like you much. I hope you like me."

"Well, I think I do."

"Come," I added; "now let us go to the Sunday-school. We shall be late."

"Do you think I had better go now?"

"By all means. I want you to hear the little girls and boys at school sing, and then you can see the books and pictures; and, above all, if you will go often enough, you can learn yourself."

"I cannot read much, I know; but I can sing, and whistle, and play the Jew's harp."

I took his hand, and we passed on towards the church. On coming to the door, I said,

"This is the place. When we go in, you will see the school, and the scholars will all be glad to see you with them."

Looking me full in the face, he said, with much earnestness:

"Oh, sir! I cannot go in—I cannot. Do let me go back, do. I am not well-dressed, and I know the fellows in the room there will laugh and make fun of me."

"They will not—they shall not—you may depend on me."

His little chin quivered, and his entire frame trembled. He stood an instant in thoughtful silence (my own heart breathed the silent prayer to heaven that his courage might not fail him); and then, seizing my hand with both his, he exclaimed:

"I will go in; you will take care of me."

I have no power to describe fully the thrilling emotions of that moment. I then knew "I had my man;" for he confided in me—he loved me. I had won his soul,—his whole soul.

We passed in hand in hand. The scholars too well understood my movement, not to know how to behave towards the new-comer. There was no strange or bold gazing upon the ragged boy.

We took our seats together. After sitting a little while, I arose, and stated that now we would open the school.

Every thing that was done seemed much to interest the lad. He was supplied with cards containing lessons and pictures, while several things were explained to him. He appeared to be wrapped in wonder. Surprise and joy mingled in his looks, and he seemed to say to himself, "This is all new to me! I have never seen the like before!"

On closing the school, he was committed to the special care of a worthy and skilful person, and at once a mutual attachment was formed between them. This person proposed to the boy to go home with him, and thus become more acquainted with him and his family.

"No," said he, "not to-day. I will go home alone, and tell my mother about the minister and the school; and to-morrow I shall be glad to have you come and see us."

A just and honest self-respect led him to desire first to see his mother that she might

make preparation to appear to the best advantage in her power before his benefactors; and further, it showed clearly, as it subsequently proved, that in that then young and untutored mind lay the germs of a true ambition, and a correct discernment of duty.

The visit was made the next day, according to the request. The boy's father and mother were both addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors. The former, however, followed the seas, and was but little with his family, and that only at long intervals and for periods of short duration. He was at this time absent.

The wretched mother was deeply affected at the kindness her boy had received from strangers, and seemed scarcely able to account for it.

The Sunday after his first visit to the school, Bill appeared in his new suit, obtained for him by his good and faithful patron, to whose care he had been transferred.

No better scholar, as to behaviour, punctuality, and application, was found in that, or any other school, than this same Little Bill.

His brothers and sisters (the latter were older than himself), influenced by his example, were induced to attend the school with him, and his mother was persuaded to attend church. Nor was this young disciple satisfied until, with the aid of his teacher, he had won over to the school and to attendance at church, several other vagrant chil-

dren, among whom were nearly, if not all the boys who, at our first interview, ran away from the pump!

The pastor finally left this field of his successful labours; and for a long time had no farther opportunity to know the history of Little Bill.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD ON THE ROCK.

It was on the west coast of Ireland. The wind was blowing very hard, and the great waves of the broad Atlantic were dashing upon the shore.

But there was a poor little girl, who went out to pick up some seaweed; "For," thought she, "I may earn a few halfpence for poor mother, who is very ill." So she did not mind the sea, and the wind, but tucked up her clothes, walked on the wet sand to a rock far out from the shore, where there was plenty of seaweed, and there began to pick. This poor girl had once been a Roman Catholic, but had lately become a Protestant.

Well, she was picking away, and was so busy with her work, that she never thought of looking about her. But all at once, on looking round, she saw that the tide had come in, had quite deeply covered the sand on which she had walked, and was rapidly rising over the rock where she was.

What was she to do? What would you, dear reader, have done under such circum-

stances? Why, the first thing she did was to *pray*! she knelt down, and prayed to Jesus to send some one to help her. Then she tried to make people on the shore hear, and cried out at the top of her voice, as loud as she could. For two hours she did this.

And at last she was heard; and some brave men put out in a boat, and dashing through the waves, came up to the rock.



O! how glad she was; and how she thanked Jesus for hearing her prayer.

But when she got home, and told her friends her story, they said, "Why did you not pray to the Virgin Mary to help you?" —(for they were Roman Catholics). "To the Virgin Mary," she said; "how could *she* hear me? My teacher has taught me

better than this. It is only the Lord Jesus who can hear me; and he did hear and help me. I shall always pray to him again when I am in trouble."

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.

I never cease to think and say that a child may do much for God, and for others. Do not the Scriptures say something about the mouths even of babes and sucklings? And now I must tell you of a case which has lately come before me, in which the words of a little boy were blest to great good.

An English family living in Italy, had taken a carriage for a drive, and the boy sat on the box. He began to talk to the coachman about the heavens, which made the man smile: this so far from deterring the little fellow, only made him go deeper into religious subjects. The man could no longer ridicule or laugh, and went home to pray, and ask what he must do to be saved. This was a year or two ago, and ever since the poor man has maintained an upright Christian character amidst reproach and insult from his popish connections, seeking in every way to do good by conversation, giving tracts, &c., &c.

What, then, may not one child do! Oh! you must not wait till you grow up, to do good; but begin now to make good use of that one little talent which God has put into your hands.

All, young as well as old, should strive to act upon that text, "Let your light shine before men, that they seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

You know there are little candles to give light, as well as great ones.

A LOVER OF THE BIBLE.

A Bible collector in Cornwall thus writes in a letter to a friend :

"One of our most regular subscribers, a young man of about twenty-two years old, has been called to his eternal rest. Though only a labourer on the roads, he thought it a privilege to spend a portion of his hard-earned wages in supplying himself, and others of his family, with copies of the Holy Scriptures. Whilst subscribing for one of the largest size, he also provided himself with a little pocket Bible, in order to take it with him to his daily work ; and at his dinner-hour it was his practice to retire with his treasure into some quiet corner of a field, and from the blessed words which it contained, seek that refreshment which he would not have exchanged for all the wealth and pleasure of the world. Every passage that particularly impressed him, he used to mark with blades of grass, and the little Bible (which he gave on his death-bed to a brother, with earnest entreaties that he would read it *daily*) is almost filled with these

simple and touching memorials. The pious young man's love of the Scriptures was intense ; and it may truly be said of him, that not only were the statutes of the Lord his song *in the hours of his pilgrimage*, but that in his life he *adorned the doctrines of God his Saviour*. And when death came, after an illness of only four days, it found him



with his work done, and his soul ready to obey the summons joyfully. The night before his departure, on one of the Bible collectors calling to see him, and speaking of the blessed prospect before him, he pressed his hand in his, which was already cold, and said, " I cannot speak much, my breath is short ; *but my hope—oh, glorious hope !—is full of immortality.*"

THE SOILED FROCK.

THERE was once a little girl called Annie. I will not now tell you what kind of a little girl she was, but you shall hear of something which happened to her. Her nurse washed and dressed her as usual. She had a clean white frock. Then she went skipping and jumping down stairs in great glee, and full of her morning joy, not coming down the stairs as grown-up people do, first one foot, and then another, but both feet together, a step at a time. She had to pass the drawing-room door before she reached the room where her mother was sitting; the door was a little open, and Annie peeped in, and then she thought she would just look at the pretty things, and round the room she went on tip-toe, till she came to a small table with an inkstand and pens and writing-paper upon it.

There was one pen left standing in the ink, and Annie, who was very fond of scribbling, forgot that her mother had often told her not to touch the pen and ink without asking leave; so she amused herself for some time, till at last, when she was dipping her pen into the ink, a large thick piece from the bottom stuck to it, and in her hurry to shake it off, a great drop of ink fell upon her clean white frock. Oh! you would have been sorry for Annie had you seen her just then. First, her face was very red, and then it was very white, and she trembled all over; and then her merry eyes looked quite

sad, for they were full of tears, which rolled down her cheeks like an April shower. But what must I do? she thought. I will go and tell my mother how naughty I have been. But then she will be angry with me, because she told me not to do it, and she will punish me. Oh! I will go up stairs again, and try to wash it out, and then I can dry it at the fire, and nobody will know.

So she set off up stairs again, and she found the nursery empty, for nurse was gone down. Then she went to the basin and got the soap, and dipped her ink spot in the water, and she rubbed it, and wrung it out, but still there was a mark on her frock; and, as she was not used to such work, she splashed herself all over, and her clean white frock was no longer white and clean, but wet from top to bottom, Oh! what must Annie do? The spot will not come out, though she has rubbed it until her little hands are sore. But she hears a footstep on the stairs! It is her mother, anxious to see what had become of her dear child. Did Annie run to meet her as usual, and throw her little arms round her neck and kiss her? No; she felt afraid of her own dear mother, for she had been doing wrong, so she ran and hid herself behind the door. Silly child! what good could that do her, for her mother was sure to find her—and then, too, she was such a kind mother, and would have forgiven her directly if she had told her all the truth!

"Where is my dear little Annie?" she said, as she entered the nursery; but no one spoke, and she began to feel rather alarmed, and was leaving the room to call the nurse, when she heard a sob from behind the door, and, to her great surprise, found little Annie there, her eyes red with weeping, her clean white frock wet and crushed, and a large dark spot upon it. "What have you been doing, my dear child?" she said. Annie's heart softened when she saw her dear mother's tender looks, and she ran to her, and hid her face in her dress, and said, as well as her sobs would permit, "Oh! mother, I have been so naughty! I have been doing what you told me not to do. I have been using the pen and ink in the drawing-room, and I have inked my clean frock; and I thought you would be angry, and I came upstairs to try to wash it out, but I cannot. It will not come out whatever I do;" and again cried very much.

The kind mother sat down, and took her distressed little Annie upon her knee; then talked very kindly to her, and told her that her sorrow she had brought upon herself by not doing as she was bid; and as she saw that Annie was truly sorry for what she had done, she forgave her. Then she took the frock off, lest she should take cold, and put another on.

"What, dear mother," said Annie, "what have you done with my frock? It is quite ruined with that large dark spot."

Her mother smiled at her, and got a box-drawer, took out of it a little wood full of a white powder; then she dipped a finger in the powder, rubbed a dark spot in Annie's frock in hot water; then she rubbed some of the powder with her finger, and the spot grew pale and lighter, till it was quite pale; last there was no spot at all. Then Annie was very glad, and she clapped her hands for joy.

Then her mother took her down to the breakfast-room, where they found her father, who wondered what had become of them. He was grieved when he saw the little girl with such red eyes; he was sorry she had been naughty, and he looked sad and very grave, and he did not kiss Annie into his arms and kiss her as he used to do, but he looked at her mother to tell her what had been the matter. So she told him all about it, and how sorry Annie was she had been so naughty.

Then the little girl crept quite close to him, and with tears in her eyes said, "father, forgive me!"

So he kissed his little girl, wiped away her tears, and, setting her upon his knee, gave her her breakfast. But she could not eat much, for she was both sorry and sad—sorry that she had grieved her kind parents, and glad that they had forgiven her.

Afterwards her father said to her, "you know that in disobeying your mother you sinned against God; for God has

Honour thy father and thy mother?' You must ask him to forgive you too. Sin is like the dark ink-spot on your frock—it is on your heart; and as you could not make your frock clean again, whatever you did, so you cannot make your heart clean, however good you try to be. But as there was one thing which would take away the ink-spot out of your frock, so there is one thing, and one only, which will take away your sins, and that is the blood of Christ. The Bible tells us that His blood cleanseth from all sin; so my dear child must ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her, and to wash away her sins in the blood of Jesus."

So Annie left her father's knee, and went up stairs into the nursery, and kneeled down by her little bed, and did as her father had told her.

Intelligence.

THE YOUNG CONFESSOR.

MY dear children, you live in a happy land, where all can serve God as they please; but it is not so everywhere. There are countries which call themselves Christian where it is as much as their life is worth if they dare to read the Bible, and do as it bids us. You have heard, I dare say, of the poor, dear Madiai at Florence, who have been wearing out a long

weary time of many years in dismal dungeons, apart from each other, for no offence at all but reading, and loving, and acting on the Bible. Well, they have what man cannot take from them,—they have the peace and joy of the Holy Ghost in their hearts, and a bright and blessed hope beyond the grave. It will not be long before Heaven will make full amends for all we suffer here.

But there are a great many, besides poor Madiat and his wife, who are thus suffering for righteousness' sake. I could tell you of a young man dragged from his bed, in the dead of the night, and torn away from his wife and three little children, and thrown into prison, because he read his Bible; and of another poor man, who was obliged to flee his country in order to be safe, and has left a wife and eight children behind him. And where this cruel work will stop, I know not; for there are now in Tuscany more than 20,000 Bible-readers and Bible-lovers.

But I am going to tell you of a case, not in Tuscany, but in the next country, Sardinia, where we might expect better things, since they have now good laws and more freedom; but it is still a Popish kingdom, and the priests do all they can to thwart the good laws and punish what they call heretics.

A few months ago two men went from a little town, not far from Genoa, through the country as travelling musicians. They

and themselves in the Waldensian Valleys, where you know the pure Gospel of Christ has been continued for hundreds of years, and even amidst the greatest difficulties and most cruel persecutions. Indeed, they kept it safe, and clung to it when it seemed to have died away in all the world besides.

There these two musicians heard and saw what was new to them. The word preached came home. Conversation with the simple people charmed them. The result was, that they returned home new creatures in Christ Jesus. The leaven spread through the family. Old and young saw into the errors in which they had been living all their days. This made a stir. The priests saw that their craft was in danger, and they contrived to get one after another thrown into prison. As many as nearly thirty had renounced Popery and embraced Protestantism, and the young Victoire now only remained true to the religion of her forefathers. She was an ardent, zealous Papist, and the priests had made her a spy over the rest, and it was through her that her relations were sent to prison. But the priests overshot their mark. Their way of going to work with Victoire opened her eyes, and she was disgusted. They went so far as to offer her any money to go to Florence, or some distant town, that they might trump up a story, and say her Protestant friends had poisoned her ! This she could not stand. She

years of age, is in prison too! But
joices and wonders that she is counted
to suffer for Christ's sake. Her joy
light in thus being made in some deg
her Saviour, are something quite rema

But while we feel for those who s
you not see what great good will co
all this? Are not our enemies thus
all Italy what Popery really is, and w
testantism is.

God will take care of his captive
shall not suffer any loss; while th
will wax bold by their bonds; and t
cause of Christ will be advanced, a
thwarted.

Oh, that the time may soon come w
enemies of the Lord shall cease to tr
I see many signs of great changes fo
While I am writing I hear of three p
this town, who have just made publ
intention of having done with Popery f

Poetry.

"GOD KEEPS ME."

From His high throne, above the sky,
The Lord can all things see.
I cannot see Him, but His eye
Looks kindly down on me.

He cared for me before I knew
That I had such a Friend ;
When my first feeble breath I drew,
He did my life defend.

And while I was a baby weak,
He taught my thoughts to rise ;
And long before I learn'd to speak,
He heard my infant cries.

He keeps me still, by His great power,
From danger night and day ;
I could not live one single hour
If He were far away.

But He is ever near and kind,
And loves to hear my prayer.
May I His tender mercy find,
And trust His love and care !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 35. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."
36. How was it that dew once made a good man to trust in God? |
| 2nd Week | { | 37. "I came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."
38. How many of the Jewish rulers and counsellors were friends of Jesus? |
| 3rd Week | { | 39. "Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us."
40. What does St. Paul say we should do with "the sin that does most easily beset us?" |
| 4th Week | { | 41. "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear."
42. What king tried to escape in battle by disguising himself, but was killed by a chance arrow? |
| 5th Week | { | 43. "Thy hands have made me."
44. Who was hanged himself upon the same gallows that he had made for another? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR LAST MONTH.

(27.) Isa. xl. 18. (28.) 2 Sam. xvii. 27. (29.) Hos. xiii. 9. (30.) 2 Chron. xxvi. 19. (31.) Luke x. 20. (32.) Jer. xxvi. 8. (33.) Acts xxii. 10. (34.) Luke viii. 43, 44.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND

No. 354.

JUNE, 1853.

VOL. 30



THE METEOR.

autumn night, a year or two ago, I
walking to my home, after spending the
ng with a friend. My path lay along
p of a high cliff, overhanging the sea,

which murmured far below. The sky was clear, but it was very dark. There was no light but what the stars gave, and that was very little, and only just enabled me to see my path. I was walking quietly on, when all of a sudden I was startled by a bright and sudden light. It was so bright, that I thought the moon must have suddenly risen. I looked for the moon, but there was none to be seen. And by the time I had passed my eye back again, the light was gone, and I only just caught sight of a large looking kind of star, with a long tail, moving far away in the distant sky, until it appeared to drop into the water.

Presently I heard a gruff voice cry out near me, "Who goes there?"—it was a coast-guard, taking his solitary night's walk along the cliff. I answered, "A friend;—did you see that strange sight a minute ago?"—"Yes," he said; "I never saw the like of that before."

So he and I walked on together, and talked about this wonderful light. He did not know much about it; and I could not tell him much more than he knew. These *meteors*, as they are called, are strange things. What they are, what they are doing, and where they come from, and are going to, nobody seems to know. Sometimes they appear, as I saw, in the form of a powerful light, and then stream away along the dark sky. Sometimes hundreds of them may be seen, moving quickly about in the sky above.

Sometimes they fall to the earth with a great noise and force, and bury themselves very deep in the ground.

When they fall to the ground, they are generally composed of iron, and are very hot; indeed quite red hot. Some people have thought that they come from burning mountains in the moon. And perhaps they might; only that our astronomers, with their telescopes, can see *no* burning mountains there. Other people have thought that they are bits of broken planets and worlds which have been destroyed. Many think that there are numberless bodies moving round the sun besides our earth, and the planets that we know of; and amongst them quantities of small metal bodies, which when they come near to our earth are attracted to it, and fall upon it with great violence.

But whatever they may be, it is certain there is a great deal going on about us, of which we know very little. That there are great fires within the earth beneath us, and great worlds in the heaven above us, moving about through infinite space,—O what a *vast* universe this is! and what a *little* do we know of it! But all these fearful things are under the guidance of God. He will not let them hurt us, unless he wills it. We should try so to be living, that we can look up at the blazing meteor, or the vivid lightning; hear the rumbling thunder, and feel the earthquake shaking around us; and say with peaceful trust, “My Father made them all.”

But I often think when I hear of people being *frightened* in dark nights, and in thunder storms, and at earthquakes, and such like convulsions of nature,—how will they feel at the last great day, when the whole world shall be rent to pieces? May God prepare us for that awful day; and may He give us now so to make a friend of *Jesus*, that we shall fear nothing that can occur; because all obeys Him, and He loves us.

SHORT MEMOIRS OF CHILDREN.

NO. I.—CARTARET REDE.

THERE once lived in Wiltshire, a little girl, named Cartaret Rede. She gave remarkable proofs of early piety; being once asked who was her greatest enemy? She replied, "*Sin* is my greatest enemy." At another time, when reading in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, about Joseph and Mary, that there was no room for them in the inn, and that the babe was laid in a manger, she burst into a flood of tears, saying, "What! was there no room in the inn for the Lord of glory, but must *He* lie in a manger among the beasts?"

One morning, before she was seven years old, when she was not well, she began her prayers thus: "O Lord, look down upon me, and give me the knowledge of thyself; take sin out of my heart, that I may be thy child;" with many such expressions. When she had done, she said, "I have a pretty

lesson in my book, which is about God's sending the Lord Jesus to die for sinners." Afterwards, sitting by the fire, she all at once burst into tears; and being asked what was the matter, she said, "I offend the Lord in all I do." Just before she was taken very ill, when reading Isaiah lv., she stopped, and said, "Nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse me from sin." Her mother asked her, whether she did not think that being good, and doing good works, would save her? She replied, "Our righteousness is a *sinful* righteousness, therefore it cannot save us." And, when playing with her cousin, they disagreed; Cartaret, recollecting herself, said, "Don't we know that Christ died for us; why should we fall out?" Not long before her death she said, "This Scripture is come into my mind, 'He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy,' and God will have mercy on me." Her last words were addressed to her dear father, who was watching her; she said, "Pray for me." While he prayed she lay very still, and soon afterwards she fell asleep in Jesus, in her seventh year.

Dear children, think what a happy death was little Cartaret Rede's; *you* must one day die; it may be *very soon*. Pray for God's Holy Spirit to turn your heart to your Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

NO. II.—A LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY.

A little boy, a Sunday-scholar, in Hamps-

thwaite Sunday-school, died last January, after a very short illness.

Being informed of his sickness, I went to see him, and found him very poorly. He said, "When I was taken ill, I believed I should die;" and then added, "I thought it would be very comfortable to have my sins pardoned." I told him to pray, and said, Jesus would pardon those who were sorry for their sins, and who came to Him.

On my next visit I found him getting worse, and asked him, "Do you think Jesus has pardoned your sins?" He said, "I don't know, but I believe He will." I asked him if he read his Bible, he said, "Yes;" but the print was so small, and his eyes weak, that he wished he had one with larger print or type, which I soon furnished him with, and he received it thankfully. I read it often, for he loved the Bible, and was well acquainted with its truths.

On seeing him again, which was the last visit, I asked him how he felt; he said better. I asked if his sins were pardoned, if the heavy weight which he had felt was removed from his heart; and he said, he believed it was, for he had more comfort. I prayed with him, and then left the house; soon after this he expired; not, however, without leaving behind a good evidence that he was gone to be with Jesus, for his pious mother who was watching over him, seeing his end was near, said to him, "John, are you happy?" to which, with a feeble voice,

he replied, "Happy, happy, happy;" and then earnestly uttered this beautiful prayer; "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." His mother having occasion to leave him for a few moments, returned as soon as possible, expecting to find him alive,—but no! the happy spirit had fled from the house of clay to that house above not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

And now, my young readers, let me beseech you to think, and think seriously, how comfortable it would be to *you* to have your sins pardoned; do not wait till you are sick, to obtain this great blessing; but now earnestly seek the Lord, while he may be found, and call upon Him while he is near. Have you not felt your sins a *heavy* weight, as this poor little boy did? Then, like him, pray to Jesus to take it away, and then how happy you will be while you live, and *happy, happy, happy*, when you die.

NO. III.—THE IRISH BOY WHO PRAYED
TO BE SICK.

There was a little boy in my school in Ireland, of whom I was very fond. I was very ill about two weeks ago, and this poor little fellow seemed to fret very much for me. He would be at the school very early to ask how I was. It so happened that the poor fellow got sick, and was very ill for a few days. Yesterday, when his sister came for his food, I told her if he was able to come, to bring him to me; and he came this morning,

although very ill; and I fear he will not live long. I asked him if he prayed to God while he was ill, he said he did; I then asked him who made him ill, he said God, because he asked Him to make him sick; I asked him why he did that, he stopped a long time before he told me, at last he said, "When you were sick, Ma'am, I asked God to make you well, and make me sick instead." I then asked him if he would like to go to God, he said, "Yes," and looked quite pleased when I spoke of how happy we would all be in heaven. He had a little sister who died a few days after I came down here; I told him he would meet his sister in heaven; he cried, and said he was afraid his sister was not there; I then asked him why he said so; she did not know God, or the Lord Jesus Christ, and that no one went to heaven that did not know Jesus Christ. His mother has often told me that child has given her more comfort than she ever knew; he says his hymns for her, and tells her so much about heavenly things. I fervently believe that child has been the means of leading his mother to the knowledge of a Saviour, and I trust he will be one of the redeemed of our Lord, who surround the throne.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THERE are people living in all parts of the world. Some in great heat, like the Africans; some in a pleasant moderate climate,

as we ourselves; and some in freezing cold. The north part of North America is very cold; for it is very near the icy North Pole. Nevertheless there are people living even there. They are called Indians, and there are a great many different tribes or nations of them. There used to be many more than there are now, in bygone years; but they are all fast dying out from fighting with each other, and it is thought that before long, there will be no more of them left.

These Indians are odd people. Those that I am now speaking about are called the "Kutchir" tribe, and live near the Mackenzie River. They paint their faces very thickly with bright red paint, and carry a brush and paint-pot about with them, as we should carry a pomatum-pot. They grease their hair with grease, and load it with shells, until it becomes quite heavy; then they cover it all up in the manner you see in the picture. As the ground is very thickly covered with snow, they put on to their feet a couple of large wooden shoes, something like two boats, and on these they slide and skate along. They clothe themselves warmly with deer-skins, so that the cold cannot get in. And when they want to travel, they mount their sledges, harness to them their large dogs, and away they gallop very fast indeed. These dogs are very strong, very fleet, and very sensible.

Their huts are made of deer skins, and the branches of fir-trees. They creep in at

one side through a hole, which they afterwards close up. In the middle there is a fire, which sends its smoke through a hole in the top of the roof, and round it they sit and keep themselves warm.



Poor things! they know nothing of God. They say they think that God dwells only with the white men, and not amongst them. They do not think that God is always about them, even in their huts, and on their sledges. So they lie, and steal, and fight, and kill each other. We have good missionaries, who are trying to teach them what is good, to make them better. One is Bishop Anderson, Bishop of Rupert's Land. We should pray in our daily prayers, that God would be pleased to help these good missionaries; that they may bring the poor Indians to know what is right, and good for their souls, and so lead them to heaven.

HOW TO MANAGE IN DANGER.

"WILLIAM, you were to tell me how you managed the alligators when you were in Africa, and you may as well tell me now."

"Very well, Master Frank," said old William, (William was a shoemaker in the village, but in early life had been a servant to a gentleman, and had attended him in his travels in many parts of the world,) "you shall know all about it; and then, if you ever go to Africa yourself, you can act on the same plan."

"But first tell me how big they are."

"Oh! they are of all sizes, from a dozen inches to a dozen feet; but, by my method, I can manage the biggest among them, let him be in the water or let him be out."

"I am glad of that; for, perhaps, I shall be able to manage him too."

"You would like to see an alligator's nest, I dare say; and, perhaps, to treat yourself with an egg or two."

"What! do alligators make nests and lay eggs?"

"To be sure they do. When I first went abroad to Cape Coast Castle in Western Africa, as servant to your father, I remember finding an alligator's nest, made of decayed grass, leaves, and weeds, closely matted together; and, when I put my hand into it, it was almost as hot as a baker's oven."

"How large was the nest? and how big were the eggs?"

"The nest was made of as much as two or three cart-loads of rubbish of one sort or other; and the eggs were white in colour, and perhaps three or four times the size of a goose's egg. Alligators are cunning creatures."

"What do they live upon?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, they are not over particular; for they take up with just what they can get—whether it be a mouthful of flies, a fish, a water-fowl, a monkey, a young antelope, or a sailor in his check shirt, blue jacket, and white trowsers. In short, Master Frank, they would eat you, if they could get hold of you, without so much as asking the question whether it would be pleasant to you or not."

"I dare say they would, William; but I will take pretty good care they do not. Now tell me how you manage them."

"I manage them just the same way as I do a rattlesnake, when I hear his rattle, and see him just ready to spring upon me."

"What! can you manage a rattlesnake, too?"

"Yes, that I can; or a cobra capella, or boa constrictor, or any other kind of snake; even though he be big enough to swallow a tiger."

"I never heard of such a thing! I should have thought that he would have clung round your neck, and stuck his poisoned fangs into you in a minute."

"And so he would, if I did not know how

to manage him. There is nothing like going the right way to work, Master Frank. If I knew at this moment that a savage tiger was in Carey Wood, or that a cruel Turk with a drawn sabre was waiting for me on the Hill Common, I would sally out directly, and manage them both."

"You would! Why, I would not go near them for all the money you could give me. Do tell me, William, how you manage them? Do you take a blunderbuss with you?"

"Nothing of the sort. I might, perhaps, have a thin walking stick in my hand, or a light switch; but I could do without either of them."

"Now, then, please to tell me, without waiting another minute, what your plan is?"

"Well, then, my plan is this: when I see an alligator, ten or a dozen feet long, disposed to do me a mischief, let him open his mouth as wide as he will, the very first thing that I do is—to get out of his way."

"Oh, William! William! that is too bad."

"Too bad, Master Frank! How can it be too bad, when it is the very best way in the world?"

Whate'er be the danger, by night or by day,
Snake, tiger, or Turk—I get out of the way

But if you can acquaint me with an easier,
a safer, or better method, then I will give
up mine and adopt yours."

"I thought that you had some wonder-

ful plan that required a great deal of courage."

"Courage is an excellent quality, no doubt; but wisdom and prudence are much more so. Depend upon it that, in all cases of danger, temptation, and sin, to get out of the way is the best thing that we can do. 'Lead us not into temptation,' is an excellent prayer; and to fly away from temptation is an excellent practice. Oh! what misery and remorse, what repentance and despair, have been brought on mankind by their going to meet evil instead of running away from it! Think over what I have said quietly, Master Frank; and then, very likely, you will be ready to acknowledge that my plan is well worth your attention.

Whate'er be the danger, by night or by day;
Or the sin, or temptation—get out of its way."

Child's Companion.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF TWO YOUNG SAINTS.

LET me tell you a word of a gentle lamb, whom Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with him where he is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left-hand is under my head, and his right-hand doth embrace me;" and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She said she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt

that Christ was always near her. Another time she said, "I think its the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before Him, and then to look to Jesus." When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said that she could not love Jesus enough here, that she would like to be with Him, and then she would love Him as she ought. To her tender watchful relative she said; "I wonder at your looking so grave. I am surprised at it, for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus." After a companion had been with her, she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave, but smiled; that shows how much she loves me." When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "I there anything the matter, my darling?" "Oh," she said, "I am only weak, I am quite happy. Jesus has said, 'Thou art mine.'" Another day, when near her last, one said to her, "Have you been praying much to-day?" "Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise, too." And what have you been praising for?" "I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts I have. I praise Him for many kind friends. You know He is the foundation of *all*; and I praise Him for taking a sinner to glory."

you going away without *praying*?' he said, "my dear child, I will p wish it; but tell me what you prayer?" "Asking God for what sir," she said. "True my child, do you want God to give you?" Him to give me *more of His Hol* "But do you think we have a rig to God, and do you think he wi the Holy Spirit?" "Oh, yes, sir He has said He *will* give the Holy them that ask Him." "And is t thing else you want me to pray for : sir," she said, "I want you to a *bless* *Governess*." "And is there : thing, my child, you want to pr for, for He has given you many : "Yes, sir, I want to thank Him *grace*." "What do you mean by "I mean the love and favour of Go "How has He shown His grace "In giving me *this Bible*." The kin

A POPIISH MIRACLE.

I doubt not that my little readers have heard sometimes of Popish miracles. In some countries, where the people are poor, and ignorant, and superstitious, and afraid of the Popish priests, these priests make up false miracles, to make them believe that the Popish religion is true. And the people are too poor and fearful to think or to say that there is any deception. It is a very wicked thing, and shows us what Popery really is. Can that religion be a true one, which allows of telling lies, and deceiving people?

Many years ago, at the time of the Reformation, Scotland was full of Papists. Now, it is full of Protestants,—many of them the best and stoutest Protestants which we have in our country. Well, it was *then* full of Papists and Popish priests. There happened to be a poor friendless boy, who had no father, and no mother to take care of him, but was picked up by some Popish ladies, who gave him a home. Here he was happy enough, and employed in running errands, and doing other small jobs. He was very fond of playing funny tricks, and one of his tricks was to turn up his eyes till the dark parts of them seemed quite gone,—nothing but the whites were seen, and he appeared quite blind.

Some priests and friars one day observed this, and thought he would make a very good miracle. So what do you think they did?

They took him, and hid him away for seven or eight years in a secret place, till they thought people had forgotten all about him. Then they brought him out, and led him through the country as a blind man. By-and-bye they gave out, that a great miracle was going to be performed; and a great crowd was collected to see it. They raised



a platform in a large square, and the poor man surrounded by priests and friars, was led by the hand and placed upon it, as you will see in our picture. All the people thought he was really blind. And after a great deal of praying and singing, and other foolish ceremonies, he suddenly appeared to

regain his sight. Oh! how joyful all the poor ignorant Papists were at this! and how the bad priests and friars laughed within themselves at the way in which they had taken them in.

But there was one gentleman standing by, called Squire Meldrum. He thought all was not right, and was determined to find it all out; so he managed to get hold of the boy, and the next day, took him to the public market-place, and there with a drawn sword in his hand, made him confess to the people that it was all a lie, and a cheat of the priests!

Very soon after he was obliged to take the boy away, for the priests wanted to kill him for letting out the story: and he took him home, and made him his servant, and he became a good stout Protestant.

Now, what do you think of this? I could tell you a dozen stories like it. The Papists dare not try and do false miracles in England. No, indeed, because there are too many clever people ready and daring enough to find them out. O! may Popery never come over us, and make us like the other poor dark Popish countries of Europe.

Intelligence.

MY ADULT SCHOOL.

I wish you could all see my nice lar every evening in my dining-room. on donkeys here for health and pleasure they take us into such lovely spot such delicious flowers, you cannot tell how nice it is. A lad goes with each donkey the ladies have girls. I could not but find a sad drawback to the pleasure of to find the poor lads often quite uneducated, big lads of sixteen to eighteen asked my donkey boy one day if he liked to learn. I wish you had seen his eye brightened up when I told him to teach him, and ever since my faithful boy has been a constant and devoted scholar. I told him to get any other big lads with him, and we have now fifteen. I cannot say how much I enjoy my work. I have a young man to help who greatly interests me. His family are poor but they cast him off for marrying a girl and he and his poor wife and two children have lain for nights in the streets. I am so glad to be able to take his hand and support him, poor fellow, and I believe his mind is opening to truth.

reading the Bible constantly, and I trust the Holy Spirit will open his understanding that he may understand the Scriptures to his salvation. His wife is a nice, tidy, well-educated woman, and we are making her mistress of a school for donkey girls. For we found that they were more wanting help even than the lads; and thus one good thing, you see, leads to another, and I believe we shall soon have more.

But I must tell you something of my boys. Bernard is my nicest lad; he is so thoughtful and so useful in helping me with my flowers when I go my donkey rides. And he has learnt enough French for me to understand him, for I know nothing of Italian, which they mostly speak here.

Then I must introduce you to poor Jean Baptist, a tall thin lad about sixteen. I found him almost starving—no parents, no home, sleeping in a stable, no one caring either for his body or soul. I soon found that they all thought he was losing his senses from his sufferings; but Jean Baptist is now not the same lad. I have got him a nice clean lodging, and secured him one meal a day. He has got from A B C to little words, and improves daily in his writing, and I am quite proud of my pupil.

One more I must introduce you to. His name is Giovanni Colonelli.

Our old postman, a poor Tuscan exile,

begged one evening that I would take in the son of an emigrant from Cremona. He was rather too young, only thirteen, but as they were in the depths of poverty, and it would be a charity, I agreed. The poor boy had to begin with his letters, but he takes the greatest pains, and is making rapid progress and will soon be in the Testament, the grand object at which I aim. The poor mother has fits, and the father and the boy are trying to get a living as street shoeblacks. The dear little fellow greets me with a smile all over whenever I pass his corner, and loves to tell me how many pair he has cleaned during the day.

Thus, dear young readers, you see a little what is doing even in the heart of Italy, and truly the fields are ripe for the harvest here as well as elsewhere.

Oh, what a luxury I feel it, to be permitted to put these poor young creatures in the way of Christ's blessing, and bring them as it were to the edge of Bethesda's pool, there to wait for the blessing from on high.—*Nice, May 2.*

Poetry.

THE EARTH.

The works of God his glory show,
 All are so wisely plann'd ;
 Only a little can we know
 Of things so vast and grand.

Wise men by search have found out much
 About the earth and skies ;
 And many things they tell, are such
 As fill us with surprise.

Shaped like an orange or a ball,
 Our earth flies round the sun ;
 It does not turn aside at all,
 But ever onwards run.

Round the vast circle, once a year,
 It moves with wondrous speed ;
 And thus the seasons all appear,
 And one by one recede.

And while, to make our day and night,
 It spins round like a wheel,
 We yet can walk, and stand upright,
 For we no motion feel.

These things, and many more as strange,
 We soon may better know,
 Both in the lofty sky's wide range,
 And in the earth below.

Then since, in what God's hand hath wrought,
 We can such wonders see ;
 How great, and wise, beyond our thought,
 Must He who made them be !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUE ANSWER.

- 1st Week { 45. "Acknowledge thine
46. Who preferred his pri
- 2nd Week { 47. "My Father, thou art
youth."
48. Where was Aaron bur
- 3rd Week { 49. "Pardon mine iniq
great."
50. How often does God
no peace to the wi
- 4th Week { 51. "Ye were as sheep go
52. Who hid the spies th
Joshua to Jericho
-

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUI LAST MONTH.

(35.) Joel ii. 32. (36.) Judges vi. 36-
ii. 17. (38.) Nicodemus and Joseph
John iii. 1, 2; Luke xxiii. 50-52. (3
(40.) Heb. xii. 1. (41.) Psalm cxviii.
1 Kings xxii. 34. (43.) Psalm cxix. 73.
Esther vii. 10.

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FIGHT BETWEEN A BOA AND A
CROCODILE.

sad to see fighting anywhere. Every
who loves God loves peace. It is only
which disturbed the world, and set people
animals quarrelling and fighting. Before

H

sin came all was peace; and when there is no more sin, there will be no more fighting. This will happen one day, when the "wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

But, meanwhile, we see and hear of some sad sights. We little know what fearful battles go on in the midst of the great parts of distant countries, amongst the wild animals.

One day, in *Java*, a traveller was making his way through the country; he came to a small lake, which was filled by a number of little streams running down from the mountains. The water was as clear as crystal, and everything could be seen in it down to the very bottom. There was a great tree hanging over this lake, stretching out its branches far and wide; and on this tree lay coiled a huge boa constrictor, taking his morning nap. High up above him was a large baboon, one of a race of apes which are particularly fond of mischief and tricks.

This baboon sat chattering up in the top of the tree, when suddenly he spied a crocodile in the water, rising up immediately beneath the great serpent. Quick as thought he jumped upon the snake, which, disturbed in its sleep, lost its hold, and fell splash upon the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a branch of the tree, but a fearful battle immediately began in the water. The

serpent grasped in the middle by the jaws of the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious writhings. Winding his folds round the body of his enemy, he broke his two hind legs, and made the scales and bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of the two combatants, but neither seemed to wish to yield; they rolled over and over, neither being able to conquer. All this time the mischievous ape, the cause of all that was happening, appeared overjoyed with the scene; he leaped up and down, frisked from branch to branch, uttered yells of delight, and was in the highest ecstasy.

At the end of ten minutes, a silence began to come over the scene; the folds of the serpent began to get looser, and though they were trembling on the back, its head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile also was still, his back having been broken. The monkey now perched himself as near as he dare, on the lower branch of the tree, and for many minutes amused himself with making all sorts of faces at the dead animals; then he gave a scream, and scampered off to another part of the forest, perhaps for more mischief.

I think that some children are like this mischievous monkey, when they like to see others quarrelling and fighting, and, perhaps, set them on to it. O, this is very unlike what Christian children ought to be,—so gentle, so kind, so peace-making.

POOR OLD MARY.

As I was lately going through a burying-ground, I stopped to read what had been written on a fine stone, over the grave of a very rich man. A little way beyond it is the green hillock which covers the spot where poor old Mary lies. Well do I remember this poor but pious woman; poor as to this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love Him. She was ready to do any one a kindness. She lived in the little cottage by the common gate, where the door and the window still look pretty with the sweet honeysuckles which twine around them. Very many times have I seen her, in the years that are past, busy at her spinning-wheel. Even now I think I can see her neat bonnet and cloak, which were always in one place, on the same nail; her jug of clean water, filled every morning from the clear spring which runs at the foot of the hill; and her basket, and the two china dishes (often cleaned, but never used), which were on the mantelshelf. The tiles of the floor had not a stain on them, they were as red as a cherry; and there were many little pictures hanging around the walls. There was a Sunday-school boy who used to visit her almost every evening. She could not read very well herself; no, not with the help of her spectacles, for her sight very much failed

her; so this dear boy (for so she often called him) used to read several chapters to her out of her large Bible, which she kept carefully folded up in a piece of green baize; and this was a great comfort to her, for she very much loved the word of God. She used often to say,

“Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I want no more.”

Sometimes she would spin a little longer, that she might earn another halfpenny to give to this dear little boy. Every one may be of some use in the world. Dear reader, cannot you read the word of God to your parents or friends? or are there no sick, or old, or blind people near you, who would be very glad if you would now and then read to them a chapter out of the Bible, or some tract, or good little book? Do not complain if you should not get anything for doing it, but esteem it your greatest pleasure to do good. It is now many years ago since poor old Mary died. She was very happy even to the last moment; for she looked to the Lord Jesus for salvation. With how much pleasure did I hear her say, looking upwards,

“Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.”

She died full of hope; resting on Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life;" and she is gone, I doubt not, to that happy land where the "weary are at rest." A moment is coming in which we too must die, it may be *very soon*. Each should ask, "Am I ready?" Let us go where no eye will be on us but that of God, and pray that we may be so.

TEMPTATION.

JAMES was slowly walking to school, one fine summer morning, when looking over the fence of old Mr. L's orchard, he saw a fine plum-tree, loaded with bright red fruit. He laid down his book, looked first one way and then another, to see if anybody was coming, and then placing his feet on a high rock, began to make preparations for climbing the fence. "I'll just go and see if there is any on the ground," thought he: "that will not be stealing. I know it would be wrong to take them off the tree. But I only want to taste, they look so red and ripe." Now if James thought he was doing nothing wrong, why was he afraid of being seen?

After scratching his hand, and soiling his clean clothes, James found himself on the other side of the fence, safe in the orchard. Once more he looked to see if anybody was coming, and then ran off as fast as possible towards the plum-tree, which stood at some

distance. But while running with all possible speed, it being past school-time, he hit his foot against a stone, and fell headlong. James was now on the point of crying aloud, the pain in his foot was so great; but then he remembered that somebody might hear him, and come to his assistance, and perhaps ask him how he came there. After recovering in some measure from his fall, he began to think of his good mother, who had dressed him that morning, so neat and clean; who twice had heard him say over all his geography lessons, in order that he might be fully prepared at his class, and had charged him not to stop on the way and be late at school. Now he was a miserable dirty boy, afraid to see his mother, and ashamed to go to school. He however resolved, notwithstanding the pain in his foot, to go now immediately to school, and never be guilty of taking even a red plum that did not belong to him. But just now glancing at the sleeve of his jacket, he perceived a large rent in it, so that he was not fit to be seen at school. "Oh! that fence!" thought he, "if I had never got over that fence, I should not have got my clean clothes all torn and dirty. What shall I do? What shall I tell my mother?" James hesitated a moment, and then like a wise boy, concluded to go immediately home, and confess the whole. So he took up his book, and with a heavy heart, slowly retraced his steps.

On his way he met Mr. L—, the owner

of the orchard, who was a kind old gentleman, and had often patted James on the head, and called him a good boy. The moment James saw him, he crossed over to the other side of the road, and quickly passed him without raising his head.

On arriving at home, he told his mother the whole story. She felt very sorry to hear such an account from her son, in whom she had always placed so much confidence.

"James," said she, as she was preparing to mend the rent in his sleeve, "how often do you think you have repeated the words, 'Lead us not into temptation?'"

"Oh! mother," exclaimed James, "a great many times, ever since I was a little boy."

"Did you ever exactly understand the words?"

"I understand now that those bright red plums tempted me to steal. I never will be tempted by them again. I'll go to school on the other side of the road."

"Ah, my child, you will be often led into temptation, unless you sincerely ask to be delivered. Have you kept that paper safe that I gave you the other day?"

"Yes, here it is," said James, drawing it from his pocket. "You see that I spoke cross to George three times yesterday, and once to-day. I know I have kept a right account."

"You are making a gradual improvement, I hope, in the government of your temper."

"O, but I wanted to speak cross to him a good many times this morning, when he tore my map. I was really angry. I think I should have struck him, but just then I remembered the paper."

"Then it seems that once to-day, you have successfully resisted temptation. You refrained from speaking cross, when you felt cross. Now you will have to go on resisting temptation as long as you live; therefore I want you to begin while you are young. You must resist the temptation of striking your brother when he does wrong, and resist the temptation of tasting red plums that do not belong to you.

"You cannot always fly from temptation, but you must learn to resist it. I do not wish you to go on the other side of the road to school. I wish you to be able to see red plums without feeling any inclination to taste them."

BLESSING THE GUILLOTINE.

PERHAPS some of our readers do not know what a *guillotine* is; we must therefore explain it to them. It is an awful instrument used in France, in Italy, and some other foreign countries, for cutting off people's heads, who have been condemned by law to die. It is used instead of the gallows, which we use in England. The guillotine was invented by a medical man in France, of the name of Guillotin, and was

called so from him, in the year 1798. The instrument (as you see in the picture), consists of a kind of framework, on which the poor man is made to lie down, and a place where his neck rests; then a sharp knife falls down from a height with great force and decapitates him. It is an awful thing to think of.



But, perhaps you ask, what is meant by "*blessing the 'guillotine'?*" Indeed, it is a good question, and we will tell you. You must know that in Italy, where the Pope lives, the people are beginning to read their Bibles, and to wish to become Protestants; but the Pope, and the popish kings, do not wish this to be. So they try to put a stop

y every means in their power. They
 it a great many good people in prison.
 any, there are now hundreds of them
 in; and in order to frighten the rest
 ve made a guillotine, and placed it
 niddle of a street, and told everybody
 they dare read their Bibles and be-
 'rotestants, they shall be beheaded on
 d you ever hear such cruelty as this?
 at was worse than all, when it was
 t up, some popish priests came with
 ater and prayed over the guillotine,
 ssed it! Blessed it, that it might be
 ful in murdering poor innocent Pro-
 3.

dear children, see here what Popery
 u will remember how they used to
 'rotestants in bloody Queen Mary's
 now they *behead* them if they can.
 ' they *can*; because in England, and
 ther countries, they cannot and *dare*
 but wherever there is a popish king,
 enty of popish priests, and the Pope
 what he likes, there they take the
 way from Protestants, and persecute
 o the utmost of their power.

le used to say a few years ago, that
 was not the same as it was in Queen
 reign; but everybody is now obliged
 that it is *exactly* the same, and as
 nd as tyrannous as ever it was. May
 ep our own dear country, Protestant,
 shining light for all the rest of the

DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

MY dear young readers, I want to tell you about a dear little girl who loved Jesus. At the age of five, she was admitted into the Sunday-school. She was remarkable for a meek and quiet spirit. She was a good girl to her parents; and was very anxious that her brothers and sisters should be affectionate and obedient, and frequently gave them good advice.

In the autumn of 18—, symptoms of declining health began to appear. At this time a pious lady kindly took her to her own home, where she remained nearly six months; but her health rapidly sinking, her mother wished to have her more under her own care, and removed her back to her cottage. She was visited by her teacher, when she said, referring to her lessons learned at school, "At the time I received them, I thought too little of them, but now it is remarkable how they all come back to my recollection. The Scripture lessons, the hymns, the books you used to read, and all we used to talk about at school—oh, I remember all now—if it should please God to spare my life, how I should love to come to the Sunday-school; I should want it to be Sunday-school every day. How would I attend, and never would I give you cause to think you were speaking to me in vain; and then, too, I would talk to all the dear children, and persuade them to love Jesus Christ as I do. But you will

think I wish to get well. I do sometimes think I should; but then again I should like to be with Jesus in heaven, because there I should be like Him."

When in her mother's arms, she said, "What a kind Saviour that was who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' and took them up in His arms, and blessed them. He did not mind taking them up in His arms." Having used a gargle for her throat, which was acid, she thought it was vinegar, and said, "I ought not to murmur, Jesus had vinegar mingled with gall given Him to drink."

On visiting her for the last time, the writer says, "I found her hope unshaken, resting only and firmly on Christ. On her pillow lay a little book, 'Daily Food,' which was given to her by her teacher, 'this,' said she, 'is my constant and delightful companion.' She referred to the portion for the day, John xiv. 23, 24, and the verse,

'One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,' &c.,

which having afforded her great comfort." She said to a friend, the theme on which she delighted to dwell was death, and then heaven. She repeated a verse of a hymn,

"Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads the Christian home to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For Heaven will make amends for all."

So a little orphan child she said, "I hope,

my dear, you will seek after, and then you will find Jesus Christ. He has promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and you would like to meet your dear friends; but you cannot, if you do not seek after God;" after a few gentle sighs, her happy spirit took its flight to heaven, on Friday evening, June 13th, when she had just completed her thirteenth year. Some time before her death, she had called her mother to read to her out of her little "Daily Food," the portion for the day, May 20th, Nahum i. 7, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him." She said, "Is not this food for the Christian?"

My dear young readers, seek Jesus as this dear little girl did, and then like her you will have peace and joy, in life and in death.

"THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE."

THE Cape of Good Hope, as it is called, was first discovered in 1652, by Bartholomew Diaz, a famous Portuguese voyager. The whole district was then inhabited by Hot-tentots,—a distinct and peculiar race of people, thought by some to resemble the Chinese in appearance more than any other people, and differing from all other South African tribes. They are not black, but of a sallow colour, and sometimes so light that you can see the red shining through the yellow cast on the cheek. The top of their

heads is broad and flat, their faces taper to the chin, with high cheek bones, flat noses, and broad lips. At one time they were a very numerous people, and occupied that large tract of land which stretches out along the western division of the colony into Great Namaqualand, and then eastward along the Orange or Gariep river. From the particular part of this district in which they lived, they have been called Hottentots, Namaquas, or Corannas; but they all speak the same tongue, adopt the same customs, use the same weapons in war and hunting, and bear the same features in appearance and character.

Running in various directions throughout this tract of country are high hills and deep-wooded ravines. Here dwell the Bushmen, who are thought to have been originally Hottentots; but being driven to these retired parts from various causes, have become a distinct people. At one time these Bushmen existed in large numbers, but the colonists have waged such constant war upon them, and hunted them out of their retreats so diligently, that they are greatly reduced. These Bushmen are amongst the very lowest grade of human beings. They build no houses, and cultivate no lands, but live entirely by plunder and hunting. In the cold season they scrape holes in the earth, into which they creep at night for protection, and in the warm summer days live amongst the trees. In appearance they are most dis-

gusting; their whole body is smeared with fat and ochre; and, as they never wash themselves, they are covered with filth. Their dress consists chiefly of a skin hung over their shoulders, and a small leather or skin apron attached to their waist. They are extremely lazy, and will often go without food, rather than rouse themselves to hunt for it. As hunters, they are very clever, and can climb trees like cats, jump about the rocks like goats, and run very nearly as fast as a horse. In their wars and hunts they use poisoned arrows, which generally produce inflammation and death in a very short time. Human life is utterly unvalued by them, and they frequently kill their children in their passion. To look at them and follow them in their habits, you would think them very little above the brutes that perish; yet they have souls, and can be, and have been civilized. They are not beyond the power of the gospel of Jesus; and more than one wild Bushman has been tamed by it, and brought to heaven. Andrew Stoffles, who was sent some years ago to England to give evidence before the House of Commons, about the state of the South African tribes, was once an untrained Bushman.

Another South African tribe, about whom you have heard much, is that of the Kaffirs; but they are only a part of a great nation called the Bechuanas. To this nation belong, beside the Kaffirs, the Amapondas, Zoolus, and Basutos, about all of whom you may

have read. The Kaffirs are a very bold and warlike race, and have long maintained their independence of every effort to subdue them. Their country lies to the north-east of the colony, and is very beautiful. Its fine mountains and forests give them protection in case of war, and enable them to keep their position well. To the north of the Kaffirs live the Amaponda and Zoolu tribes—fine warlike races, and remarkable for their proud and unbending characters. To the north of these again, in the tract of country where the Yellow and Black Rivers (the main sources of the Orange River) take their rise, live the Basutos; and to the north of these again, and stretching away into the interior, are other Bechuana tribes, the number and extent of which are not yet known. On the western coast, and inward to the border of a desert crossing this part of Africa, live a large branch of the Hottentot nation, the Namaquas; and to the north of them are the Damaras, who resemble the Negroes very much in colour and appearance.

Running across the country, and forming a sort of northern boundary to the colony, is the Karoo country—a dry, parched-up land, very thinly inhabited, and affording scarcely any food for man or beast. And across this broad tract are the tribes, as yet but little known, living near the lake lately discovered by Dr. Livingstone, and about which you have read.

Such are the tribes amongst which the

Missionaries labour. They inhabit
 ferent countries—some rich, plea
 beautiful; others hot, barren, and
 all are greatly sunk in ignorance, l
 and sin. No fewer than thirteen M
 Societies are labouring for their g
 to each and all the Gospel is found
 best civiliser, and the most preciou
 Very beautiful indeed is the scene
 in many an African dale, but a
 ago the abode only of savage beast
 savage men, but where may now
 the pretty village church, neat wh
 houses, and fine cultivated fields.
 religious knowledge of these tribes
 tell you another time.

DECOY-DUCKS.

THE number of water-fowl, particu
 duck, mallard, teal, and widgeo
 were formerly taken in these fens,
 digious. There are still great
 taken by means of decoys, which
 large ponds dug in the fens, with
 five creeks running from them to
 length, and each growing gradually
 till it comes to a point. The banks
 planted with willows, sallows, osiers
 like kind of underwood. Into the
 the fowls are enticed by ducks bred
 for the purpose. The boughs are
 with such art that a large net is spi
 the top of the trees, and fastened t

which reach from side to side, though the passage is so wide and lofty that the fowls do not perceive the net above them. In the meantime the decoy-man, going forward behind the reeds, throws corn into the water, which the decoy-birds greedily devour, and encourage their visitors, till by degrees they all get under the sweep of the net, which grows imperceptibly narrower till it ends in



a point like a purse, perhaps two or three hundred yards from the entrance. When the decoy-man perceives that they are all within the net, a dog, who is perfectly taught his business, rushes from behind the reeds into the water, swimming directly after the fowl, and barking at them. Immediately they take wing, but, being beat down by the nets, they naturally swim forward, to avoid

the dog, till they are at length hurried into the purse, where they fall a prey to the decoy-man, who there waits to receive them. All this is done with so little disturbance, that the wild ducks left in the great pond take no notice of it; so that a single decoy-man, having seized all the fowl in one of these creeks or canals, goes round to the others to execute the same business, always taking care to distinguish the decoy-ducks, and set them at liberty. By these means incredible numbers of wild fowl are taken every week during the season, most of which are sent up to London. Ten decoys, it is said, during one winter furnished the enormous number of 30,000 birds.

HOW TO BE WISE.

A GREAT many years ago there was a little boy whose father was a heathen, but who had a pious mother and grandmother. In those days there were no printed books; and as all the books had to be written with a pen, there were very few to be had. You may suppose, then, that it must have been no easy thing for this little boy to learn to read. Let us go back eighteen hundred and forty years, and look in upon that family. We do not see the father. He might have been there, but we do not know. But we see there two ladies and a little boy. One is a motherly old lady, casting a kind encouraging look upon the little boy, as

the mother unrolls before him a large parchment, and directs his attention to the characters written upon it. And when he tires, she stops and reads to him the history of Cain and Abel, of Abraham, of Joseph, of David and Goliath, of Ruth, or of Esther; and his eyes brighten as she proceeds, till at length he calls to her, "Stop, mother; teach me the letters again, that I too may read these pretty stories." And thus he proceeds, till he masters his letters and learns to read.

This little boy had none of the simple story-books that are now printed for children. But he had his grandmother's roll, containing Moses and the Prophets; and these he read and re-read, till he had them by heart, and could tell every story they contain, repeat every precept of the law, and rehearse those beautiful Psalms composed by the "sweet singer of Israel," while following his father's flocks in the mountains of Judea.

But what good did all this do him? I will tell you. In consequence of his knowing the Holy Scriptures when he was a child, his name has come down to us this day; and all the Christians that have lived since his day for eighteen hundred years, have known and honoured his name. He became a Christian minister, the companion of the Apostle Paul, a missionary, and the pastor of one of the first churches in Asia. And now he sits among the holy Apostles,

the honourable and the great ones kingdom of the Lord Jesus. He clothed you with true wisdom,—a knowledge of the Scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation.

And the same knowledge is able to do the same for the little boys who read the Bible. If you learn and obey the Holy Scriptures, they will make you wise unto salvation. They will lay the foundation of a character that will make you useful and happy. You may, like him, become a minister of the Gospel; and the prophet Daniel said, “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they shall turn many to righteousness as the stars in heaven ever and ever.”

A NEW TESTAMENT SPOILED BY A DOG.

A POOR African came to Mr. Moffatt, a missionary to South Africa, with a sad story that his dog had torn a New Testament to pieces and eaten some of the leaves. He said that the dog had been very useful to him, guarding his property from wild animals and hunting them; but he feared the dog was now useless. Mr. Moffatt asked him how this could be? He could get another Bible, and why could not the dog be made as useful as ever? “I am afraid,” he replied, “the dog will be of no further use to me.” The words of the New Testament are

ve and gentleness, and after the dog has
ten them, it is not likely that he will hunt
fight for me any more."

Of course he was not long in finding out
at the dog was made neither better nor
orse by eating the words. How many are
ere upon whom those words, so "full of
ve," have *no more effect* for good than
ey had on the *poor African's dog* !

Πῆρις.

LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep ;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide :
My sins forgive ;
And let me live,
Bless'd Jesus, near Thy side !

O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace !
Make me like Thee ;
Then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy face !

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- 1st Week { 53. "Serve the Lord with fear."
54. Which of our Lord's followers was
"without guile?"
- 2nd Week { 55. "If God be for us, who can be
against us?"
56. Where was John when the Revela-
tion was sent to him?
- 3rd Week { 57. "I write unto you little children, be-
cause ye have known the Father."
58. To whom did our Lord say, "much
was forgiven?"
- 4th Week { 59. "Love one another."
60. Whose ear did Peter cut off?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS FOR LAST MONTH.

(45.) Jer. lii. 13. (46). Naaman: 2 Kings v. 12.
(47). Jer. lii. 4. (48). Mosera: Deut. x. 6. (49). Ps.
xxv. 11. (50). Twice: Isa. xlviii. 22; lvii. 21. (51).
1 Pet. ii. 25. (52). Rahab: Joshua ii. 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications received, with thanks, from "A.
Snell;" "E.;" "Anonymous."

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be
addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. **SKELKYS**, 54,
Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C.
CARUS WILSON, Thanet-house, Ramsgate.

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ATTACK OF BABOONS.

LAST month I gave you a story of a mischievous baboon who killed an alligator and

a boa constrictor. Now I will give you a story of some who once tried to kill a man. Whilst on an excursion to Perrie Bush, about sixteen miles from King William's Town, in Caffraria, at the Cape of Good Hope (says a traveller), I started from the village alone, for the purpose of visiting the saw-pits, which were about a mile or more towards the midst of the forest. Having reached these, and done my business, I was informed of a small rivulet, at a little distance further on among the woods, forming some very picturesque cascades, and the banks of which were covered with a beautiful and rare kind of flower. I therefore started alone upon a ramble in search of it, and succeeded at length, after some little difficulty, in making it out. Seduced by the wild loveliness of the scene, I advanced further on, at the other side of the stream, along what is called a Caffre path; but soon getting off this, I became entangled in the bush and underwood. The foliage overhead being so thick as to exclude the sun, a small pocket compass was the only safe guide; and, whilst trying to adjust and steady this, I was saluted by a volley of broken sticks and berries from overhead. Never dreaming of such an attack, and not being able to see the slightest vestige of animals near, I still continued my occupation, when a second similar salute made me gladly pocket the compass, and make towards the low ground in hopes of finding the stream. This I soon

ed, and when on its bank, more easily
 ered the lost path. During the per-
 y, however, the chattering overhead
 betrayed the assailants to be a large
 of baboons, whom I now thought,
 clear of the thicket, I might tease in
 rn. Accordingly I commenced throw-
 zones at such as were within reach;
 instead of taking to flight (as I ex-
 d they would), to my great consterna-
 beheld, from every tree near me, five
 of the great mis-shaped creatures,
 ing from branch to branch, and making
 ds me along the ground. Having no
 nd no whip with me, I now thought it
 me to run off, which I immediately
 unning faster, probably, than ever I did
 or since, and pursued at full cry (if
 the dreadful noise could be termed) by
 r sixty ugly awkward creatures, that
 d to mock at the courage of their ad-
 y, and certainly despised his ill-judged
 of attack and defence. At the saw-pits,
 er, they sounded the halt, fearing that
 uld find reinforcements there among
 wyers. But this, to my great dismay,
 ot forthcoming, as they had gone home
 village for dinner. I, therefore, tried
 rease my speed, and finally succeeded
 ting well away from them and back to
 , very glad indeed to escape so easily;
 y face and boots telling rather plainly
 whether I had been following after
 antiful, or the baboons after me.

Caffraria is full of baboons. I suppose they thought that the traveller was coming to invade their country, and disturb their homes ; so we cannot find much fault with them for trying to drive him away. These large monkeys are more like men, in appearance and in sense, than any other animals.

LETTER FROM CAFFRELAND.

(From a lad, once a poor thief in London.)

“ Buffalo Mouth.

“ MY dear Mother,—I take another opportunity of writing these few lines to you. I am quite anxious to hear from you, as some of my comrades have got answers to their letters, that they wrote at the same time as I wrote to you ; the rest of the letters I wrote in the course of every month. I beg of you, my dear mother, to write to me, and let me know how you are getting on ; let not my former ingratitude towards you, hinder you from writing to me. I have repented with a sincere heart ; and I pray to the Almighty, day and night, to forgive me for my past sins and iniquities, in breaking His holy laws, and for my ingratitude towards my parents. Thanks be to His holy name, I am doing better than ever I did in my life. I neither drink, swear, nor tell lies ; I live in hopes of dying a sincere Christian, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for me and all sinners. My dear mother, I can tell you it

is my constant study to avoid every company that drinks. I never leave my barracks of a night; when my work is done for the day, I can find plenty to do—I can read my Bible, or I can learn to write or cast accounts. Never was I so happy as I am now, thank God for it; this five months, from the 9th of December to this present day, I have not drunk one drop of any sort of drink, and may God keep me so. Dear mother, I enjoy perfect health ever since I left home; the country I like very well; in fact, I am as happy as I could wish to be. All I want now to make me the happiest man, is to hear from you, and send you some money, and I will not envy the richest man in Liverpool, although I am in the centre of Caffreland, far away from old England. * * *

“My dear Mother, as soon as I get a letter from you, I will send you five pounds, and I will let you draw ten shillings of my pay every month while I am on station, and may the Almighty spare you long to draw it and me to give it; you may expect it with confidence. I would not write one single lie to you; I have had too much of *them*; I hope God will forgive me. I am always thinking of you, day and night; you are never absent from my thoughts. When walking as sentry, at the dead hour of the night, when everything is quiet, when a soldier is walking his lonely post, and thinking of home far away, and of past days; it is then that the home of his boyhood appears

dear to him, and the unbidden tear comes to his eyes, when he thinks of the unkindness he has shown to those parents that he should have been kind to; it is more than I can in reality describe. I will say one thing to you, my dear mother; if you know any one that was like me, tell them from one that knows what it is to be a disobedient son in his young days, to obey their parents, to shun the public-house and bad company, or they may live to curse the day they were born. Tell them from me it is a fine thing to do good. Prevention is better than cure.

“I have not much more to say, but to give you a description of the country called Caffreland, which I am living in now. The natives are called Caffres, and quite black; they go quite naked, except a blanket they wear round them—the women the same. They live in creils and keep cattle; the women do all the work, such as cook, break the wood to light the fire, grind the corn. It is a curious sight to see them in their huts, which are about the size of a bushel basket, with a fire lit, smoking all day long; I am quite used to it now, and think nothing of it. It is the greatest place for thunder and lightning I ever saw. It is a fine climate and healthy—plenty of water and plenty of bush. It is a fine place for emigration for tradesmen and for servants; young women could get places by the dozen, and good wages; and some of them good husbands, with plenty of money. I now will

conclude, my dear mother, as I have said as much as I can. I am well in health and spirits, quite happy, like soldiering very well, live in hopes of returning to see you, if God spares me; if not, His will be done—I hope we shall meet in heaven. You may expect the money as soon as I hear from you. I now conclude, wishing you all the happiness you can enjoy in this world, and eternal happiness in the world to come. From your loving son until death, “W. W.”

ELEPHANT GODS.

WE, who have the Bible in our hands, and know all about Jesus Christ, have but little idea of the ignorance and superstition which are to be found amongst the heathen. But what sad scenes do we hear of every now and then! In one part of India amongst the mountains, there is a race of very strong people, who formerly used to get their living by making inroads upon the low country, and stealing all they could lay their hands upon. They have become more civilised now, and have given up this; but still they are sadly ignorant. What do you think? Some travellers the other day were going through their country, and they came to a forest. Here, in the midst of the trees, was a large village, composed of huts and tents, as you see in the picture. And near these huts were two high pieces of wood stuck

into the ground, and they were carved, so that the top part looked like a man's head, and below were elephants' tusks.

Now what were these things for? Were they monuments? No. Were they kind of May-poles to amuse the children? No. They were used by the poor people as gods! They thought they were gods, who



had made them, and who took care of them.

And so they worshipped these figures. And as they thought these gods might do them harm if they were angry, they used to put good things before them to please them, such as rice, and fruits, and fowls, and pigs. Just as if the dumb idol could eat, or know anything about it.

Dear children, you are highly favoured.

You know much more than these poor ignorant people. But will you not try to make them know what you know? Save your pennies now and then, instead of spending them upon yourselves, and give them to the Missionaries, that they may be able to go out to their far-off countries, and preach to them the Gospel, and bring them to know the true God who lives in Heaven, and Jesus Christ whom he sent.

LITTLE BILL AT THE PUMP.

(Continued from page 106.)

IN the year 18—, the same good old pastor had occasion to visit what was then called the "Far West." At the close of a beautiful day in the month of July, just at dusk, as he was walking along one of the streets of a Western city of much note, with one arm thrown backward across his back, he felt the sudden and firm grasp of some other hand upon his own as it was thus placed. Turning quickly about, he found himself facing a young and well-dressed gentleman, of tall and elegant stature, and in all respects exceedingly fair to look upon. At the same time, he manifested very deep emotion, for which the pastor was utterly unable to account. Without losing his hold, the stranger said,

"You do not know me!"

"No; yet I see about your countenance

something that is quite familiar to me. Have we ever met before?—and if so, when and where?”

The young man became more and more agitated, while large tears started to his eyes, and fell rapidly down his cheeks; but he uttered not a word.

“Tell me,” said I, “do tell me what this means. You distress me.”

“Do you remember Little Bill that you found at the pump in ——, the one you led to the Sunday-school, and used to love so well? I am he.”

And, throwing his arms about my neck, he wept like a babe. I need not say that he did not weep alone.

“Ah,” he continued, “that visit of yours at the pump was the moment of my salvation. You, as the instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, saved me. Ever since our last separation I have longed to see you. You have shared most sincerely in my supplications at the throne of grace. You passed the shop yonder, where I was; and at the first glance I knew you, and followed you, almost without any thought of what I was doing, and seized that very hand which once, when I was a poor outcast boy, led me to the house of God! Your singular and unfailling kindness to me at that time has been in my thoughts by day, and often in my dreams at night. Then, I knew not the spirit that prompted your actions; but now, I trust, I do. It was the spirit of compas-

sion that flows from the Gospel—the spirit of Him who went about doing good.”

“I am thankful,” said the pastor, “thus to meet you, and especially to find that you are so deeply and truly impressed with those good and holy things which at that time it was my earnest desire and effort to fix lastingly in your mind. I too can say that you have shared in my prayers to our great Creator and Redeemer, from the time of our first acquaintance to this hour. I hope you have done and still are doing well in things temporal as well as in things spiritual.”

“As to what you early taught me,” he remarked, “you must have been quite successful, certainly so far as impressions and my own understanding of them are concerned; for, indeed, it seems to me that not even then, when I was but a child and so very ignorant, did you utter one word of instruction or counsel to me that I have not always clearly and definitely retained in my mind. Why, sir, I can remember them all now, even as if they had been imparted to me but yesterday.

“All that I am,” he seriously added, “I owe, under God, to you; and not only myself, but others of our family may express the same, for it is equally true of them.”

“I should be very happy,” said I, “to know something about your parents and brothers and sisters.”

“About my poor father,” he replied, with much feeling, “I can say but little

that is certain, as he was much abroad, and finally, some years since, died from home. But I remember to have seen him when I thought he was really serious, and even affected to tears at beholding the change for the better, which he could not but discover in his family; and I am quite sure that my mother (especially after she commenced attending church) used to talk with him about his duty to God and us.

"I recollect distinctly his once saying to me, after hearing me recite my Sunday-school lesson to my oldest sister, 'My son, I beg you never to be tired of your Sunday-school. The people there are your friends. I hope you will continue to be a good boy, and grow up to be a good and useful man.'

"This address affected me to tears; and on my father's perceiving it, he arose, came to me, and, putting his hand on my head, said, 'God bless you, my son!' and then passed by out of doors. I am not mistaken, I think, that he wept as he went. I cannot but indulge the hope that in his heart he garnered up the good seed, and at the hour of his death may have found pardon and favour from heaven.

"My mother became a true penitent, and a humble follower of the Saviour, and died in great peace. I have rarely seen a death more triumphant and happy.

"My brothers and sisters, as you doubtless will recollect, were enticed to the Sunday-school, which early brought them

happily and effectually under religious influence that was not lost upon them. They have all grown up pious men and women, and maintain exemplary Christian lives.

"Our heavenly Father has favoured me with more than a mere competency of this world's goods. He has also given me an honourable place and name in His church, and blessed me with the privilege of being a Sunday-school teacher.

"And now," continued my young friend, "you must go with me, for I must see you at my home."

It was with sincere regret that I was compelled, owing to other business which I could not set aside, to forego this pleasure.

"Well," said he, "I have one more favour to ask of you."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"That you would raise your hat, and permit me to cut from your head a single lock of your hair. You will not deny me this?"

"No, I will not."

Taking from his pocket a pair of merchant's scissors, he accomplished his wish.

"Now," said I, "allow me to receive from you the same memorial." And there we stood, under the open sky, exchanging that common remembrance of love and friendship; there we stood together, for the first time after the lapse of many years, in which interval the young minister had passed

to middle life, and the boy to manhood; there we were together for the last time, until we stand, as I trust we finally shall, before "the throne of God and the Lamb," in "glory everlasting."

My friend is dead; and we cannot but hope that we may be yet able to give all the particulars of the event, which would supply us with another instructive and profitable narrative. He died happy, knowing in whom he had believed. In the cause of Christ he faithfully laboured all the days of his pious pilgrimage, and in aid of it he contributed cheerfully and liberally of his pecuniary substance according to his honest ability.

No one branch of religious duty was dearer to him, or more engaged his attention, and in none did he serve with more affection, ardour, and success, than in that of the Sunday-school, for he knew its benefits and blessedness by his own happy experience.

In vain should I attempt to give a full and just description of my own joyous feelings in connection with this occasion. Tongue and pen would fail me in the effort. But, thanks be to God, then and now (and I trust it will continue so with me until this present life shall terminate), this entire circumstance, in all its aspects and bearings, opens to me a fountain of sweet and cheering peace. It is the peace that flows only out of the deep conviction "that he which

erteth a sinner from the error of his
shall save a soul from death and hide a
itude of sins."

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but
thy name give glory, for thy mercy
truth's sake."



THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

AYN'T I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything
give me, cut wood, go for water, and do
our errands."

he troubled eyes of the speaker were
l with tears. It was a lad that stood

at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loath to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features, would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold;" and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" presented himself, wearied with labour.

A look of intelligence passed between his eye and himself; he too scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy seemed to be kept "only till to-morrow;" the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of the winter a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited

'You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

'Yes, do you know him?"

'I have seen him," replied the pedlar, gravely.

'And where? Who is he? What is he?"

'A jail-bird;" and the pedlar swung his stick over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence,—'ten months.' He's a hard one. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail, the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she rest easy till she called the boy in, and assured

him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at onc't—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at onc't."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother,—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "Oh! I hain't no mother! Oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange-looking gray eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on to with whips. I wouldn't ha' been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

he strength was all gone from the poor
 , and he sank on his knees, sobbing great
 king sobs, and rubbing the hot tears
 y with his poor knuckles. And did that
 an stand there unmoved? Did she
 ly bid him pack up and be off—the
 bird?

Oh, no; she had been a mother, and
 hough all her children slept under the cold
 in the churchyard, she was a mother

he went up to that poor boy, not to
 ten him away, but to lay her fingers
 ily, softly on his head; to tell him to
 up, and from henceforth find in her a
 her. Yes, she even put her arm about
 neck of that forsaken, deserted child;
 poured from her mother's heart sweet,
 nanly words, words of counsel and ten-
 ness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night;
 r soft her pillow! She had linked a poor
 ering heart to hers, by the most silken,
 strongest bands of love; she had plucked
 ie thorns from the path of a little, sinning,
 striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still, a vigorous,
 nly, promising youth. The unfavourable
 t of his countenance has given place to
 open, pleasing expression, with depth
 ough to make it an interesting study. His
 ter-father is dead, his good foster-mother
 ed and sickly, but she knows no want.

The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE TYPES.

I.—MAMMA, BESSIE.

Mamma.—Bessie, bring your Bible, I am ready to begin our lessons on the types.

Bessie.—What is the meaning of type, mamma?

M.—A type is a figure or emblem by which something future is shadowed forth. Much of the instruction in the Old Testament concerning Christ was given by means of types or figures. God in this way taught his people of old to know their blessed Saviour.

B.—Where shall we begin?

M.—I must first tell you the meaning of the word "antitype," for unless you know that, you will not have a clear idea of what I teach you. The antitype is that which is shadowed out by the type; that to which the type refers, and to which it leads on the mind. Before we close our lessons, we shall talk about the paschal lamb, the scape-goat, the brazen serpent. Those were types which the Israelites looked upon with their bodily eyes. They were designed to set Christ, their antitype, before the eye of the soul, that those who looked on Him by faith might have life through his name. Turn to the second chapter of Genesis, and read the ninth verse.

And out of the ground made the seed to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, the tree of knowledge of good and evil." The "tree of life" is a type of the *life-giving Saviour*. Where was it?

In the garden which the Lord God bestowed in Eden.

Now read another verse, Rev. ii. 7.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches; to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the throne of God." That is *another Paradise*, the Paradise of God, and not Eden in Eden.

Yes, the glory of the first Eden has passed away, because sin entered into the world and death by sin. When our first parents disobeyed God, they were no longer permitted to approach the tree of life. Had they been able to gather and eat of its fruit, they would have lived for ever in a state of holiness and sin; but God in his mercy having provided for them a Saviour, opened a way through the grave and gate of death to a resurrection, and endless life, in a new Eden of glory. I have spoken of Jesus as a life-giving Saviour. In this sense he is the antitype of the "tree of life." Do not you remember some texts which relate to our present subject?

B.—I think I do, mamma; will not that one do in John xvii. 2, and another in 1 John v. 11?

M.—Yes, and if you turn to Col. iii. 4, you will see that Christ Himself is said to be our “life;” so he calls himself when speaking to Martha, John xi. 25. The life which he gives is “*eternal life*,” John x. 28. He that feeds upon *this* “tree of life,” shall indeed “live for ever.”

B.—What do you mean, mamma, by *feeding* upon Christ?

M.—To *feed* upon Christ, my Bessie, is to *believe* in Him: “He that cometh to me shall never hunger.” *Coming* to Jesus, *believing* in Jesus, *feeding* upon Jesus, all mean the same thing. When we feel the heavy burden of our sins and fly to the Saviour to be delivered from them, and to be made partakers of his salvation, then we *feed* upon him, and he gives us eternal life. The “tree of life” is again spoken of, Rev. xxii. 2. Its leaves are for the healing of the nations. As Jesus, when he was upon earth, cured all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people, so it is only Jesus who can cure the diseases of the soul. I will give you a little verse, which may help your memory as to what we have been saying,—

“Christ is the ‘Tree of Life,’ whose healing leaves
Heal every wound which sin’s dread poison gives;
Its branches bloom and wave above the skies,
Ripening their fruit in God’s own Paradise.”

Prayer.

HYMN ON PRAYER.

THE Lord attends when children pray ;
 A whisper He can hear ;
 He knows, not only what we say,
 But what we wish or fear.

He sees us when we are alone,
 Though no one else can see ;
 And all our thoughts to Him are known,
 Wherever we may be.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
 And words of prayer to say ;
 The heart must with the lips agree,
 Or else we do not pray.

Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright ;
 Thy grace to us impart ;
 That we in prayer may take delight,
 And serve Thee with the heart.

Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne
 Thy praise we will proclaim ;
 And daily our request make known,
 In our Redeemer's name.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- 1st Week { 61. "Call Thou, and I will answer."
62. What Scripture events are connected with the river "Kishon?"
- 2nd Week { 63. "Make no friendship with an angry man."
64. Why should we be careful as to the use we make of our "tongues?"
- 3rd Week { 65. "Pray for me."
66. What is the meaning of the words "Jesus?"
- 4th Week { 67. "Seek the Lord, and ye shall live."
68. Who was clothed with a raiment of camels' hair, and ate locusts and wild honey?

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(53.) Ps. li. 11. (54.) Nathaniel: John i. 47. (55.) Rom. viii. 31. (56.) In the Isle of Patmos: Rev. i. (57.) 1 John ii. 13. (58.) Luke vii. 47. (59.) 1 John iii. 23. (60.) Malchus: John xviii. 10.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

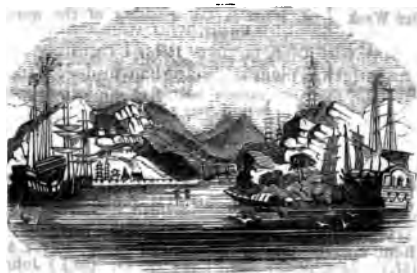
"J. H." Many thanks for your useful and interesting papers.

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEY, 1 Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. CARUS WILSON, Thanet-house, Ramsgate.

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View of Ningpo, in China.

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

TO THE GIRLS IN A NATIONAL-SCHOOL.

Ningpo, Feb. 2nd.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—

Your kind friend and Pastor has sent me some questions of yours, which I will try and answer as well as I can.

1. One little girl wishes to know about the schools in China. All the schools in

this country are for boys—not one for girls, nor are the little girls taught to read at home; so they know nothing of books, and, if they had Bibles, could not as yet read them. At home they are taught to sew, and spin cotton, and make tape, and weave cloth. The boys go to school as early as six or seven years of age, but do not understand the books they read for a long time, as the writing is so very difficult.

2. To another child, who wants to know what sort of a country it is, I can only tell her of two places—Shanghai and Ningpo. At the former it is quite flat, and rice, and cotton, and a little wheat, are planted. Here, at Ningpo, the same things are grown; and, beside, a great many sorts of vegetables, as sweet potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and some others which we have no names for, or whose names you would not understand, as yams, egg plants, &c. All round Ningpo there are beautiful hills, where many go, in the summer time, for a short holiday, and to avoid the heat.

3. To her who wishes to know whether they treat me kindly, and whether they like to hear of Jesus Christ, I may say “Yes,” to the former, and “No,” to the latter. The people are very kind, and seem much pleased to see us, and ready to talk with us; but they do not seem to like our doctrine much, for it wants to turn out all the gods they have been in the habit of worshipping;

and they think that our Jesus is very good for *us*, but that their own gods, and their own religion, are the best things for *them*. They do not, however, make any opposition yet, nor openly persecute *us*, as the Heathen used to do the early Christians. They may do this by-and-bye; and you must pray for *us* that we may hold fast the truth, and not be frightened by them.

4. Now about the fruit. The little girl who asks this question must remember what a large country China is, and then she will not be surprised to hear that there are nearly all kinds of fruits. Here we have, in the summer, melons, peaches, plums, nectarines, cherries, arbutes (something like strawberries, but not half so good), and loquats (yellow, and something like a pear); and, in the winter, pears, apples, grapes, oranges, and some fruits which come up from the south, and are dried.

5. What sort of people are the Chinese? asks another. They are generally rather shorter than we are, and of rather a different colour, and have not got long straight noses like Europeans, but short flat ones. The hair is all shaven off in front of the head, and is gathered up behind, and plaited into a long tail, or whip; a custom which the Tartars, who conquered the country, introduced among them, and made them, on pain of death, adopt. Some of the hardest and most daring of the people, although they have their hair plaited, yet will not let it

hang down, but coil it round, and bind their heads round with a turban. These are the inhabitants of the province of Fokien. The people are generally good-natured, patient hard-working, and contented, but very selfish; often unnatural, as in killing their offspring; great liars, and that without any cause; almost to a man idolaters, following in this the customs and vain traditions of their fathers, and continually adding other to them, even more absurd.

6. Their houses, which another child wishes to know about, are usually one story high, built of wood, with mud floors, and generally very dirty. I have not yet seen anything like a clean cottage among them and, indeed, my teacher tells me there is no such thing to be found in China! Some of the buildings look fairly well outside, because they inclose a large space with a high wall without which those of the same surname live; but directly you go inside, and look at every house, you find the same dirty and disordered place.

7. It is very difficult for me to reply to your question about their dress, for I could hardly describe it to you if I were talking to you; but it is made of cotton stuff, which the people themselves make, and looks, outwardly, very neat, but is really very dirty because they so seldom wash any part of it. The shoes are very odd to us, turned up at the toe, and the sole very thick and whitened instead of blacked, when they

are cleaned. The cap is made of silk or felt, and generally fits close to the head. Sometimes, in very cold weather, they wear little ear-caps lined with fur, but it is only the more effeminate among them who do this.

8. Who is it that wants to know whether they like to go to school? I suppose they are much like other children in this, and I expect you like going home better than going to school. The children here, however, have not the same reason to love school that you have—not such nice books, not such kind instructors, no nice Sunday-school, with its clean clothes and white faces.

9. To one who wants to know whether the children here can read their Bibles, I must answer that none of them can. It is not easy for a Chinese, even, to read this language, and a boy must be sixteen or seventeen years old before he understands much of a simple book.

10. As to what food they principally eat, that is soon answered. Boiled rice is the food from the highest to the lowest, and this they think the best food in the world, and pity us very much because they think we cannot get it; and hardly believe, that, when we come here, we do not eat it, as they do, as their principal food. This rice is eaten out of a bowl, by means of two pieces of stick, which we call chop-sticks; and they are very expert in using these,

taking up, if they like it, the smallest grain of rice, and eating an egg, by means of them, without much difficulty.

11. Now the last question is about animals. I suppose, as the country is very large, and has some large forests and mountains, that very many wild beasts are found. In this neighbourhood there is sometimes a tiger seen, and wild boars are taken in the woods, and there are foxes, and hares, and small deer. Among the useful working animals are the horse, of a small kind, and the common cow, and a water ox, or buffalo : there are also plenty of pigs, and goats, and sheep. They seldom kill the oxen, as they are so useful in ploughing the fields, and it is against the law to sell beef. It is only when an ox dies of sickness or old age that they sell the flesh ; so we seldom eat it, as it is not good.

Now, my dear children, pray night and day for this very ignorant, and wretched, and lost people, and remember *they that are last shall be first*. Do not you, who *seem* before them now, come behind them at the great day.

Your faithful friend,

R. H. C.

THE BOY WHO SAVED HIS FATHER.

A BOY, who attended a Sunday-school, began to feel the value of his soul and of his

Saviour. He used to go to his own home and pray. We might truly say of this young Christian, "Behold, he prayeth!" The father of this poor boy was a very wicked man. He became quite angry when he heard of his son praying, and got a whip and lashed him severely. But did a parent's



fury even prevent this young Christian pouring out his desires before his heavenly Father? No; his soul had been born again, and he found prayer to be the very breath of his soul; he could not be silent. He resorted no longer to his own home to pray, but retired into a wood near his house.

There he prayed earnestly to his which is in secret. His wicked parent that he had found a new spot to and one night followed him, with a in his hand, for the purpose of beating him. When he came in reach of the boy, he thought, before he whipped, he listen to hear what he was saying. I tened; and what do you think he thought the boy at that moment was ear praying for his wicked father. The father's conscience smote him: he began to weeping. Soon the boy had finished praying, turning round, he saw his father behind weeping. The trembling parent looked at his astonished son, saying, "I came on whip you, but you have whipped me." From that time he became a different man. My dear young reader, see the use a change may be of! Do you know what it is to pray as this boy did? Oh, begin to pray for yourself, and then pray for your father, mother, brothers, and sisters! Jesus loves little children, and He waits to hear and answer their prayers.

THE MISSIONARY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

JUDITH GRANT PERKINS, was the daughter of an American missionary, stationed at Seir, in Persia.

God had been very gracious to little Judith, in early drawing her heart towards

Himself, and in giving her a love for the Bible, and an earnest desire to be one of His dear children.

From quite an early age she was remarkable for great sweetness of disposition, being gentle, affectionate, and obliging to every one; but this was especially shown in her conduct to her parents. She remembered the commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and she tried to keep it; and, although young, she was enabled to do many things to add to the happiness of her parents.

Her mother was often ill, and then little Judith would say, "Do not trouble about anything, dear mamma; let me take all the care." And she learned the way to do many things neatly and nicely, thus proving a real comfort to her mother.

As a sister, she was gentle and kind; taking much pains to instruct her little brother, who already looked up to her as a guide, and always showing great willingness to amuse him, by entering into or joining his more childish pursuits.

About this time the father of Judith received a letter to tell him that some more missionaries were expected, and that he must go and meet them; and it was arranged that Mrs. Perkins, and Judith, and Henry, should accompany him.

Can you not fancy how delighted the children were with the prospect of this journey? They could do little else than talk of it, and

had to cross.

The first day of their journey took them to the house of a lady who was very kind to Judith a year before. Amid all the joy that this dear lady, on her pleasant change, she did not remember this, and to thank her as she expressed herself, she was grateful enough.

What a mark of God's dear love is this spirit of thankfulness! first to Him from whom we have all our mercies, and then, in gratitude to every one to whom we receive kindness.

The missionary and his family left on a Wednesday morning, in the last year; and on the Sunday a pencilled note was received, which was written by Mrs. Perkins the previous day, and it contained the following sentence:

"I write you a line in great

It appeared that the travellers had continued their journey most comfortably, from the time of their leaving Seir until they reached Khoy, at which place it was necessary for them to stop and procure passports; but having heard that the cholera was in the town, they pitched their tent outside the city walls. In the evening a great many people came for cholera medicines, until Mr. and Mrs. Perkins began to feel anxious on account of their children; but they committed themselves to the care of that God who alone could keep them from the pestilence, and then laid down to rest.

They arose as early as three o'clock the next morning, because they had to travel over a hot, dry plain, and they wished to do this before the heat of the day made travelling wearisome. Judith appeared particularly well, and in high spirits, looking with pleasure upon the morning star, and, at a later hour, upon the rising sun, little thinking that it was the last time she would ever witness this glorious sight.

After they had crossed the plain, they came to a mountain, and when they had ascended half-way up its summit, they stopped to take refreshment. From the top Judith had the pleasure of seeing Ararat, and she felt quite sorry when obliged to turn away from looking at it to continue her journey; but mounting her horse, with her little brother by her side, they rode on happily, sometimes singing hymns, or talk-

ing lovingly of those whom they left behind, and so passed the time until again necessary to stop and take rest. They had only gone a few miles from this last resting-place, when she complained of not being well; and her face, even more than her words, showed she was suffering. Symptoms soon followed which greatly alarmed her parents, who would gladly have stopped to try and give her some relief, but their tent was farward, and they dared not remain burning sun without its shelter.

They therefore continued their journey for two or three miles further, to the village of Zorava, while their beloved became worse every instant, and the disease of cholera more and more violent. When they reached the place where the tent was pitched, they lifted her on a horse in a state of great exhaustion notwithstanding the remedies which her parents could now administer, the disease increased with fearful violence and

The village of Zorava is inhabited principally by Mahometans, and these acted most unkindly towards the English family; not only refusing to give the English attendants a little food for themselves or barley for their horses, but after when the limbs of the dying child were cold and cramped under the power of the disease, they would not sell a bit of wood to make a fire, or warm water for her

but ordered the travellers to leave the village.

Can you not fancy the sorrow of these afflicted parents? But God never permits His people to be wholly cast down: if He sends them a bitter cup to drink, there is always some drop of sweetness in it; and thus was it with them, for they had the comfort of seeing their beloved child composed, and even happy, in the prospect of death. Suddenly brought to suffer great pain, and to know that she was about to leave all whom she loved, Judith lay upon her little bed in the tent without one complaining word, full of peace, and rejoicing in the prospect of living with God for ever.

When she asked her father if her disease were cholera, he replied by telling her to look only to Christ; and then he said, "Can you look to Jesus as your Saviour—can you look only to the cross, my child?" "I will try, papa," she answered. He then asked, "Is Jesus precious to you?" "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "I have just had a view of Him: He is lovely." Again he said, "Do you desire to get well?" "Yes, papa, if it is God's will." On being asked why she desired to get well? she sweetly replied, "*To do good.*" "But," continued her sorrowing parent, "if it is God's will to take you to Himself, are you willing to go?" "Oh, yes, papa! let God's will be done."

Once, during the afternoon, she said, "Mamma, if I die, will you bury me by my

dear sister, Fidelia?" "I will, love," was the reply. This request, and one other—that a favourite tree might be carefully tended—were all that she made of an earthly nature.

Towards evening her little brother came to her, and, with all the simplicity and grief of his tender age, exclaimed, "Oh, Judith, my dear sister, I'm afraid you will die! You look as though you would die, sister Judith. What shall I do? what shall I do?" His sister gazed upon him with a look full of affection, but perfectly calm; and, when asked what she desired might be said to him, she touchingly murmured, "That he may be a Christian, and a good boy, and mind his parents in everything."

One of the Nestorian attendants, while engaged in rubbing her icy cold limbs, asked where she felt distress (pain). She replied, "Don't ask me: it is God's will. Let His will be done."

As she drew near her end, she was perfectly free from pain, and, supposing this to be a good sign, she asked if a favourable change had not taken place; but her father replied, "I fear not: look only to Jesus." She answered quietly, "I will try, papa;" and then added, "I *can*, I *do* trust Him."

The parents now knelt and prayed for her, and when they had finished, she remained silent for a few moments, and then broke out into the following short prayer,—
"O Lord, accept me, and, if it be Thy will,

make me well : if not, keep me from murmuring."

After this she remained silent for some time, only saying occasionally, "Papa, mamma, are you near me?" for the light in the tent was so dim that she could not always distinguish them; but when assured that they were still by her side, she murmured, "It is such a comfort to know that you are near me."

Just before she died, she asked her father to repeat something, and he repeated the twenty-third Psalm; upon which she said, "Oh, how precious!" Dear child, she was indeed walking through the dark "valley of the shadow of death," fearing no evil, for she felt that Jesus was with her, and that, resting on Him, she could pass safely through. She also found comfort in listening to various hymns, particularly that one which contains the verse beginning—

"Jesus can make a dying bed."

Her breathing now became extremely laboured, and her voice so husky that she could scarcely speak. Her last words were, "Papa, will you please to raise me up?" and while he did so, and took her tenderly in his arms, her mother fetched little Henry to give her a parting kiss. She smiled upon him with an affectionate and happy expression, and in a few moments afterwards, without one struggle or sigh, her happy spirit passed from earth to heaven. Her

body still remained clasped in the arms of tender earthly parent, but her spirit was with Jesus.

“ On earth she sought her Saviour’s grace,
On earth she loved his name,
And now she sees his blessed face,
And stands before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.”

If her parents could have seen her rejoicing amongst “ the countless multitude for whom our Saviour died, perhaps they would have checked the tears which flow so fast; but, although they could not do this, they yet remembered where to seek comfort; and, clasping his dead child a little closer in his arms, the poor father called all present to join him in prayer, which was offered in Syriac, that the Nestorian attendants might understand it.

The next day the poor mother prepared her dead child as well as she could for the grave—I say as well as she could, because there was no preparation made for an event like this. Instead of a coffin, she was laid on her little bed, and this was carefully secured to Judith’s horse. Little Henry wept bitterly as he watched these sad preparations, and said, “ Oh, mamma, I do wish it was the time when Jesus was on earth that he might raise the dead.” Then, again he tried to comfort his parents, saying “ Don’t cry. It is no matter if Judith is gone to heaven; and I’m sure she is. Last Sunday, when we were walking on the road, she said to me, ‘ Henry, perhaps I shall die

on this journey : and think how delightful it will be to go up to heaven, and see God, who never dies.'"

At length the party set out, for they had a journey of a hundred and forty miles to retrace, and every step of the way brought back fresh remembrances of their child. They could not help weeping when they beheld the horse, that had so lately carried her, full of spirits and radiant with health, now walking slowly along, with drooping head and lagging pace, as if conscious that he bore no living rider. The muleteer who led the horse was mute with grief : he, too, had loved the joyous child, and received many tokens of her thoughtful kindness. It was a sad, and would have been a silent journey, but for the occasional cries of poor little Henry, saying, "What shall I do without Judith? Who will sing with me now? Who will play for me on the seraphine? What can I do?"

Towards evening they reached Seir, where they were met by a band of kind and sympathising friends, and soon afterwards the mortal remains of Judith were laid in the same grave, upon the sunny hill-side, with those of her sister Fidelia. There were many spectators of this scene, and all wept, for young as she was, she had already been a kind friend to many. And she was especially mourned for by a number of women who had formed her class in the Sunday-school.

Our object in printing this is not to praise

the dead, but to show forth the greatness and love of God to sinners. Remember, also, that it is not how a child dies how he lives, by which we are to judge whether he is one of God's dear children. We have seen that Judith was a dutiful affectionate daughter; a thoughtful loving sister; that she possessed a thankful spirit, and an un murmuring submission to the will of God; and that, much as she loved her earthly relatives, she longed to be with Jesus—"to live with that God who never dies;" and if she had any wish to go well, it was that she might "*do good*." Do you wish to be like Judith, to have her thankful, happy spirit, in life, and her sweet peace in death? The same way is open to you, the same Saviour is ready to receive you, the same God is waiting to bless and strengthen you in all good resolutions. Even now He is speaking to you by the voice of His Holy Spirit—"Seek ye My face." Go to God at once: do not wait until this desire for better things has passed away. Like Judith, you may never see another sunrise: like Judith, you may be called suddenly away from life and all its enjoyments, and made to lie in that grave "where is no repentance."

Let me entreat you never to rest, until, in simple earnest faith, you can say, "God is my Father, Jesus is my Saviour, and, through His merits, I trust that heaven may be my home."—*Abridged from one of a valuable series of Tracts, by Miss H. D. Howe.*



THE GLEANERS.

"The valleys also are covered over with corn : they shout for joy," Psa. lxxv. 13.

HERE is a pretty picture! The poor mother, and her little children, have been gleaning in a corn-field, and taking home what they have gathered to make some bread. How happy the children look, with their pinafores so full, as if they had been useful in helping their poor mother! Perhaps they remember how much she has done for them, and they are glad to do what they can for her in return. My dear young

readers, never forget what your parents, and let it be one of pleasures to do all you can to love them in return. But how we and serve our heavenly Father His rain and sun, to cause the and to ripen for the use of man how wicked our hearts are, and grateful we are to the Lord for day mercies, we should wonder more that He takes such care provides for our bodies as He then we should learn to love Him all we could to please Him. You should soon die without food; and of which bread is made, is a blessing. We should never eat our breakfast or any meal, without first asking bless what we are going to take, and towards thanking Him for giving. But never forget that the Lord Jesus is the bread of the soul; and let our be, "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

"THE SABBATH IN THE SO SEAS."

THE Sabbath is kept very seriously in of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, the people have thrown away their and have built for themselves houses of prayer.

It was so in Tahiti. On the Sabbath no sounds of labour were heard. No single canoe was seen to move upon

waters, and the natives lighted no fires to cook their food, that being done on the Saturday. It was very pleasant on the Sunday morning to see groups of worshippers nicely dressed, going in the cool morning to the house of prayer, many of the young people carrying small slates, on which they wrote the texts and divisions of the sermon. When the missionaries saw this, they rejoiced, and used to sing that beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts's :

“ Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.”

But the quiet and rest of the Sabbath at Tahiti have been disturbed by the proceedings of the French Governor, who does not regard that holy day as Christians do. He has been trying to tempt the natives to leave the chapels, and have games and dances ; but happily there are many of them who love the Bible and the house of God too well to be thus drawn astray.

One Sunday forenoon, as a missionary in Tahiti was going home from chapel, accompanied by a number of natives, he saw the stream, which flows through the village, full of a very small fish which the natives call *inaa*, and which, when baked or fried, are a very delicious food. These fish come in from the sea, and enter the fresh water streams at certain seasons of the year, and then are easily caught in baskets.

“they will be all gone before

“We cannot fish on Sun-
natives; “it would be sinful
we should break the Sabbath

“No,” said the white man
think God would have sent
did not intend them to be can-

“God has sent them *to try*
natives; and not one of them
a single *inaa*. These people
of God, and it is a very happy
that the whole Bible is now in
the Tahitian language, and many
copies of that blessed book have
purchased by the people who
islands.

They read the Bible with in-
terest, and commit passages to
in the evening they sing hymns
worship, and their voices are
heard at a great distance, as if
along by the gentle breeze over

THE RESURRECTION.

- “ TELL me, mamma, about the dead,
 Who sleep within the grave,
 But who will leave their silent bed,
 When Jesus comes to save.
- “ You say, that though they moulder now,
 They shall arise again,
 To wear a crown upon their brow,
 And with their Saviour reign.”
- “ My child, the God who dwells on high
 Can do whate’er he will ;
 He formed the earth and made the sky,
 By His almighty skill.
- “ His power unlock’d the stony tomb,
 Where Christ our Saviour lay,
 Lighting its deep sepulchral gloom
 With Heaven’s bright beaming ray.
- “ The merry, soft-wing’d butterfly,
 Which sports among the flowers,
 Rejoicing in the summer sky,
 At noontide’s pleasant hours,
- “ Was once a poor imprison’d worm,
 Shut in a gloomy cell,
 Uncheer’d by morning’s glad return,
 While there obliged to dwell ;
- “ But God unlock’d its prison door,
 And made it all anew,
 To fly about from flower to flower,
 And sip the cooling dew.
- “ And He, by His almighty word,
 Will call us to the skies,
 And make us like to Christ our Lord,
 When we from death arise.

TEXTS TO FIND ANS

1st Week	{	69. Who w friend
	{	70. " Seek. 1
2nd Week	{	71. Who ask the B
	{	72. " I love
3rd Week	{	73. Who wer in fav
	{	74. " Thou a living
4th Week	{	75. Who was prison
	{	76. " Thou the R

ANSWERS TO TEXTS LAST

61. Job xiii. 22. (62.)
1 Kings xviii. 40. (63.) Pro
and Matt. xii. 36. (65.) 1
Matt. i. 21. (67.) Amos v

NOTICES TO C

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THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE GENEROUS ROBIN.

A *little mouse* crept out of its tiny hole one fine summer's morning, to see how the world went on. "Ah," thought he, as he scrambled over the stubble field, "the sun is shining, all looks gay and pleasant, what a happy fellow I am! There is the great

L

stack which farmer S— has just raised; here is a nice feast for me." So off he ran, as fast as his little legs could carry him, to make his breakfast upon the wheat.

That very same morning a grim, cunning, sly *weasel*, crept out of his hole. "Humph," thought he, "I must get something good to eat to-day. I had nothing at all yesterday, and I am very hungry now. But yesterday was wet, and my game was not out; surely I shall find something this fine sunny day. Ah! what is that rustling in the middle of the field?" And he crept silently, and close along the hedge-side, with his sharp ears and his piercing eyes both open, as wide as possible.

It happened (curiously enough), that on the very same morning, a little robin-red-breast, who had been fast asleep all night on a twig, was suddenly woke up by a noise below him. "What's that," said he; "who's awake before me this morning?" He cast his little eyes to the ground, and there he saw a sight which quite horrified him; there was a large weasel running into the hedge with a poor little mouse in his mouth, which was crying and squeaking most piteously. Not a moment was to be lost,—down pounced the robin, screaming with its loudest notes, and attacked the weasel, pecking its back most bravely.

The cruel monster turned round, as if to say, "Who dares thus to interfere with me?" He dropped the mouse, and rushed

at the bird. But the robin was not frightened; he took his stand by the mouse, and continued fluttering, and screaming, and pecking. The weasel could not catch him; but at last made a dash at the mouse (who all this time was too frightened to stir), and ran off with him into his hole. The brave little robin was now quite disappointed,—it kept flying from branch to branch, singing its most melancholy song. And what was the end of the mouse, it would make me too sad to say.

Now what do we learn from this story, which is quite true? Do not we learn a lesson from the mouse, from the weasel, and from the robin?

The *mouse* reminds me of a careless, happy, thoughtless, little child, who plays about all day without ever thinking of danger. There are many dangers about us which we little think of,—dangers to our bodies, and dangers to our souls. We need to be seeking God's help continually, to take care of us.

The *weasel* reminds me of one, "who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Can you tell me who this is; and where we read of him in the Bible?

The *robin* teaches me a lesson of *generous courage*. Poor little fellow! he was not very strong, and had little chance against the weasel, but he did all he could; and what he did would have been quite enough to

release the mouse if it had not been so frightened. What a brave and compassionate little bird he was. I am sure you will like robins more, after you have read this story.

In one way the robin reminds me of One who is always ready to help, and full of pity whenever we are in trouble. Can you tell me who this is? But in another way he is *not* like the Person I mean, for the robin was weak, and *He* is very strong, and can fight and conquer all our enemies, and get us from their power.

May Jesus fight for us against Satan, and all the enemies who would ruin and destroy our souls!

THE TURKISH MARTYR.

A few years before the Greek revolution, a Turk and a Greek lived opposite to each other in Smyrna. The Turk was from the island of Mitylene, nearly all the inhabitants of which understood Greek. The Greek was from Athens: he kept a shop, and had a younger brother, a youth of about fourteen years of age, to assist him. The Turk often visited his neighbour; and one day he found the young Greek reading a copy of the Holy Scriptures, on which his mind was intently fixed. Impatient at seeing him so busy, the Turk inquired, with some temper, the name of the book. The boy replied that it was his "ketab," or sacred book. He then

ed the nature of its contents, and their claims upon his attention. The stened with apparent interest; but had left the house, the elder brother blamed the warm-hearted youth. "Turk should denounce us," he said, "e both of us lost; imprisonment, our property, and probably death, our lot." The young Greek was, and as soon as he had an opportunity of speaking to the Turk alone, he confessed to him his fears. "By gion," said the Turk solemnly, "and at I hold sacred, I swear that I will ounce you! Only read to me something from your ketab." The young Greek ventured to read a portion of God's Word. The Turk listened with deep attention the more he heard the more eager still to hear. From his window he could see whenever the elder left the house, and this was a signal to hasten to the boy, whom he by presents to spend much time in to him the Bible.

al months passed in this manner; Turk came at length to the resolution of doing the religion of his fathers, embracing Christianity. A Turk desirous to become a Christian was a thing so rare, that no one would believe his story; and had not his heart been really moved by the grace of God, his ardent desire would soon have been cooled by the

repulses and discouragements which he met with. But he persevered, and at length, after long waiting, was admitted to baptism.

Now he was filled with joy ; yet there was one thought which depressed his spirit. He had an aged mother and a brother at Mitylene, who were strangers to the hope and peace which he had found. He determined to visit them, and carry the Gospel to them ; but while he was on his way thither, he was recognized by an officer of the customs, and questioned as to the object of his journey and the change in his faith. He immediately avowed himself a Christian ! The consequence was, that he was cast into prison, and subjected to every kind of torture ; but he continued immovable.

As soon as this event became known, the Christians were deeply affected. One of them, after much contrivance, succeeded in obtaining an interview with the poor Turk in his prison. He sought to console him, by assuring him how much they all felt for him, and how earnest had been their prayers for his deliverance, for the strengthening of his faith ; and how he had himself been sent on their part to encourage him. " I thank you for your love," was the calm and courageous reply ; " but, blessed be God, I stand in no need of encouragement ; I know whom I have believed, and by His grace I shall endure all, even unto the end ! "

This was no vain boast, but the confidence of a mind that was stayed on God. That

confidence was not disappointed. Liberty, wealth, honour, and happiness offered to him, on the single condition of his returning to the religion of his fathers, he nobly and steadily refused, and, with unshaken constancy, meekly suffered death as a witness for the truth.

THE LOST AND SAVED.

Do you know what it is to be lost? How would you feel if you had strayed away from your father's house, and were lost in a forest in a dark night, and heard the bears growling, and the wolves howling all around you?

A good man was travelling through a wood in a dark night, in a foreign land, many years ago. The frightful howl of the wolf, and the terrible yell of the wild-cat, every now and then broke the silent stillness of the dark night. As he rode slowly along, he heard a soft and gentle cry. He thought it was a child. He stopped and listened. It seemed a great way off. He said to himself, "What shall I do? It may be a wild-cat, for this creature sometimes imitates the cry of a person in distress, to draw people to it, that it may devour them; or it may be a robber, who seeks to lure me out of my path, and get my money. If it is really a child, it is so dark, I am afraid that I cannot find it." He listened again, and still heard the cry as of a child. He was a kind-hearted, resolute man. He said to himself again,

"It may be a child. I will go to its relief, though I may risk my own life." So he got off his horse, and tied him to a tree, and went into the woods, in the direction where he heard the cry. After going some distance, he heard it, as he thought, still fur-



ther off, in a different direction. Still he followed on. After going for some time, he stopped to listen, and felt a little hand pulling his clothes. He stooped down to see what it was, for he did not know but it might be a black snake winding itself around

him; but he heard a low sweet voice say, "Pa, is it you?"

The gentleman took up the little boy, who was about four years of age. But now he was in danger of being lost himself, for he did not know how he should find his way back in the dark to his horse. However, God directed his feet, and he came out in the right place. He got on his horse, with the boy in his arms, and rode on till he came to a house, when he got off, and went in, and lo! it was the house of the boy's father.

Oh! what, then, was the joy in that house! The father and mother fainted when they saw their little son, for they thought he was dead. The children jumped, and clapped their hands, and cried, "Henry's come! Henry's come!" Poor little fellow, he had been lost from his father's house almost three days. He was pale, and almost starved. Oh, how glad he was to get home! and they were all glad and rejoiced, for they were mourning for him, thinking he was dead. He had been lost, and was found.

Now, do you not think this boy would love this kind friend, who went among the wolves and wild-cats, and risked his own life to save him? Would he not think of him a great deal, and do everything to please him? But if the little boy had refused to go with the man who found him in the woods, he would not only have been

very ungrateful for his kindness, but he would not have been saved.

Now, all our little readers, like this little boy, are lost. God is your Father, but you have wandered away from Him, and are now groping your way in the dark. If you go on still in this way, you will be lost for ever. But, like this good man, Jesus saw you, had pity on you, and came down from heaven to save you. He not only risked his life among his deadly enemies, but he freely gave up his life for us. He suffered, and bled, and died on the cross, that He might take you back to your Father's house. And when one poor sinner returns to God, there is joy in heaven, as there was in that house when the good man brought that little boy home. But if you refuse to follow the Saviour, you will not only be very ungrateful to Him, but you will be for ever lost; for He will not save you unless you come to Him. He now calls, and says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God;" and He says He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He has come to you, and is waiting to save you. Will you follow Him, and be saved?

CONVERSATIONS ON THE TYPES.

II.—ARK OF NOAH.

Mamma.—Bessie, you have lately been reading the history of the flood, and you can tell me about the building of Noah's ark.

Bessie.—Yes, mamma. All who lived in the world were very wicked, excepting Noah. Because he was righteous, the Lord told him to make an ark in which he and his family might be preserved when the flood of waters came to destroy all flesh. The ark was made of gopher wood, and God himself gave Noah the pattern after which it was to be built.

M.—How many persons were saved?

B.—Eight; Noah and his wife, and his three sons and their wives.

M.—All the rest were drowned. When the high hills afforded them no refuge they went upwards to the height of the mountains, but the waters grew higher and higher, until, as we read in Gen. vii. 20, the mountains were covered, and then the rolling waves carried them away, and all flesh died. Noah's ark was the only place of refuge. There he was sheltered by God, and safely borne on the surface of the raging deep. I think we may learn a great deal if we consider this ark as a type of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

B.—Mamma, if the ark is a type of Christ, who are Noah and his family a type of?

M.—They are a type of the *Church in Christ*; just as those eight persons were safe because they were in the ark, so are all believers safe because they are in Christ. In Gen. vii. 16, we find that when Noah was entered into the ark the Lord shut him

in; it was His hand which fastened the door. We are also taught that believers are put into Christ by God. I will read to you St. John vi. 56: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." Eating Christ's flesh and drinking his blood is the same thing as believing in Him, so that we dwell in Christ by *faith*; when we first truly believe in Jesus, we enter into Him as our ark and refuge, and are safe for ever. But we do not believe of ourselves; faith is the gift of God; so it is God who puts us into Christ by enabling us to believe. Do you understand me, Bessie?

B.—I try to do so, mamma. What you say reminds me of the lessons you taught me when I learnt the fifteenth chapter of St. John, where it is said that believers are in Christ as the branches are in the vine. You told me that just as the bough of a tree would wither and die, unless the sap of the parent stem flowed through its vessels, so we shall be cut off and cast away as useless branches, if we have not the spirit of God in our hearts; I suppose that in the same way no one is really sheltered in Christ, as the true ark, who has not the spirit of God.

M.—St. Paul tells us that if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is *none of His*. There are many verses of the Bible which speak of God as a dwelling place, and believers as taking refuge in Him. One of these is in Psa. xli. "God is our refuge

and strength, a very present help in trouble." The first three verses of the Psalm give us a beautiful illustration of our type. The Psalmist taking refuge in God feels that he is safe and secure, though the waters rage and swell, and toss up their angry waves. There is another verse in Psa. lxxi. which you shall read.

B.—"Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort; thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress."

M.—And in Prov. xviii. 10, the wise man tells us that the name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe. God has promised never more to destroy the world by a flood, but there is a day coming when it will be burnt with fire, and none will be safe then but those who are in Christ Jesus.

B.—Mamma, how can we tell whether we are in Christ, whether we have made Him our ark of refuge?

M.—If you keep your Saviour's commandments you *abide in Him*. If you love to do what Jesus bids you, you will have nothing to fear when he comes to judge the world. These are in his own words, John xv. 10: "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love."

Christ is an ark, and in Him safely borne,
His Church shall triumph over every storm;
Guided by Him o'er life's tumultuous sea
To the fair haven of eternity. J. H.

SHIPS OF WAR.

THERE are two different kinds of ships; those that are used for *trade*, and those ~~that~~ are used for *war*. The former carry corn, and cotton, and other merchandise from one country to another; the latter carry cannon for fighting. England has more of both these kinds of ships than any other country in the world, because she has so much ~~sea~~ about her. But her chief pride is in her ships of war. These are sometimes called "men-of-war;" sometimes, "line-of-battle ships;" and all put together are called *the Navy*.

We have a larger navy than any other country; I cannot tell you how many hundreds of war-ships we have. They are of all sizes. Some are so large as to weigh between two and three thousand tons, which is the weight of a large house. Some are built of wood, others of iron. Some carry as many as thirteen hundred sailors, which is the population of many a little town in England: and some of the largest ships have 150 cannon.

They make most of our war ships now with steam-engines inside them, and a contrivance called a "screw propeller," which works under the water, and drives the ship along, even if there be no wind to fill the sails. This is a great improvement.

You may think that one of these ships costs very much in making. And so it does.

on at the rate of a thousand pounds gun (or cannon) ; so that if a ship guns, she will have cost 150,000*l*. mean, of course, that each gun cost ut that it is at this rate. And when i-engine is set to work (for it does s work), how much coal do you s used, in order to heat the water, the steam?—About one hundred *l*. Now just ask some friend how l is used in your house in the course y, and you will have some idea of nse quantity used in a man-of-war. will also have some idea of the *ex*- the coal for one day. Reckon, ose that coal is 1*l*. a ton ; how it cost at the rate of 100 tons a

ur Government who build these war ; and there are only certain ere they are built, such as Woolt-smouth, Plymouth, &c. It is a ight to see one of them *launched*, down the *stocks* on which she has built, into the water. Thousands go to see this scene : and they r a foolish custom of throwing a wine at the ship's head as she n, and giving it its name. The es you a view of a launch. e many ships of war now building d, and every now and then you e being launched. I think that, d, they have been the means of

preserving England in peace and prosperity; for so long as we have a good brave *Navy*, our enemies will never dare to try to invade us, and take our country. I should not at all wonder, if before very long, there are some great wars in the world, and then if God fights for us and our ships, we may be saved much adversity and misery. It is a sad thing that there is any fighting at all



But if wicked people try to injure us, we are quite right in being ready to defend ourselves. And the best way of preventing fighting is to be well prepared for it. Just as a wise man puts bolts and bars on his house, and provides himself with arms, as the best way to *prevent* robbers from coming and doing murder and bloodshed. One of these days, you know, and there will be no more war. O, may that happy day soon come!

MIND THE DOOR.

DID you ever observe how strong a street door is? How thick the wood is? how heavy the chain is? what large bolts it has! and what a lock? If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are for ever trying to come in and go out of our mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is that at the door? Ah, I know him; it is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me harm, and perhaps some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as if were too mean for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride! I will hold the door fast, and try to keep him out.

Here is some one else. I am sure, from his sour look, his name is Ill-Temper. It will never do to let him in; for if he can only sit down in the house, he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to such folks as you. Mind the door.

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace, I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile, what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in; we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. Oh! if men kept the door of their heart, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all things good, war with all things bad. We must mark well who comes in; we must be watchful and in earnest. Keep the guard! Mind the door! Mind the door! "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life."

And would you know how to keep it? Let Jesus in and He will give you daily and hourly of His Spirit. "Behold," He says, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man

hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."

ANECDOTES OF TWO IRISH BOYS.

I heard the other day two anecdotes of two little Irish boys, which I am sure will interest the readers of the *CHILDREN'S FRIEND*, and therefore I must relate them. They both lived in the west of Ireland, where the great work of conversion is going on,—where thousands of ignorant and wicked Roman Catholics are becoming enlightened and good Protestants.

The name of one of the little boys was William Higgin. He was very ill, and lay dying. He was in a wretched, miserable, little cabin;* and his mother (a Roman Catholic) stood over him, weeping, and in great trouble. At last, when she could do no more for him, she said, "Billy, I'll go and fetch the priest; he must finish you now." "Oh, mother," cried the little fellow, "don't go for the priest! I don't want *him*. I've got Jesus, and He is all I want. He has done everything for *me*; and (he added), dear mother, I want Him to do everything for *you*."

The other little boy was in a like case. He was also in a poor dirty cabin, lying on his bed, at the point of death. He was in a very dirty state; and his poor, ignorant,

* A cabin in Ireland is a low, small, mud cottage.

Popish mother came up to him with a can of water. "What are you going to do?" asked the boy. "Och, honey," said she, "sure, and arn't I going to wash you? Do you think I'm letting you go to heaven such a filthy dirty figure?" "Oh, mother!" replied the boy, "don't say so. What's the use of washing my body? That will be dirty enough soon in the earth. It is my *soul* that must be washed; and I hope that is clean, for I've asked Jesus to wash and clean it in His precious blood."

Now, were not these nice answers of these poor little boys? Oh, dear reader, may you be as happy and as safe on your deathbed as these poor little fellows were! But perhaps you ask, "Where did they learn all this truth, which their poor ignorant mothers did not know?" They learnt it at *school*—at the school which the *Irish Church Missions* have built on purpose to bring such children from the ignorance of Popery, to know Jesus and heaven. So you learn here two things: first, what a great deal of good these Irish schools do; and secondly, how you ought to feel when you come to die.

THE SHERIFF OF LONDON;

OR, THE YOUTH WHO WOULD NOT BEG.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a poor half-starved looking youth entered a large shop in — street, not many yards from the Bank of England, and asked for employment. The

master of the shop was not a hard hearted
 man, but had some sympathy for the suffer-
 ings of others. He inquired of the youth if
 he could refer to any one for a character.
 The poor fellow could not do this. He had
 wandered up to the great metropolis, with-
 out a few shillings in his pocket, hoping to
 get employment, and he did not know a
 single person. He was friendless and for-
 lorn. He had, therefore, to leave the shop,
 with an aching heart, on being told that a
character must be given. The sharp pangs
 of hunger, and the inability to pay for proper
 lodgings, well nigh drove him to despair.
 He, however, would not beg. "I'll starve
 erefore I'll beg," he many times said to him-
 self. All hope was now nearly gone. He,
 however, resolved to make another trial. He
 called again upon the shopkeeper. There
 was something in the anxious inquiry of the
 youth which, providentially, induced the
 master to give him a trial. Oh! the joy he
 felt when he was told to be at No. — at a
 certain time. He conducted himself in his
 humble post so well that he gained the
 confidence of his employer. He sought the
 guidance of God in all that he did, and his
 way was made prosperous. His diligence,
 honesty, and respectful behaviour, raised
 him, step by step, in the house, until at
 length he became a partner. A few years
 more saw him the sole proprietor of the
 concern, and in the year 18— he was made
 THE SHERIFF OF LONDON.

HYMN.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

THE LAMB.

THERE was a little lamb,
Which wander'd far away ;
In strange forbidden paths
It ventured day by day.

It tried to find its food
Where nothing wholesome grew,
And bleak upon its head
The cold wind fiercely blew.

Ah, foolish little lamb;
The way it loved to go
Has thorns at every step,
And ends in bitter woe.

But there was One who came
With gentle words, and blest ;
Who washed its bleeding feet,
And put it in His breast.

He took it far away,
To pastures fresh and green,
And laid it softly down
Beside a pleasant stream.

Oh, happy is the lamb
Whom thus the Shepherd brings,
To be for ever safe
Beneath His sheltering wings !

J. H.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

FATHER, it is from thy kind hand
 That all our blessings flow ;
 Mercy comes down at thy command
 To smile on all below.

Each rolling year reveals thy name,
 Thy tender love and care ;
 With each returning day the same,
 And present everywhere.

The flowers that bloom around our homes,
 The blue of skies above,
 Repeat to us in holy tones
 Sweet stories of thy love.

Love traced the Bible's sacred page,
 God's word to sinners given
 The guide alike of youth and age,
 The lamp that leads to heaven.

Love brought the Saviour from the sky
 To dwell with men below,
 And meekly bear on Calvary
 The weight of human woe.

Father, through Him thy grace impart,
 Our school with favour own ;
 Make holy every youthful heart
 To live to thee alone.

Bless the instruction we receive,
 Be with us day by day,
 That, taught thy doctrine to believe,
 We may through love obey.

J. H.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|---|
| 1st Week | { | 77. "Israel hath cast off the th
good." |
| | | 78. What did David do "in th
God, in the days of Ab |
| 2nd Week | { | 79. "The Spirit of the Lord
upon him." |
| | | 80. Who "forsook the counsel
men," and followed t
young men? |
| 3rd Week | { | 81. "The glory of the Lord sh
for ever." |
| | | 82. Who killed his sovereign by
a thick, wet cloth over |
| 4th Week | { | 83. "Lead me in a plain path |
| | | 84. Who were the sailors who,
at sea, continued fastin
teen days? |
| 5th Week | { | 85. "Heal me, O Lord, and
healed." |
| | | 86. "If any have a quarrel a
what is he to do, and v
to imitate? |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS LAST MONTH.

- (69.) Jonathan: 1 Sam. xviii. 1, 3. (70.) J
(71.) Herodias: Mark vi. 24. (72.) Prov
(73.) Samuel and Jesus: 1 Sam. ii. 26, and 1
(74.) Matt. xvi. 16. (75.) Peter: Acts v.
Ps. lxxxix. 26.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

"J. H."—Many thanks for your communication; we ask you to write your separate articles on separate pieces of paper.

All Communications and Articles for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEY, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Editor, CARUS WILSON, Thanet-house, Ramsgate. Bound volumes of the CHILDREN'S FRIENDLY VISITOR for last year, suitable Prizes and Village Libraries, to be had of all booksellers, through all booksellers, price 1s. 6d.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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BUSH FIRE IN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA is a very different country from England. The country here is covered with green fields, interspersed with luxuriant hedges, and beautiful large trees all over. In Australia there are immense tracts of flat plains, covered with high tall grass, few trees, and no hedges. In England scarcely a week

passes without a shower of rain, and we have many large rivers, and numberless little streams, so that all is fresh and cheering. In Australia they sometimes go for months without rain, there are few large rivers, and hardly any streams; so that the high tall grass on the large plains is not so fresh and green as the grass in England, but withered and brown. Then there is a much hotter sun there than here, so that the grass gets very dry indeed.

Now sometimes a fearful thing happens. By some means or other this grass catches fire. It may be that the hot sun ignites it, or some red-hot tobacco out of a man's pipe; or sometimes mischievous children have set it on fire. But directly one blade of grass is on fire the next catches it, then the next, till in half a minute a large patch is burning. Then the wind blows it on, and in another few minutes a quarter of a mile is all in a blaze.

Oh! what a fearful sight is it then. Onwards, onwards drives the fire; no body can stop it. Presently it comes in sight of a farm house; the farmer looks out, and sees a long way off a great smoke. He knows what it is. He gives the alarm to all his family; his wife seizes the little children, the sons let loose the cattle and the sheep, and off they scamper for their lives. The fleetest horses are saddled, and away gallop the whole family. They often look behind them to see how the fire is following. |

they can only reach a forest, or if the wind changes, they are safe. But if they ever return to their once happy home, all is burnt to the ground, and in ashes.

Poor things! we should remember these people in our prayers. How much happier are we! In a quiet, comfortable country, with nothing like all this danger. Our lot is cast in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage. We should think of our mercies, we should bless God for them, and we should try to love him better, and serve Him more.

INGENUITY.

I LOVE to see *ingenuity* in a child. An ingenious boy may be a very *happy* boy; for he may have his time fully and pleasantly occupied. And he may be a very *prosperous* boy: for there is nothing that will help him so much to get well on in the world.

To be *ingenious*, is to find out clever ways of doing something we very much want to do. Only we must take care that *what we want to do is right*; and that *the way in which we do it is also right*. Whenever we wish to do something, we should first ask ourselves this question: "Will God be pleased with it; or, will He be angry?" Now I will tell you two stories, to describe to you what ingenuity is: one of a dog; another of a boy.

THE INGENIOUS DOG.

There was once a dog, who lived in a gentleman's court-yard. He was put there to guard the house from robbers. He could do this very well, for he was very large and strong; could bark very loud, and slept so lightly, that the least noise awakened him. He was very comfortably taken care of; he had a nice warm kennel all to himself, and a good breakfast and dinner every day; and so he had no reason for grumbling.

However, he was not satisfied. He had once been out with his master in the park, and seen a number of fine hares and rabbits; so, thought he to himself, one of these hares would taste very much better than the porridge that I get. But then there was *this* difficulty; how could he get at them? for he was chained so tightly up. At last he devised a plan. After many attempts, he succeeded in slipping off his collar; and in the dead of the night, when no one was about, he was off in the woods, scampering after the hares. He caught a hare or two and enjoyed himself. But how was he to prevent his master knowing what he had been after, by seeing his bloody mouth? When he passed over a brook, he stopped and washed his jaws. And then, when he came home, in order to deceive his master more, he contrived to slip on his collar again and laid down in his kennel to sleep, nothing had happened. This is quite a story.

Now, here was an ingenious dog; but he was a naughty dog, though he was so ingenious. He had no business to kill the hares, and he was very wrong to deceive his kind master. We must not be like *him*. Now for—

THE INGENIOUS BOY.

There was once a little Irish boy. His name was Dennis Murphy. He lived in London, and like many other Irish boys, his clothes were very ragged, and full of holes. But he had been brought up in a *ragged-school*, and there was taught to try to be neat and diligent; so he wished to mend his trowsers. But how was he to do it? He had no thread, nor needles, nor anything else. At last he thought of a clever plan: one morning he got up very early, and went to a shop where needles were sold. Here, thought he, they will be presently dusting out, and I may pick up a needle or two. So, sure enough, by and bye, the door opened, the shutters were taken down, and a man began to sweep the dust of the shop into the street. Then little Dennis set to work to hunt, and in less than half an hour, he had found *two needles*.

But this was not enough, he still wanted some *thread*. What did he do next? Why, he went off to an old woman, who lived in a little dirty alley, and sold needles and thread, and he offered her one of the needles in exchange for some thread. She agreed; and now the boy had both his needle and his thread,—and all for nothing: and he set

to work to mend his trowsers. Was not this ingenious?

Now we *may* imitate this boy. He wishes very much to be neat and diligent, and he too very clever means to be so. Little reader do you understand a little more than you did, what *ingenuity* is? Remember the *ingenious dog* and the *ingenious boy*.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE TYPES

NO. III.—PASCHAL LAMB.

Bessie.—Mamma, I have been reading Exod. xii., in preparation for our lesson on the paschal lamb.

Mamma.—I am glad of that, my dear, for you will be able to answer my questions.

B.—First, let me ask you, mamma, the meaning of the word “Paschal?”

M.—“Paschal,” my dear, relates to the *passover*. Paschal lambs were the lambs slain at the passover. I shall like to hear what you remember respecting the plague God brought upon the Egyptians.

B.—God said He would slay the first-born in all the land of Egypt, because Pharaoh refused to let the children of Israel go.

M.—If you turn to Exod. iv. 22, 23, you will read that the Lord threatened to do this thing before Moses returned to Egypt, but He delayed to execute His vengeance until he had tried the wicked king by many other plagues. What were the children of Israel to do?

B.—They were to take to them every man

a lamb according to their households, and if their own families were too small, their neighbours were to join with them.

M.—Upon what day, and of what month, was the lamb to be set aside?

B.—On the tenth day of the month Abib, which was to be the first month of the year to them, in remembrance of this great event.

M.—Upon what day of the month was it to be killed?

B.—Upon the fourteenth day of the month, in the evening.

M.—Or, between the two evenings; that is, between three and six o'clock, our time. Now tell me about the lamb,—What sort of a lamb was it to be? •

B.—A lamb without blemish, a male of the first year.

M.—And what was to be done with the blood?

B.—The children of Israel were to take of it, and strike it on the two side-posts, and on the upper door-post of their houses.

M.—And when the Lord saw the blood, He would pass over the houses of his people, and not enter in to destroy, when He smote the first-born of Egypt. Now we will turn to the antitype spoken of by John the Baptist, as the “Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” Christ was a Lamb without spot and without blemish; this you may read in 1 Pet. i. 19.

B.—“A Lamb without blemish, and without spot.”

M.—He was slain for the salvation of the world. He offered up Himself as a sacrifice for sin, because sin could not be put away without the shedding of blood. The Jews were taught this by the sacrifices of the law. The blood of lambs daily streamed upon the altar of God, and the high-priest carried blood with him when he went into the holy place within the veil. The same lesson was typically taught in the passover, for St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. v., speaks of Christ as our "Passover." His precious blood was shed for the healing of our souls. Exod. xii. 46, gives us another point of resemblance between the paschal lamb and Christ. Read it, my dear.

B.—"In one house shall it be eaten: thou shalt not carry forth ought of the flesh abroad out of the house; neither shall ye break a bone thereof."

M.—Now turn to John xix. 36.

B.—"For these things were done, that the Scripture should be fulfilled; a bone of Him shall not be broken."

M.—The sprinkled blood was the salvation of Israel: Christ's blood sprinkled upon our souls will save us from the wrath of God. If we are washed in that cleansing stream, we shall be delivered from death, and shall sing hallelujahs, and salvation to the Lamb of God, through the long ages of eternity.

"He, as our Paschal Lamb, has shed His blood,
To save us from th' avenging wrath of God;
Spotless and pure, He gave himself to die,
That we, redeem'd, might live above the sky."

J. H.

SHE DIED LIKE A LAMB.

ONE cold dreary day in the month of December, a City missionary entered a dirty-looking house in a court in his district. He groped his way up a dark staircase, and knocked at the door of the top front room. It was opened by a woman who seemed to be under the influence of drink. When a tract was offered to her, she uttered an oath, and said she wanted bread, not tracts. The missionary told her about the true Bread that came down from heaven. While he was speaking, the woman opened the door a little wider, which served to show him that the room was the abode of filth and poverty. The floor and window looked as if they had never been cleaned. There was scarcely any fire in the grate, but a heap of ashes underneath. The furniture consisted of three old chairs, a table, and a bed covered with rags. The missionary's attention was arrested as he cast his eyes upon that bed; for he met the earnest gaze of a little girl, whose flushed cheek and glistening eye plainly showed that disease had marked her as a prey. "Is your child ill?" he asked. "Yes," said the mother; "she is only twelve years old, and they say she is in a consumption; she is going fast. You may talk to her if you like. I must go out." The missionary went up to the bed, took hold of the hand of the little girl, and said, "You seem to be very ill. Are you

in pain?" "I am sometimes, sir," she replied; "but when I pray to Jesus I do not feel it." "And who taught you to pray?" asked the missionary; for he felt surprised to find one of the Saviour's lambs in such a place. "My Sabbath-school teacher," she replied; and then, in her own simple way, told the visitor that another little girl had taken her, about two years before, with her to a Sabbath-school; that she there learned to read the Bible, and to pray to Jesus. "But, oh, Sir!" she added, as the tears started from her eyes, "my father and mother are so wicked! they drink and swear, and make me so unhappy. Do pray for them, Sir." "Yes," said the missionary; "we will both pray for them; for God hears prayer, and he can break the rocky heart." He then knelt beside her bed, and breathed the earnest desire of their hearts to God. When prayer was ended, she took from under the bundle of rags which formed her pillow a small hymn-book, and read several of the pleasing verses which were cheering the dark passage through which she was passing to glory.

Two days after, the missionary again went up the dark staircase. His heart was happy, for he felt that one of his Master's little ones was there. The door was opened by the mother, in whose face he saw the look of grief. The window was darkened; but sufficient light remained to show a small elm coffin, which was placed in one corner

of the room, partly covered by a sheet. "What!" said the missionary, "and is she dead?" "Yes," said the mother; "she died the night you were here. I was sitting by the fire, when she asked me to listen to a hymn she was often reading:

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."



Her cough prevented her from finishing the hymn. She lay down upon her bed, and about an hour after *she died like a lamb.*" While the mother was speaking, the father came in. The missionary told them about their child's concern for their salvation, and asked them if they intended to follow her to heaven. The appeal made them sob bitterly,

and they knelt while a prayer was offered in their behalf.

The following Sabbath her body was laid in the grave. Her teacher, and twenty scholars from her Sabbath-school, followed with the mourners; and when the clergyman had finished the burial service, they sang the hymn which ushered her happy spirit into the presence of her Saviour:

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne.”

My dear young readers, perhaps you have more blessings than this little girl had. You have kind parents, who want to lead you to Jesus, and to see you happy in Him. Your heavenly Father has given you a comfortable home, and a great many things to make you happy. But do you love Jesus? Do you, like this little girl, delight in praying to Him? Will you seek to meet her in heaven?

MEMOIR OF JAMES PARKER.

WE lately gave in the *Children's Friend*, an account of the death of a young saint, a dear little girl, who loved Jesus: we now are going to tell of a little boy who loved the Saviour too.

When he was very young indeed, it pleased God to take away his bad heart, and give him a good heart. Have you ever asked God, for Christ's sake, to give you a

new heart? Read Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, and remember Jesus has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

James Parker (this was this little boy's name), was remarkable for being *very thoughtful*. There are many children who spend all their time in eating and drinking, sleeping and playing, and find no time for anything else; but it was not so with James. Often, when his brothers and sisters were playing together, he would creep away into some corner, that he might have an opportunity of reading his books, and think about God and good things; and frequently he got up in the morning, before anybody else in the house, for the same purpose. There was one favourite spot where James loved to sit and read; it was at the top of the five-acre field, under the broken beech tree. The bank was pleasantly sloped; and when he sat upon it, with his book in his hand, the boughs of the tree bending over him, he was so happy. If for a moment he left off reading, it was to look at the beautiful view and distant trees; or on the clouds, which reminded him of heaven; or on the springing flowers, the honey-bee, or fluttering butterfly, that made him feel that God was good.

He was very fond of going to the Sunday-school; and during the last winter he was alive, he never would be behind time in the morning, even when the weather was very cold.

He attended the house of God with great

pleasure, for he loved to hear of the Saviour, and of His goodness and grace towards repentant sinners.

He made a good use of the Bible and other good books. Of the former he was so fond, that he would often go into the washhouse, that he might be by himself to read it; and he was accustomed to write verses of Scripture on a slate; the last words he wrote in this way were, "He that believeth shall be saved." He had a hymn-book given to him for early attendance at school, and all the hymns in this he learned by heart; also a collect book, which he had received from his aunt.

He loved prayer, and would as soon have thought of going without his breakfast and supper, as of forgetting his prayers morning and evening.

Such, indeed, was the spiritual state of his mind, that those about him used to think he was fast ripening for heaven—and so it proved. At the time of his last illness, all the family but himself were ill with the scarlet-fever, and were taken to the hospital, so that he had none of his mother's kind attentions during his sickness, and before she recovered, he was dead and buried. But though she did not see him, he was in safe hands, for his soul was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, to live with Jesus for ever and ever, and sing the angels' song.

"Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!"



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

"UNCLE JOHN, you promised to tell us something about the largest needle that ever was made in the world."

"Yes, boys, I did. Where do you think it is to be found?"

"Oh! uncle, you must tell us that. Perhaps it is in the British Museum, or in some old curiosity cabinet."

"No, boys; you won't find it there; it is in Egypt."

"Whom was it made for, uncle?"

"Well, it is called after Cleopatra, an old Egyptian queen, 'Cleopatra's Needle.'"

"Oh! so long ago? and did queens use needles in those times?"

"Why, I can hardly answer you that question; but do you know what it was made of?"

"We suppose, of steel."

"No, not of steel."

"Not of steel! then of brass, or copper?"

"No, not of brass or copper; of no metal at all."

"Of no metal at all! surely, uncle, you are joking. What can it be made of?"

"It was made of stone."

"Oh! uncle, how can you tell us such a thing? How could a needle be made of stone? Why, it would break directly it was used."

"No, indeed; this needle would not easily be broken. It was made of stone on purpose to be strong, and to last a long time."

"And has it a sharp point, and an eye, like other needles?"

"It has a sharp point, but not an eye; I don't think that one was necessary. But it is curiously carved all over with figures."

"That must be wonderfully done, uncle, on so small a thing."

"Yes, there are figures and pictures of all kinds of animals, and a great deal of old writing upon it, telling us much of the old history of Egypt. It stands fixed in the ground in the open air, for everybody to see."

"Fixed in the ground! Why, who could see a needle fixed in the ground?"

"Oh, boys, it is not so small as all that; it's longer than either of you, or both of you put together."

"Oh! uncle, what a wonderful person Cleopatra must have been to use such a thing! She must have been a perfect giantess."

"No, not at all; just such another person as either you or me."

"Well, uncle, we are altogether at a loss; you quite puzzle us. A needle made of stone; engraved with figures; fixed in the ground, for every one to see; taller than both of us put together, and used by some one not larger than yourself! All that we can say is, those must have been wonderful days, for such wonderful needles."

"I see you are puzzled, boys; so I must explain to you. Cleopatra's needle was never used for sewing, but is a large stone obelisk, some *sixty feet high*, covered with hieroglyphic figures, in the old Egyptian language. The form of it you see in this picture. It is now placed at Alexandria, on the sea-shore; and there is another one, quite as large, lying by its side. It was brought a long way off, from Upper Egypt, down the river Nile, and cut out of a quarry there, some thousands of years ago. But what would you say if I should tell you that you may probably see it one of these days?"

"Do you really mean to say that you are going to take us a trip to *Egypt*, uncle, as you did to Brighton last year? Oh! how pleasant this will be!"

“No, no; Egypt is too far for this, boys; but if you can't get to the needle, perhaps the needle may come to you. One of these days you will probably hear of its being brought over, and put in the *New Crystal Palace* at Sydenham. When it arrives there, I will promise to take you over to see it.”

Intelligence.

NEW ZEALAND.

IN many parts of the world, heathen parents did all they could to train up their little children to love and practise the cruelties, and other kinds of wickednesses, in which they themselves indulged. There was nothing, for instance, which fathers and mothers in the South Sea Islands and New Zealand wished for more, than that their boys, when they grew up to be men, should be savage warriors. Mr. Williams tells us that mothers sometimes forced a pebble down the throats of their little babes, in the hope that the stone would become a hard heart, that they might neither fear their enemies, nor feel for them when they suffered. And if you had lived in New Zealand before missionaries went there, I will tell you what you might have sometimes seen and heard. You might have seen a chief, his face and body

over, and his looks and manners than those of a wild beast, holding y in his arms and talking to him ; had turned from the father to the would have seen the little fellow into the face of the tall warrior, ed and sparkling, and his whole showing that he understood what as telling him, and that he liked very much indeed. And what do s father is saying? You will not t he was teaching any of those ries from the Book of God, or any ; little anecdotes and histories out as, which *your* parents and teachers elate to you, and which make you nder, or smile for joy. No ! you ink that, because the New Zee- vere ignorant of God's most blessed very likely you may fancy that repeating to his child something a, and to make him smile ; but if h thoughts as these at first, you oking again at the savage and his sure that you had made a mis- fore you could hear one syllable aid. Do you ask how you could this ? It would have been by ing their faces. You would have father was very earnest and very instead of smiling, his looks his mind was full of cruel thoughts

and murderous desires; and when you glanced at the child, you would have found that the little fellow was trying to look as serious as his father, and that in his little boyish eyes and features there was no bright smile, but that there were sad signs of the savage feelings which were growing up in his young heart. After watching them for a little, if you had walked up to the place where the father stood, and had hearkened to what he said, you would have heard him telling his son about some dreadful battle he had fought,—how he had thrust his spear into the heart of one man, and dashed out the brains of another with his club; how, when his enemies were beaten, he and others had chased them to their villages, had burned their houses, had caught their wives and children, had cut them into pieces, had kindled large fires, and, after baking them, had feasted upon their flesh. Then you would have heard him say everything he could against the people with whom he was at war, that he might make his child hate them as much as himself, and wish for their destruction. And after all this—what more? Why, we hope you would have turned away from the spot to weep for the wretched parents and children of such a land, to thank the goodness and the grace which smiled upon *your* birth, and to pray and labour that the Gospel might turn such lions into lambs.

But if you had been in that heathen place,

have supposed, you would not have been long before you would have seen how the children of such parents learn the evil lessons taught to them, and become hearted and cruel. I will give you an example of this :

One day, before the word of the Lord had come thence, a New Zealand missionary was sitting at the door of his tent, when he saw a number of children running towards his house not far off. As he watched their movements, he saw by their jumping about and noise, peeping in, and laughing heartily, that they were very much pleased indeed with what was inside, which they were looking at. What was it, do you think, which gave them so much joy? Dear readers, could you guess it, that it was a heap of human heads, the heads of men who had just been killed by their father. There they lay, covered with filth and blood—a sight to make one shrink and shudder; but it was a sight which delighted these wretched children. They needed schools, and teachers, and missionaries. And now they have them, and in many a valley, and on many a shore, and along many a coral strand, where years since the shouts of wild warriors were often heard, and the slain were often the song of praise rises up to God, and the school and the sanctuary thousands of heaven, and learn the way.”

Prayer.

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

CHILD.

I want to go to God's house, mamma,
 To that bright and heavenly place
 Where you say little children may go, mamma,
 And for ever behold God's face.

I do not mean His house of prayer,
 Where you go to hear of His love ;
 But I want to *die*, that I too may live
 In God's beautiful home above.

And when I go to God's house, mamma,
 Where His saints for ever are blest—
 Can you tell me what I shall wear, mamma ?
 In what clothes shall I then be drest ?

MOTHER.

In that blessed home above, my child,
 May'st thou share a glorious part !
 May thy infant wish in after-years
 Shed gladness o'er thine heart.

Yes ! Thou doest well to wish to dwell
 Where the little ones are blest ;
 Where the sainted servants of our Lord
 Have found their long-sought rest.

before thou canst go there, my love,
 thou must have a new, clean heart ;
 thy soul be washed in Jesu's blood,
 and his Spirit life impart.

When, then, when thou'rt taken to thine home
 thou shalt wear a beautiful dress,—
 such as thou wearest now, but one
 of passing loveliness.

Thy clothes thou now hast soon must be
 laid aside, for they decay ;
 the dress in which thou'lt then be clothed
 can never fade away.

The robe of Christ's own righteousness,
 spotless, beauteous, pure, and bright ;
 with thy crown and harp of gold, my child,
 Thou shalt dwell in heavenly light.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1st Week | { | 87. "There is no Saviour besides me."
88. If "foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child," what must be used to remedy it? |
| 2nd Week | { | 89. "Master, Master, we perish."
90. Why could David "lay him down in peace, and sleep" with comfort? |
| 3rd Week | { | 91. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."
92. What woman was once touched with leprosy, and why? |
| 4th Week | { | 93. "Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him."
94. How did St. Paul find himself able to "do all things?" |

ANSWERS TO TEXTS AND QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

(77.) Hos. viii. 3. (78.) Mark ii. 26. (79.) Isa. xi. 2.
(80.) Rehoboam: 1 Kings xii. 8. (81.) Psa. civ. 31.
(82.) Hazael: 2 Kings viii. 15. (83.) Ps. xxvii. 11.
(84.) Those in Paul's ship: Acts xxvii. 33. (85.) Jer. xvii. 14. (86.) Col. iii. 13.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications and Articles for insertion to be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. SEELEYS, 54, Fleet-street; or, which is more direct, to the Rev. C. CARUS WILSON, Thanet-house, Ramsgate.
Bound volumes of the *CHILDREN'S FRIEND* and *FRIENDLY VISITOR* for last year, suitable for *School Prizes* and *Village Libraries*, to be had of the Publishers, through all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE SEA SHORE.

many pleasing recollections children
of the sea shore! Every now and then,
summer has come round, and the
trees were all green, and the flowers in
blossom, and the sun shone brightly, a kind
father and mother have taken their dear
children to the sea. Perhaps some of them

had just returned home from school, and so enjoyed it all the more.

When I was a child I often used to go to the sea side. The water used to dash up against the steep gray rocks, when the tide was high, and then I used to be taken to bathe, which I did not like at all, for I was both cold and frightened. But I have since learnt that we must often do things which are unpleasant, in order to do ourselves or other people good. For instance, medicine is not nice, but we often take it, in order to make us better.

I used to like to wander about amongst the gray rocks, and look for seaweed and periwinkles. And when the tide was low, and the sands stretched out a long way, I loved to walk upon them to pick up cockles and things that the sea had left.

The mountains beautifully surrounded the bay, and the shore was lined with a number of little coves, which were strewn with white pebbles. And every here and there was a thick wood, coming down almost to the water's edge, where often I have filled my pocket with nuts and blackberries. Then there were some long dark caverns, running into the rugged rocks, with which I used to associate all manner of stories of robbers and smugglers. I dare say some of them had been used by such people in days long gone by. The country by the sea shore was very lonely. For many a mile *there was hardly a house to be seen; but a*

cottages here and there, in which bats and owls lived. I remembered an old ruined tower, which must have been a large and important place once.

There were still the remains of a kitchen fireplace, and the loose stones leading to the different stories. A sheep and cattle herd where once the ladies and their ladies lived.

There was one little cottage near the shore, where I was very fond of spending an odd day. It was lived in by an old fisherman and his wife. He used to be very kind to me. He would often give me milk fresh from the cow, and dried fish, which had been hanging a month up the chimney. And he would sit and tell me stories of his exploits, which I always thought very interesting. Poor old things! They are all gone since gone to their long home. I remember him very happily, loving and trusting in him whom I hope they are now in heaven.

It was not always calm, and the sun was not always shining at this beautiful place. There was a storm, and we heard the waves dashing against the rocks. And ships would be in distress, and the fishermen running out on the beach to do what they could to help them. I remember a large ship being burnt.

It was too far for us to give aid. But the next day there were on shore charred pieces of

wood, and the bodies of people who had been burnt to death, and then fallen into the water. It was a very fearful sight. We had the poor creatures brought to land, and then the coroner held an inquest over them in our barn, and we buried them sadly in the little chapel yard.

It is now some time since I visited my old haunts by the sea. I do not know when I shall see them again. Most of my old friends in the place are now dead. When I was last there I saw very few old faces remaining. It is sad to leave one's home, and to see one's friends leave this world one after the other. But it all teaches us that this world is but a pilgrimage, that we should be looking for one which will last longer, whose builder and maker is God.

Children who are happy now at their homes, with their parents and friends, little think how soon all that they love and enjoy must come to an end. Those who are wise will consider these things. They will be making a home in heaven; they will be seeking for Jesus to prepare mansions there for them; for it will not matter whatever happen to them,—whether they are left fatherless, or motherless, or friendless, or homeless, if they have a Father in God, a Friend in Jesus, a home in heaven.

THE HAPPY HOME.

THERE was a certain great king, who had the largest and most beautiful house in the world, and he was so kind-hearted that his door was open to all who were willing to live with him. Even his enemies were not shut out, if they would only confess that they were wrong, and ask him to pardon them and open the door. He did not wait till they came and knocked, but sent his son to invite them; and promised that if they would come and live with him they should have all they wished, and even more than they could ask.

And the king's son afterwards wrote a letter to them to say that he was furnishing a pleasant room for every one of them, and that he would soon come himself and bring them. He did so. The rooms were filling every day, and from morning till night the songs of the happy people were so sweet and loud that the house rang with them; and the wonder was that anybody should pass the door, and be willing to stay outside.

My dear children, heaven is that home. God the Father is that King. Jesus is that beloved Son. He came from his Father's house to invite you and me to it. He did more. He shed His blood for us, and by the sacrifice of Himself secured eternal happiness to all who will receive Him as their Saviour. And every man and woman and *child who is sorry for sin, and asks God to*

forgive for Jesus' sake, to pardon, sanctify, and save, shall have a free welcome to that heavenly palace, and shall wear such a white garment and such a bright crown, that the very angels shall wonder at their new companion, and sing with him a song of praise!

I ask you, then, dear children, will you go to this happy home? Will you love this precious Saviour? Will you pray to this gracious Father? If you will, He sends each of you this kind message: "I have gone to heaven to make ready a place for you."

But perhaps you wish to know a little more about this place, and about the love of Jesus in preparing it; let me try to tell you.

You have often seen how bright everything looks on a sunny summer's day; how the trees, and flowers, and fields sparkle in the sunshine. But heaven is far brighter than all that. There is no need of the sun there, for "God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Little children cry, and suffer, and die, even on some of these brightest days; and it is very sad to go out from the glad sunshine into a darkened room, with the curtain drawn or the blinds down, and to see a poor mother weeping and sobbing by the bedside of her dying child. But there is no sight like this in heaven. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying." The sin and misery of our world made even the blessed Jesus weep. But in heaven God has wiped away "all tears from off all faces."

A mother once said to her little boy who was dying in her lap, "Samuel, you never cry now, though all of us are crying round you." "Oh no," said he, "I have done with tears; Christ has done and suffered so much for me, that I have nothing to do now but to rejoice and praise him." He was full of pain, and he knew it would be a joyful time when his little limbs should no longer ache; but he did not speak of pain; his soul was too happy for that; and he is now praising Jesus day and night without ceasing. Dear children, do you love the Saviour? If you do, then you long to see Him, you love to praise Him, you wish to be like Him; you can say, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ."

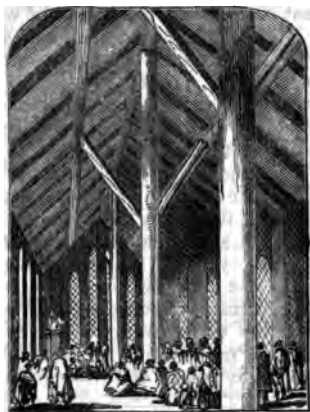
NATIVE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.

It is not many years ago since there was an island in the South Seas, which was inhabited by people so savage and barbarous, that ships dare hardly go near it. They would kill any white man they saw, and most likely, horrible to say, eat him afterwards. This island was New Zealand.

But a missionary ship came here. And without any defence of guns or swords, the missionaries came amongst the people, and taught them the word of God. God took care of them, and helped them. The people listened: they became friends of the mis-

sionaries, and before long most of them left their wars, and their cruelties, and their idols, and became Christians.

The picture shows you a *church*, which the New Zealanders have built almost entirely by themselves, at a place called *Otaki*. It will hold a great many people, and they



all crowd into it every Sunday to the services. How strange it must be for the missionaries, who once knew these people only as warriors and savages, to see them now so tame, and so fond of religion. But it is the grace of God which has done it, and it shows what the grace of God can do.

think that when we read of God doing wonderful things amongst the heathen, could be some encouragement to us. We have hard hearts as well as they. We ought to love other things just as much as

We often have idols in our hearts, as they have in their temples. And God, who keeps them blind, and dark, and ignorant, tries to do just the same with us. If he makes them cruel, and savage, therefore, he tries to put bad tempers and passions into our minds.

But now, if we see God so wonderfully changing the hearts of the poor heathen, bringing them from darkness to light, destroying the power of Satan, must we think He will do the same with us? Indeed! if we pray to Him.

Yes, then, dear children. If it be not for His grace, you will be just as hard and blind as the poor heathen. You will be hardened just as much as they will be. Pray to God to forgive you, and to make you holy. Pray to Him, for Jesus Christ's sake, to make you fit and ready for heaven.

LITTLE BENOME.

LITTLE BENOME was born in the interior of Africa, the hot, scorching land, where the beans find it hard to live; where the al sun tans and darkens the skin, and the mind is dark as well as the skin—*serable land of slaves.* The tribes in

the interior of Africa are always going to war with each other, and every conquered people is sold into slavery.

Benome was only seven years old when her troubles began. One day a sad report was brought to her village that a neighbouring village had just been attacked, and that all the people were carried off as slaves. As soon as Benome's father and mother, and neighbours heard it, they set off directly, leaving their houses behind them, and all the property which they could not carry off with them they fled for their lives into the thick jungle, esteeming it better to fall into the jaws of wild beasts than into the hands of fierce and cruel men. In the middle of the dark night they saw a bright flame at a distance: it was the blaze of their little village, which the enemy had taken and set on fire. Now that they had lost everything they had in the world; still they had their own lives safe, and they had each other; the wife still clung to her husband, and children hung on their parents' knees, and tender fathers and mothers looked down and spoke tender words of encouragement to their faint-hearted little ones. But this pleasure was not to last long. Their cruel enemies, having burnt their village, next set out to find the inhabitants. They were not long before they pounced upon them in the jungle. The prisoners were all marched down to Abbeokuta, on their way to the sea-shore. They walked along, with heavy hearts, and eyes

streaming with tears, feeling that their happiness was quite gone for ever.

Little Benome had an elder sister, who was grown up, and who was carrying a sweet little baby in her arms. The baby was not well, and often uttered its plaintive cries. No wonder that it was not well on that hot, toilsome march, and after passing all night in the unwholesome jungle. The mother tried everything she could to quiet it, but in vain. The cruel driver, seeing this, thought that she would fatigue herself, and do herself harm by bestowing so much care on her child; so, snatching it from her arms, he threw it into a thick bush that was close by, and the mother never saw her baby any more. Oh! what would she have given to have taken it out of the prickly bush, and lulled it in her arms again! All the rest of the journey she fancied she heard the piercing cries of her child.

Soon after the slaves had reached Abbeokouta, they were sold to different persons. Little Benome was sold and resold several times. As she was so young, she was in one place kept as a domestic slave for two years, where her duty was to wait upon her mistress. Here, perhaps, though she was very lonely, and thought much of her mother, from whom she had been parted, and although no condition as a slave can be a happy one, yet she was not quite so cruelly used as older slaves were, who laboured in the field. After two years, her mistress

this time but Benome's mot
lighted they were when they c
of each other! But it was
they had hardly time to say
loved each other. Cruel sla
nothing about making the
bleed, and Benome and he
placed in different barracoo
never met since, and very l
meet again.

Benome was at last put on
ship, and thrust down, with
into a miserable dark hole, w
packed as close as if they
parcels and boxes, instead o
Three weeks they passed in
state, when all at once they
the firing of guns, and a gro
deck. After a time, the b
miserable slave-hole were ren
heard a voice above asking
up and telling them their w

to them kindly, they were ready to jump with joy. Yes, they were indeed free; the slaver had been captured by a British man-of-war, and the slaves were under the care of Englishmen.

In about a fortnight the ship reached the West Indies. The liberated slaves were engaged as free labourers to various masters, who engaged to teach them a trade, to feed and clothe them, and to give them religious instruction. It was Benome's blessed lot, after a few changes, to be placed under the care of a good missionary at Trinidad. She was received into his family as a servant, and here the happy child was brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and became the servant of a Master in heaven. She grew up to be intelligent and pious, and to labour in the cause of Christ. After a while, her kind master and mistress left the West Indies for England, and they were very sorry to part with their affectionate and faithful Benome. She, too, on her part, was drowned in grief. She went with them to the beach to see them off; and the last sounds they heard, as the boat was leaving the shore, were the sad tones of their poor servant's voice, "Oh, my dear massa! oh, my dear missie! what shall I do now? I cannot let you go!—who will take care of me now?"

See how God *sometimes* overrules the wickedness of men to serve His purposes. So He overruled this stealing of poor little Benome for her salvation, and His own great glory.



ELEPHANT BRIGADE.

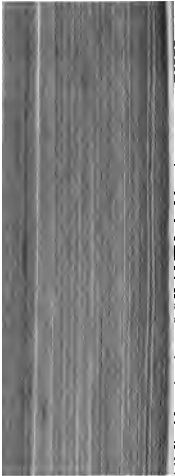
THERE is this one great difference between animals and men; that when they want to defend themselves, the former use only such defences as nature has given them,—as their claws or their teeth; whereas men use *other* kinds of help, such as guns, swords, &c. We also get animals to help us when we fight. For instance, the war horse carries the cavalry soldier; and I think this is the only creature that we use in war in this country. But in our other countries they make use of other animals. The late Sir Charles Napier, when in India, formed a regiment called the camel corps, in which men rode camels instead of horses. And for a very great

number of years, in eastern countries, they have used elephants for this purpose; and they still do so.

It must be a very magnificent thing to see a regiment of elephants. When well trained they are very brave and very obedient, and in a battle carry all before them. But it is a difficult thing to train them. You can easily see how difficult it must be to make a wild elephant, accustomed to roam at large in the great forest, stand quietly side by side with others in rank, and not move when cannon are fired directly before it. But the people in India are very clever at this kind of work. You see in the picture a row of elephants being made to stand fire; and behind them two horses. The horses seem more frightened than the elephants.

The elephant is governed by one man who sits on its neck. It is very fond of its driver, and will do anything for him, and will obey him alone else.

I once heard a very curious story of an elephant, which I will tell you. He was a very large and sagacious creature, and a great favourite with his master. On one occasion his master had to go away, a long distance off, and he was absent for many weeks. During this time he was left in charge of another man, who did not care for him; and though he had left him a sufficient quantity of food for the animal, only giving him half of it at each meal, and kept the rest for himself. This went on until



as usual; and he brought quantity. But the elephant it all. He divided it into ate one, and put the other made the master suspect right. He made inquiries his poor elephant had been proper allowance of food servant. He had him severely.

THE PROSPERO

A kind gentleman, who was superintend a Sunday-school town, was once standing and talking with a friend. Perceiving by a little ragged shoes or stockings. "Stop low," cried he. The boy stood and stared at him, and "Well, and what do you

your father?" "All dead, zur." "All dead! why, who then takes care of you?" "Nobody cares about me."

The gentleman was interested in the poor boy's touching case. He felt he ought to do something for him. So he took him in, and had him dressed and washed, and sent him to school. Here he advanced wonderfully. He was industrious, attentive, and obedient. First he learnt to read, then to write, and then he mastered arithmetic. In a short time he behaved so well, that he was apprenticed as a warehouse-boy to a tradesman. In a few years he advanced to be salesman, and then rose to the highest place in his employer's establishment. At last his employer took him into partnership; and when he retired from business, he left the once poor little penniless, houseless boy, to be the master of a large and wealthy business.

And when he had risen to this height he did not forget what he had once been, but was still humble and diligent. Nor did he forget what had been, under God, the means

of his rise; but he founded a large Sunday-school in his town, where nearly a thousand scholars attended every Sunday, and over this he became superintendent, just as the gentleman who first took him by the hand.

Oh! we wish we could persuade every little boy who has his own living to make for himself, to begin early to be diligent, and industrious, and obedient, in order to lay a good foundation for what may happen

way or other.
findeth to do,
"Be not slothful
a man diligent
stand before kin
fore mean men."

A CHILD

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While
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OFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME
UNTO ME."

Yes, there are little ones in heaven,
Children like us around the throne,
To whom the King of kings hath given
A living glory like his own :
JESUS ! thy grace, so rich and free,
Hath suffered them to come to Thee !

O, let us think of them to-day,
Their sweet and everlasting song,
And hope to sing as loud as they,
In the same holy heaven, ere long.
JESUS ! may this our portion be !
O suffer *us* to come to Thee !

Those blessed children in the sky,
Vest from this sad and sinful earth ;
How were their spirits raised so high
Above their low estate by birth ?
They came to CHRIST, and so will we :
O LORD ! suffer *us* to come to Thee !

Let us come, with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith and earnest prayer,
Seek thy precious Cross, and find
There, pardon, joy, salvation there ;
Set our sin-bound spirits free,
O suffer *us* to come to Thee !

2nd Week { 97. "I an
98. Wher
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4th Week { 101. "My
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ANSWERS TO TEX LAS

(87). Hos. xiii. 4. (8
viii. 24. (90.) Psa. iv
Miriam, because she m
xii. 10. (93.) Psa. lx
which strengtheneth m









